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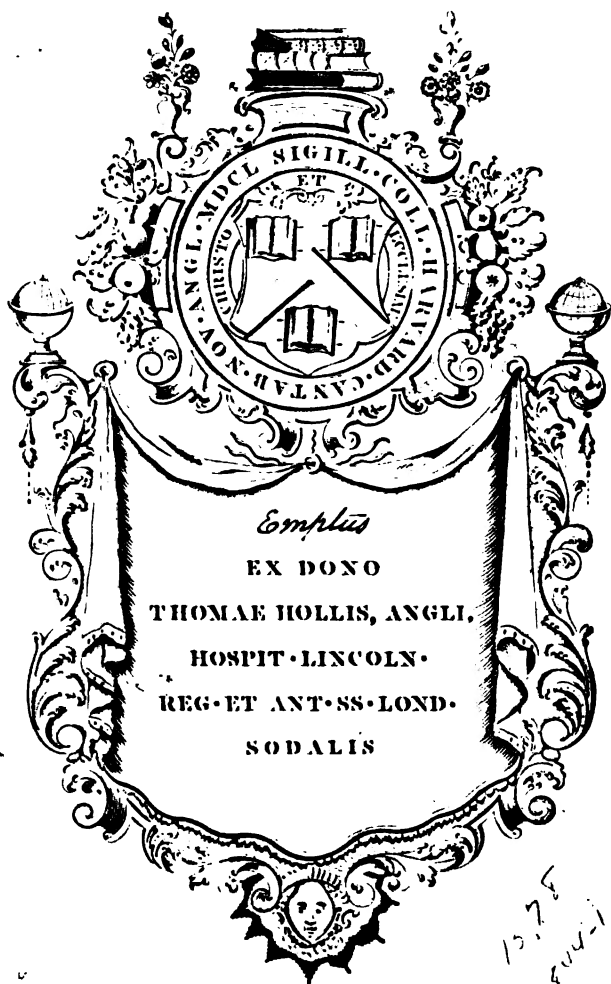
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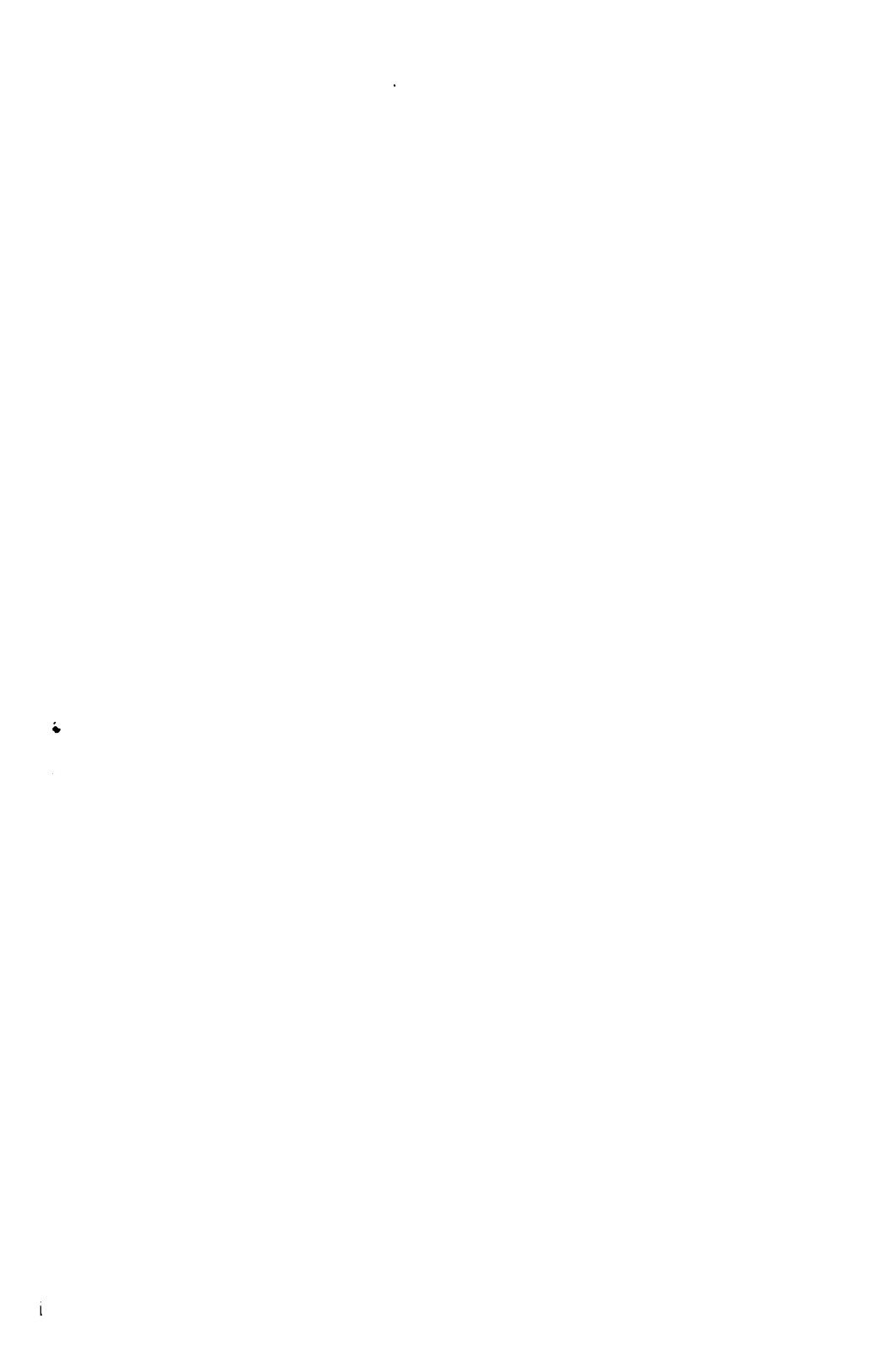


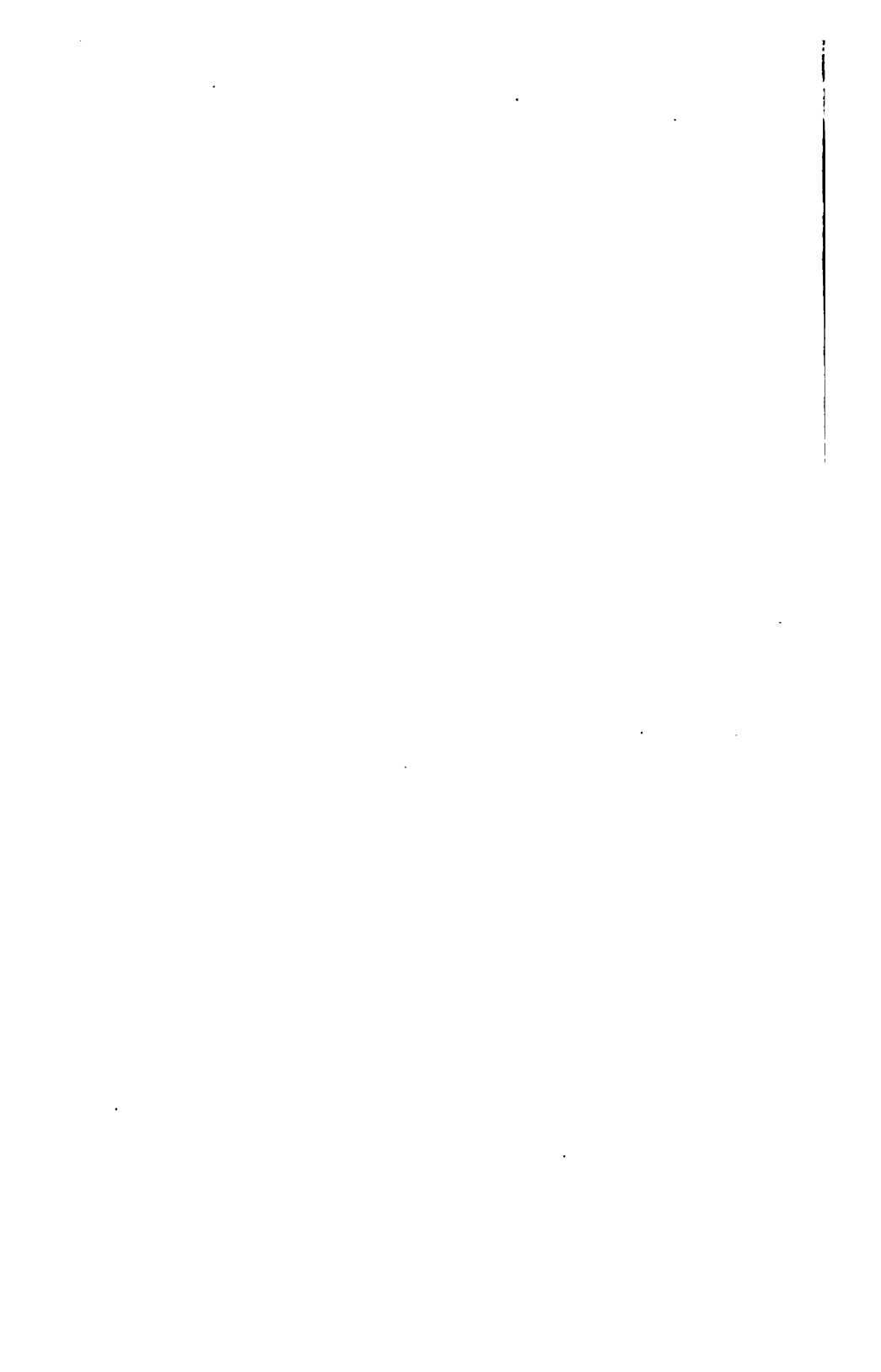
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THE  
**MONTHLY REVIEW,**

FROM

JANUARY TO MAY INCLUSIVE.

**1844.**

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VOL. I.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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# CONTENTS

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JANUARY

Vol. I. (1844.) No. I.

ART. I.—Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey 4 vols. . . . .	1
II.—Memoir of Joseph Shepherd Munden, Comedian. By his Son.	13
III.—A Summer at Port Phillip. By the Honourable Robert Dundas Murray. . . . .	21
IV.—Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory. By Thomas J. Farnham.	26
V.—Ireland. By J. G. Kohl. . . . .	32
VI.—George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, with Memoirs and Notes. By John Heneage Jesse. Vols. III. and IV.	39
VII.—The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, translated in the Terza Rima of the original, with notes and an appendix. By John Dayman, M.A. . . . .	43
VIII.—1. The Spanish Student. A Play in three Acts. By W. H. Longfellow. 2. The Robber's Cave; or Four-Horned Moon. A Drama. . . . .	54
IX.—The Mabinogion from Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts: with an English translation and Notes. By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part V. . . . .	64
X.—1. Memoirs of Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent. By Jedediah Stephens Tucker, Esq. 2 vols. 2. Life and Adventures of Admiral Sir Francis Drake. By John Barrow, Esq. . . . .	67
XI.—Replies of Sir Charles Shaw to Lord Ashley, regarding the Education and Moral and Physical Condition of the Labouring Classes. . . . .	73
XII.—New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church. By O. A. Brownson. . . . .	114

XIII.—Traditions of the Covenanters; or Gleanings among the Mountains. By the Rev. Robert Simpson, Sanquhar.	121
XIV.—The Brothers, a Tale of the Fronde; and other Stories. By the Author of "Oliver Cromwell" &c. 3 vols.	
2. The Lauringtons; or Superior People. By Frances Trollope. 3. Men and Women; or Manorial Rights. By the Author of the "Adventures of Susan Hoply." 3 vols. 4. The Grumbler. By the late Miss Ellen Pickering. 3 vols.	121
XV.—A Popular Companion to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. James Coghlan, M. D.	137
XVI.—Life in the Sick Room	142
XVII.—The Correspondence of Burns and Clarinda.	144
XVIII.—Poems of Girlhood. By Ann Garton.	147
XIX.—Records of Scenery, and other Poems. By the Hon. Julia Augusta Maynard.	148
XX.—Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1844.	149
XXI.—The Comic Annual.	149
XXII.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book.	149
XXIII.—The Power of Association; a Poem in three Parts. By the Rev. J. T. Campbell, M.A., Rector of Tilston.	149
XXIV.—1. The British Almanack of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the Year of our Lord 1844.	
2. The Companion to the Almanack; or Year-Book of General Information.	150

# CONTENTS

## TO THE

### MONTHLY REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY

Vol. I. (1844.) No. 2.

ART. I.—Prize Essay on the Evils which are produced by Late Hours of Business, and on the Benefits which would attend Abridgement. By Thomas Davies . . .	161
II.—1. <i>Theresa, the Maid of the Tyrol, a Tragedy.</i> By William Lewis Thomas. 2. <i>Griselda.</i> Translated from the German of Friedrich Halm by Q. E. D. . . .	171
III.—New Sketches of Every-day Life, a Diary. Together with Strife and Peace. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. . . .	189
IV.—The Nursery Rhymes of England, collected chiefly from Oral Tradition. Edited by James Richard Halliwell . . .	
V.—Histories of Noble Families; with Biographical Notices of the most distinguished Individuals in each. By Henry Drummond, Esq. Parts 1 & 3 . . .	209
VI.—The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris. 3 vols. . . .	216
VII.—Fiance. Her Governmental Administration and Social Organization, Exposed and Considered in its Workings and in its Results . . .	226
VIII.—Mrs. Frederick Lover's Lives of Eminent Females. Part I. . . .	238
IX.—What is to be done? or, Past, Present, and Future . . .	248
X.—Ueber die Abhängigkeit der Physischen Populationskräfte von den einfachsten Grundstoffen der Natur mit specieller Anwendung auf die Bevölkerungs-Statistik von Belgien. Von Dr. Ferdinand Gobbi . . .	265
XI.—1. The Revelation of St. John, Literal and Future; being an Exposition of that Book. By the Rev. R. Govett, Junior, A.M.—2. First Elements of Sacred Prophecy; including an Examination of recent Exposition, and of the Year-day Theory. By the Rev. T. R. Birks . . .	280
XII.—Library of American Poets . . .	297

#### NOTICES.

XIII.—The Symbolism of Church Ornaments. A translation of the First Book of the Rationale, &c. of Durandus; with an Introductory Essay. By the Rev. J. M. Neale and the Rev. B. Webb. XIV.—Thornton's British Empire in India. Vol. V. Part VI. XV.—Schonberg's Chain-Rule. XVI.—Proverbs for Acting. By Miss Pickering. XVII.—The United States of America. Vol. I. Edinburgh Cabinet Library. By H. Murray, F.R.S.E. XVIII.—Glimpses of Nature and Objects of Interest described during a visit to the Isle of Wight. By Mrs. London. XIX.—The Influence of Respect for Outward Things. In Two Dialogues.	
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# CONTENTS

TO THE

## MONTHLY REVIEW FOR MARCH,

Vol. I. (1844.) No. 3.

	PAGE
ART. I.—Music Explained to the World; or How to understand Music and Enjoy its Performance. From the French of Francis James Fetis. 1 Vol. . . . .	313
II.—Sanitary Report.—Supplement, Interments in Towns. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister at Law. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty . . . . .	324
III.—History of Letter-Writing from the Earliest Period to the Fifth Century. By William Roberts, Esq. . . . .	340
IV.—A New Theory of Gravitation. By Joseph Dennison, Esq. . . . .	355
V.—The Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith. Edited by J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. . . . .	368
VI.—Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth, Myledon Robustus, Owen. By Richard Owen. F. R. S., &c. . . . .	381
VII.—The Book of British Ballads. By Jeremiah How . . . . .	390
VIII.—1. The Banished Lord, a Tragedy. 2. Martelli, a Tragedy. . . . .	406
IX.—St. Patrick's Purgatory; an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current through the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, Esq. M. A., &c. . . . .	413
X.—A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich, Author of "English Synonyms Discriminated," an Historic Survey of German Poetry, &c., &c. Containing his Correspondence of many years with the Robert Southey, Esq., &c., &c. Compiled and Edited by J. W. Robberds, F. G. S., of Norwich. 2 vols. . . . .	425
XI.—Poems, Original and Translated. By C. R. Kennedy, Esq. . . . .	434

XII.—1. Future Days, in Letters to my Pupil. 2. Woman's Worth; or, Hints to Raise the Female Character . . .	444
XIII.—The Gleaner, by Mrs. C. J. Parkerson. 2 vols. . .	446
XIV.—Life of Geoffrey Chaucer. By Sir Harris Nicolas . . .	448
XV.—Le Miroir Français. Part 1. . . . .	450

## CONTENTS

TO THE

### MONTHLY REVIEW FOR APRIL,

Vol. I. (1844.) No. 4.

	PAGE
<b>ART. I.—1. Die Hamilton'sche Frage, untersucht von. (The Hamiltonian Question examined by) D. A. Schmidt. 2. Joseph Jacotot's Universal-unterricht. (J. Jacotot's Universal Instruction.) By Dr. J. A. G. Hoffman, Professor in Jena.</b>	451
<b>II.—Europäische Interessen und Zustände (European Interests and Conditions). Von Friedrich Giehne.</b>	467
<b>III.—The Barons' War, including the Battles of Lewes and Evesham. By William Henry Blaauw, Esq., M.A.</b>	491
<b>IV.—On Feigned and Factitious Diseases, chiefly of Soldiers and Seamen, &amp;c., &amp;c., and the best Modes of discovering Impostors. By Hector Gavin, M.D. &amp;c., &amp;c.</b>	525
<b>V.—1. The "League" Newspaper, Feb. 17, 1844. 2. The Aristocracy of Britain, and the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture. 3. Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, March 1844.</b>	535
<b>VI.—Histoire des Idées Littéraires en France au XIXe siècle, et de leurs origines dans les siècles antérieurs.' Par Alfred Michiels. 2 tom.</b>	543
<b>VII.—Prize Essay on the Construction of School-houses. By William A. Alcott.</b>	570
<b>VIII.—The Local Historian's Table Book. Part 33. By M. A. Richardson.</b>	582
<b>IX.—History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. IX.</b>	583

ART: X.—Works on the Currency. . . . .	585
XI.—Beads from a Rosary. By T. Westwood, Author of "Miscellaneous Poems" . . . . .	586
XII.—Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Edited by her Son, J. P. Grant, Esq. 3 vols. . . . .	587
XIII.—The Beginning of the End. By a Member of the Carlton Club. . . . .	588
XIV.—Early Hours and Summer Dreams. . . . .	589



THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW

FOR

JANUARY, 1844.

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ART. I.—*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.* By FRANCIS JEFFREY. 4 vols. Longman.

THE history and practice of reviewing furnish a subject of very considerable importance, and much curiosity. It is only, however, in modern times that we seek for its systematic and enlightening course amongst ourselves. The earliest English journals that laid claim to the title, offered little more than advertisements of new books, with a series of extracts unskillfully put together, that rather served to afford to buyers samples by which to test the quality and manner of the publication, than either to analyze its contents, to enter into a disquisition upon its subject, or to expound the canons of criticism.

The "Monthly Review," which was established in 1749, was the first periodical in England to adopt the system of reviewing which has since grown so popular; from that date down to the present time, having pursued its regular method with dignity and great respectability, to the essential service of the general interests of literature. A recent writer has said that its criticisms have been for the most part neither too brief nor too elaborate, giving a fair abstract of an author's productions, accompanied by a discriminating commentary on their excellences and defects. The success of the "Monthly" led to the establishment of several other critical journals, which not only kept pace with the growing taste for books, but served to create and refine that appetite for literature which must ever be the offspring of an improved civilization.

The remark is just, that an intimate connection must always exist between the progress of periodical literature and the spirit of the times; and the history of Scotch Reviews and Magazines strikingly illustrates the observation. The title of the very first journal of the

kind was, in fact, that adopted by the conductors of the work, certain contributions to which constitutes the contents of the volumes now before us. The persons who projected and conducted the earlier periodical were distinguished in the republic of letters. Adam Smith, Dr. Robertson, and others of high repute figured amongst the number. David Hume, however, was excluded; although it is probable, had the work been proceeded with any considerable way beyond the only two portions that ever appeared, his services would have been called in to its support. Several reasons have been assigned for the exclusion of a man who maintained such eminent ground, at the period, in the literary and philosophical societies of the modern Athens. For example, the periodical set out with a distinct avowal that it was the firm determination of its conductors at all times to oppose sceptical and irreligious doctrines, a resolve that would have been deemed formed of words merely but devoid of serious purpose, had David been enlisted. The author of the "Man of Feeling," has in his *Life of John Home*, who wrote the tragedy of "Douglas," detailed an entertaining anecdote on the subject in question. He says, "I have heard that the contributors of the *Edinburgh Review* were afraid both of Mr. Hume's good nature and his extreme artlessness; that from the one their criticisms would have been weakened or suppressed, and from the other the secret discovered." The contents of the work strongly attracted his attention; and he expressed his surprise to some of the gentlemen concerned in it, with whom he was in the daily habit of meeting, at the excellence of a performance, written, as he presumed from his ignorance of the subject, by some persons out of their literary circle. It was agreed to communicate the secret to him at a dinner which was shortly after given by one of the number. At that dinner he repeated his wonder on the subject of 'The *Edinburgh Review*.' One of the company said he knew the authors, and would tell them to Mr. Hume, on his giving an oath of secrecy. 'How is the oath to be taken,' said David, with his usual pleasantry, 'of a man accused of so much scepticism as I am? You would not trust my *Bible* oath; but I will swear by the *to kalon* and the *to prepon*, never to reveal your secret.' He was then told the names of the authors, and the plan of the work; but it was not continued long enough to allow of his contributing any articles."

The *Review* was dropped chiefly on account of the religious dissensions which agitated Scotland at the time, and of the sensitiveness of the people on points of church government and Calvinism. We must pass over the birth, race, and fortunes of the other Scotch periodicals that might be enumerated between the extinction of the first, and the starting of the existing *Edinburgh Review*; which last event occurred in 1802, a period remarkably well fitted for welcoming an undertaking at once so original, bold, and confidently

calculated to astonish and also triumphantly to carry out for a long series of years the views of the projectors. A variety of circumstances were favourable to an enterprise where there was such a strength and diversity of talent not only to conceive, but to execute with sustained power and tact. The French Revolution had created a new race of thinkers; for whatever might have been the mass and enormities of crime to which that political and social hurricane gave rise, all must admit that it called into action many a brilliant genius and mightily accelerated the march of intellect,—the ardent and profound examination of principles throughout the whole domain where reason, imagination, and taste can direct their course, and to the uttermost ends of the civilized globe. The old and established periodical literature, if it had not made an actual descent, had become level and ordinary. There was even in the classical Essayists but a thin and cold substance when compared with the cravings that abounded. To quote an anonymous writer in Constable's "Edinburgh Magazine," on the causes of the declining popularity of these elegant writers: "The Reviews which multiplied so rapidly after the French Revolution, occupy to a certain extent the ground of our Essayists, because they embody the floating good sense and opinions of the age; but they add more to the progress of ideas than of manners, and address themselves to the reason rather than to the fancy of their readers. On the other hand, the enthusiasm, splendour, and energy of the modern school of poetry have produced a craving for strong excitement, and taught us to despise those light and delicate graces of execution which are almost the only beauties consistent with the nature of Essays on life and manners. In short, no work can now be long popular, which does not either exercise the reason or stir the feelings strongly. The British Essayists do neither. Poetry and fiction have grown up side by side with philosophy, and writers who excel in either department will succeed; but those, who, like some of the writers in the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler,' hold an intermediate place—who appeal to the reason without depth of thinking, and to the fancy without enthusiasm or passion—cannot enjoy a permanent degree of popularity."

Sundry were the circumstances extrinsic as well as intrinsic that lent *eclat* to the Edinburgh Review of our day. For example, it disdained the countenance of, and bore itself unshackled by, the patronage of publishers. It restricted itself to criticisms of works of acknowledged mark, to subjects of pressing interest, or to topics upon which the writer might lavish his original and independent disquisition. Its quarterly appearance necessarily suggested plans and principles of selection which would have been inadvisable in a monthly periodical; demanding fewer articles and more elaborate preparation in each paper. Essays frequently took the place of critiques, and thus enabled the editor and contributors to adjust and

arrange their views with a regard to systematic doctrine and forethought ends; so that while they maintained one independent, lofty, austere and novel course, they were sure to command the public ear, even although it might sometimes be wounded or alarmed. Political as well as literary and scientific subjects fell within the range of the plan, and filled many of the most *telling* pages, at a time when liberal notions were eagerly sought after, and the old routine of belief and of feeling was falling into disgrace. No doubt the tone of authoritative dictation, of lacerating severity, and of contemptuous sneering, in which the writers too frequently indulged, had also its share in creating that unexampled attention which the Review instantly experienced. Nor must we overlook the fact that when an article drew forth an angry and able reply from some wounded author, or conservative institution, the reviewer was ever ready when the case appeared of importance enough to his superciliousness, to follow up the first expressions of severity with redoubled keenness, and thus to prove himself as skilled in controversy as in criticism, in ingenuity as in philosophy.

A writer in the "Edinburgh Annual Register for 1809," at the time understood to be no other than Scott, speaking of the olden system of criticism, thus expressed himself: "The venerable and well-wigged authors of sermons and essays and mawkish poems, and stupid parish histories, bore each triumphantly his ponderous load into the mart of literature, expanded it upon the stall of his bookseller, sat brooding over it till evening closed, and then retired with the consolation that if his wares had not met a customer, they had at least been declared saleable and received the stamp of currency from the official inspectors of literary merchandise. From these soothing dreams, authors, booksellers, and critics were soon to be roused by a rattling peal of thunder; and it now remains to be shown how a conspiracy of beardless boys innovated upon the memorable laws of the old republic of literature, scourged the booksellers out of her senate-house, overset the tottering thrones of the idols whom they had set up, awakened the hundred-necked snake of criticism, and curdled the whole ocean of milk and water, in which like the serpentine supporter of Vistnou, he had breathed and wallowed in unwieldy sloth for a quarter of a century. Then, too, amid this dire combustion, like true revolutionists, they created themselves into a committee of public safety, whose decrees were written in blood, and executed without mercy."

In our hasty notices of a few of the circumstances which speedily earned for the Edinburgh Review a European reputation, we have not thought it necessary to consider its advocacy of the principles of a great political party in the state, so as to have been long looked upon as the organ of the Whigs. But it is not unworthy of remark that even the Tories were forced to respect its power and

to admire the brilliant talent which sustained it; the more so that it uniformly, conscious of its strength and while wantoning in its power over the imbecile and the froward, mercilessly denounced anarchical principles and the gross spirit of radicalism. In short, in every circle the merits of the Review soon became not only the theme of discussion, but very frequently the arbiter of difficult questions; at times perplexing fully as much by its inconsistency, as enlightening by its arguments,—astounding rather by its boldness, than convincing by clear demonstration.

Not one of the writers in the *Edinburgh Review* derived greater or better earned celebrity for talent, acuteness, and vivacity than the prodigiously active and rapid Francis Jeffrey, so long its unwearied editor. In the lighter branches of literature his articles were unrivalled; and even when he said the bitterest and most biting things, his humanities and sportive good humour were ever apparent, so as to convince the reader that his feelings were as healthy as his criticism was unsparing. But it was not in the realms of poetry and polite letters that he was alone a brilliant master; for in the domain of philosophical speculation he displayed extraordinary ability, and might still more illustriously have figured, had he put forth his strength and spirit more anxiously.

Scott it was, we believe, who said that upon no subject has Jeffrey displayed more of his characteristic acuteness, than upon those where metaphysics are treated, either separately, or as applied to practical subjects; that there is a force and a precision in his mode of expression, peculiarly fitted not only to impress upon the reader the importance of the subject, but to delight the attention which he has previously fixed; that he never uses words of a dubious import, or in an imperfect sense,—his illustrations, although numerous and splendid, never exhibiting that doubtful analogy which tends to mislead the reader, or bewilder him in the puzzling consequences of an imperfect and inaccurate parallel; that, as a reviewer, he not only comprehends all which he means to say, but has the happy art of expressing himself in language as plain as it is precise, and of conveying in the most distinct manner, the proposition which his own mind has conceived with so much accuracy; and that it is but his just praise to say, that, as a guide through the misty maze of speculative philosophy, none has trod with a firmer step, or held equally high a torch which has glowed so clearly.

The contributions collected in the present volumes form but a part—less than one third—of what their author furnished for the Review; those articles having been selected that appeared to him best calculated to enforce just principles and useful opinions, and seemed to have a tendency to make men happier and better, rather than such as might have been most likely to attract notice by boldness of view, severity of remark, or vivacity of expression. Elsewhere, he says,

that he looks upon his own exertions and services in the Review as having consisted principally in the "endeavour to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and impress his readers with a sense of the close connexion between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment." The arrangement of the articles is not in accordance with the order of their appearance, the collector having aimed chiefly at the nature of the subject to be treated, and the principles to be systematically developed,—although the plan does not appear to be always obviously followed out. The divisions are into—1st, General Literature and Historical Biography; 2dly, History and Historical Memoirs; 3dly, Poetry; 4thly, Philosophy of the Mind, Metaphysics, and Jurisprudence; 5thly, Novels and Prose Fiction; 6thly, General Politics; and lastly, Miscellaneous subjects;—a vast variety, but each class treated with a compass of knowledge and learning, an originality and an eloquent power that perhaps can find no parallel in the history and productions of any other writer. The display is the more remarkable in that Jeffrey was in very many instances obliged to provide for the pressure of the day, when none of his literary troops might be prepared or inclined to undertake the particular task; instead of, like Macaulay and others, lying in wait for what suited his humour and previous acquirements, or being at liberty to step forth at the acceptable moment.

The preliminary matter is itself a very curious and important chapter; for it lends a good insight into the history of the Review itself, and into the career and biography of Jeffrey as a contributor and editor. He "was not the proprietor of the work—nor the representative, in any sense, of the proprietors, but merely the chosen (and removable) manager for the leading contributors." He was but "a feudal monarch who had but a slender control over his greater barons." Then with regard to the republication, his resistance was long steadily maintained; until, indeed, he had hardly an alternative, in consequence of intimation having been received of a similar publication being in contemplation by American pirates; at the same time that the papers in question are the property of the publishers of the Review and substantially at their disposal.

Room will at times be found for questioning the principles as well as the details of criticism exhibited in these volumes. This bugbear of authors,—*"The wee reekit deil,"* as some one designated him, could not always be in the right. Still, seldom, perhaps, was he so very profound as he was striking and just. Different opinions too will obtain relative to the field in which his principal strength and readiness lay,—some choosing his exposition of the principles of criticism; others his articles on general politics. But wherever we alight upon him there is such a healthiness and generosity of sentiment, such a want of affectation, that even the heaping of words upon words, and

of illustration upon illustration without advancing the argument to which he is prone, is not an unwelcome display, but is felt as being the overflowings of extreme liveliness, of a kindly heart and enlarged sympathies. Certainly some of his political papers have a statesmanlike dignity, as well as being charged with most sagacious and impressive views. It seems to have been owing almost entirely to Jeffrey's superintending influence as well as positive contributions during the quarter of a century, that the *Edinburgh*, not only worked a revolution in periodical literature, but probably in literature itself, taking the term in its widest sense. But we think it no less true that the light which he shed in political science, the manly and open spirit which he manifested in support of Whig principles, must have operated powerfully to the advancement of his party to power. In fact he looked upon the *Review* as having two legs to stand on, literature being one of them; but he adds, "*its right leg is politics.*"

It is impossible, in any space which we can allow to a work of such a miscellaneous character as the present, to indicate its merits and variety by extracts. We must, however, adduce a few samples, having an eye first to the professed vocation of the *Review*. It is thus set forth in the Preface, while the journal is also fairly vindicated :

The *Edinburgh Review*, it is well known, aimed high from the beginning :—And, refusing to confine itself to the humble task of pronouncing on the mere literary merits of the works that came before it, professed to go deeply into *the Principles* on which its judgments were to be rested ; as well as to take large and Original views of all the important questions to which those works might relate. And, on the whole, I think it is now pretty generally admitted that it attained the end it aimed at. Many errors there were, of course—and some considerable blunders :—abundance of indiscretions, especially in the earlier numbers ; and far too many excesses, both of party zeal, overweening confidence, and intemperate blame. But with all these drawbacks, I think it must be allowed to have substantially succeeded—in familiarising the public mind (that is, the minds of very many individuals) with higher speculations, and sounder and larger views of the great objects of human pursuit, than had ever before been brought as effectually home to their apprehensions ; and also, in permanently raising the standard, and increasing the influence of all such Occasional writings ; not only in this country, but over the greater part of Europe, and the free States of America : While it proportionally enlarged the capacity, and improved the relish of the growing multitudes to whom such writings were addressed, ' for the stronger meats' which were then first provided for their digestion.

Sentiments of a permanent and valuable nature abound in the passage next to be cited, the book reviewed being the *Memoirs of De*

Grimm, and the doctrine taught being that of the hollowness and selfishness of fashionable society, as it existed in certain Parisian circles.

Whenever there is a very large assemblage of persons who have no other occupation but to amuse themselves, there will infallibly be generated acuteness of intellect, refinement of manners, and good taste in conversation;—and, with the same certainty, all profound thought, and all serious affection, will be generally discarded from society. The multitude of persons and things that force themselves on the attention in such a scene, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other and pass away, prevent any one from making a deep or permanent impression; and the mind, having never been tasked to any course of application, and long habituated to this lively succession and variety of objects, comes at last to require the excitement of perpetual change, and to find a multiplicity of friends as indispensable as a multiplicity of amusements. Thus the characteristics of large and polished society, come almost inevitably to be, wit and heartlessness—acuteness and perpetual derision. The same impatience of uniformity, and passion for variety, which gives so much grace to their conversation, by excluding tediousness and pertinacious wrangling, make them incapable of dwelling for many minutes on the feelings and concerns of any one individual; while the constant pursuit of little gratifications, and the weak dread of all uneasy sensations, render them equally averse from serious sympathy and deep thought. They speedily find out the shortest and most pleasant way to all truths, to which a short and a pleasant way can readily be discovered; and then lay it down as a maxim, that no others are worth looking after—and in the same way, they do such petty kindnesses, and indulge such light sympathies, as do not put them to any trouble, or encroach at all on their amusements,—while they make it a principle to wrap themselves up in those amusements from the assault of all more engrossing or importunate affections. The turn for derision again arises naturally out of this order of things. When passion and enthusiasm, affection and serious occupation, have once been banished by a short-sighted voluptuousness, the sense of ridicule is almost the only lively sensation that remains;—and the envied life of those who have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, would be utterly listless and without interest, if they were not allowed to laugh at each other. Their quickness in perceiving ordinary follies and illusions too, affords great encouragement to this laudable practice;—and as none of them have so much passion or enthusiasm left, as to be deeply wounded by the shafts of derision, they fall lightly, and without rankling on the lesser vanities, which supply in them those master springs of human action and feeling.

Again,

Holding this opinion very firmly ourselves, it will easily be believed that we are very far from *envying* the brilliant persons who composed, or gave the tone to this exquisite society;—and while we have a due admiration for the elegant pleasantries, correct taste, and gay acuteness, of which they furnish, perhaps, the only perfect models, we think it more desirable, on the whole, to be the spectators, than the possessors of those accomplish-



ments ; and would no more wish to buy them at the price of our sober thinking and settled affections, than we would buy the dexterity of a fiddler, or a ropedancer, at the price of our personal respectability. Even in the days of youth and high spirits, there is no solid enjoyment in living altogether with people who care nothing about us ; and when we begin to grow old and unamuseable, there can be nothing so comfortless as to be surrounded with those who think of nothing but amusement. The spectacle, however, is gay and beautiful to those who look upon it with a good-natured sympathy, or indulgence ; and naturally suggests reflections that may be interesting to the most serious. A judicious extractor, we have no doubt, might accommodate both classes of readers, from the ample magazine that lies before us.

Wisdom, truth, and sound feeling characterize these views. But when we turn to articles in which political philosophy is taught, we find foresightedness, breadth of view, and pertinent illustration, entitling the writer to the character of a thoughtful and earnest statesman. Better cannot be done than to look into the paper on O'Driscoll's History of Ireland for an exemplification of the very high excellence now alluded to. Jeffrey is no repealer, no separatist ; having in that article delivered himself with a sort of prophetic pointedness and a precision of expression which delight and convince. One could hardly have expected greater force and earnestness of the mind, had he written the article within the current year. He thus speaks of the anomalous connexion which those who advocate a dissolution of the Union, without that of the monarchy, would establish, as they dream, to the regeneration of Ireland :

If any one doubts of the wretchedness of an unequal and unincorporating alliance, of the degradation of being subject to a provincial Parliament and a distant King, and of the efficacy of a substantial union in curing all these evils, he is invited to look to the obvious example of Scotland. While the crowns only were united, and the governments continued separate, the weaker country was the scene of the most atrocious cruelties, the most violent injustice, the most degrading oppression. The prevailing religion of the people was proscribed and persecuted with a ferocity greater than has ever been systematically exercised even in Ireland ; her industry was crippled and depressed by unjust and intolerable restrictions ; her Parliaments corrupted and overawed into the degraded instruments of a distant court, and her nobility and gentry, cut off from all hope of distinction by vindicating the rights or promoting the interests of their country at home, were led to look up to the favour of her oppressors as the only remaining avenue to power, and degenerated, for the most part, into a band of mercenary adventurers ; the more considerable aspiring to the wretched honour of executing the tyrannical orders which were dictated from the South, and the rest acquiring gradually those habits of subserviency and self-submission, the traces of which are by some supposed to be yet discernible in their de-

ascendants. The Revolution, which rested almost entirely on the prevailing antipathy to Popery, required, of course, the co-operation of all classes of Protestants; and by its success, the Scottish Presbyterians were relieved, for a time, from their Episcopalian persecutions. But it was not till after the Union that the nation was truly emancipated, or lifted up from the abject condition of a dependant, at once suspected and despised. The effects of that happy consolidation were not indeed *immediately* apparent; for the vices which had been generated by a century of provincial misgovernment, the meannesses that had become habitual, the animosities that had so long been fostered, could not be cured at once by the mere removal of their cause. The generation they had degraded must first be allowed to die out—and more, perhaps, than one generation: but the poison-tree was cut down, the foundation of bitter waters was sealed up, and symptoms of returning vigour and happiness were perceived. Vestiges may still be traced, perhaps, of our long degradation; but for at least forty years back, the provinces of Scotland have been, on the whole, but the Northern provinces of Great Britain. There are no local oppressions, no national animosities. Life, and liberty, and property, are as secure in Caithness as they are in Middlesex—industry as much encouraged, and wealth still more rapidly progressive; while not only different religious opinions, but different religious establishments, subsist in the two ends of the same island in unbroken harmony, and only excite each other, by a friendly emulation, to greater purity of life and greater zeal for Christianity.

If this happy Union, however, had been delayed for another century,—if Scotland had been doomed to submit for a hundred years more to the provincial tyranny of the Lauderdale, Rotheses, and Middletons, and to meet the cruel persecutions which gratified the ferocity of her Dalzells and Drummonds, and tarnished the glories of such men as Montrose and Dundee, with her armed conventicles and covenanted saints militant—to see her patriots exiled, or bleeding on the scaffold—her only trusted teachers silenced in her churches and schools, and her courts of justice degraded or overawed into the instruments of a cowardly oppression,—can any man doubt, not only that she would have presented at this day a scene of even greater misery and discord than Ireland did in 1800, but that the corruptions and animosities by which she had been desolated would have been found to have struck so deep root as still to encumber the land, long after their seed had ceased to be scattered abroad on its surface, and only to hold out the hope of their eradication after many years of patient and painful exertion?

Jeffrey contends that instead of the miseries of Ireland being traceable to the Union of 1800, they are to be ascribed mainly to the long delay and incompleteness after all of that measure; and that therefore it is not by its dissolution that good is to be done, but by its improvement and consolidation. "Some injury it may have produced to the shopkeepers of Dublin, and some inconsiderable increase in the number of absentees. But it has shut up the main fountain of corruption and dishonour, and palsied the arm and broken the heart of local insolence and oppression. It has substi-

tuted, at least potentially and in prospect, the wisdom and honour of the British government and the British people, to the passions and sordid interests of a junto of Irish boroughmongers; and not only enabled, but compelled all parties to appeal directly to the great tribunal of the British public." What would, in all likelihood, be the result of separation or dissolution of the Union, which the Reviewer holds must be the same thing?—

To us it certainly appears that this would be a most desperate, wild, and impracticable enterprise. But it is *not* upon this account the less likely to be attempted by such a nation as the Irish! and it cannot be dissembled that the mere attempt would almost unavoidably plunge both countries in the most frightful and interminable ruin. Though the separation even of distant and mature dependencies is almost always attended with terrible convulsions, separation, in such circumstances, is unquestionably an ultimate good; and if Ireland were a mere dependency, and were distant enough and strong enough to subsist and flourish as an independent community, we might console ourselves even for the infinite misery of the struggle attending on the separation, by the prospect of the great increase of happiness that might be the final result. But it is impossible, we think, for any one but an exasperated and unthinking Irishman, not to see and feel that this neither is nor ever can be the condition of Ireland. Peopled by the same race, speaking the same language, associated in the same pursuits, bound together and amalgamated by continual intermarriages, joint adventures in trade, and every sort of social relation, and above all, lying within sight and reach of each other's shores, they are in truth as intimately and inseparably connected as most of the internal provinces of each are with one another; and we might as well expect to see two independent kingdoms established in friendly neighbourhood in Yorkshire and Lancashire as to witness a similar spectacle on the two sides of the Irish Channel. Two such countries, if of equal strength, and exasperated by previous contentions, never could maintain the relations of peace and amity with each other as separate and independent states; but *must* either mingle into one, or desolate each other in fierce and exterminating hostility, till one sinks in total exhaustion at the feet of the bleeding and exhausted victor. In the actual circumstances of the two countries, however, the attempt would be attended with more deplorable consequences. Ireland, with whom alone it can originate, is decidedly the weakest in wealth, population, and all effective resources: and probably never will venture on the experiment *without foreign assistance*. But it must be at once apparent how the introduction of this unhallowed element darkens all the horrors of the prospect. We are far from making light of the advantage it might give in the outset. By the help of a French army and an American fleet, we think it by no means improbable that the separation might be accomplished. The English armies might be defeated or driven from its shores—English capitalists might be butchered—the English religion extirpated—and an Irish Catholic republic installed with due ceremony in Dublin, and adopted with acclamation in most of the provinces of the land. Under the protection of their foreign deliverers, this state of triumph might even be for some time maintained. But how long

would this last? or how can it be imagined it would end? Would the foreign allies remain for ever on their own charges, and without interfering with the independence or the policy of the new state which they had thus been the means of creating? If they did, it would, after all, be but a *vassal republic*—a dependency on a more distant and still more imperious master—an outlying province of France—a military station from which to watch and to harass England, and on which the first burst of her hostilities must always be broken; and exposed, of course, in the mean time, to all the licence, the insolence, the rigour of a military occupancy by a foreign and alien soldiery.

The Reviewer sums up his impressive and convincing warnings in the following passage:

Such are the warnings which we would address to the offended and exasperated party, in whose vindictive and rash proceedings the catastrophe we have been contemplating must originate. But though we certainly think they must appear convincing to any calm spectator, it is not the less probable that they would be of little avail with the inflamed and excited party, unless they were seconded by conciliatory and gentle measures on the part of the supposed offender. Nor are there wanting motives sufficiently urgent and imperious to make such measures, in all sound reason, indispensable. In the event of a war for independence, Ireland would probably be the scene of the greatest carnage, havoc, and devastation; and in the end, we think her lot would be by far the most deplorable. But to England, also, it is obvious that such a contest would be a source of unspeakable calamity; and the signal, indeed, of her permanent weakness, insecurity, and degradation. That she is bound, therefore, for her own sake to avert it by every possible precaution and every possible sacrifice, no one will be hardy enough to deny—far less that she is bound, in the first instance, to diminish the tremendous hazard, by simply "*doing justice and showing mercy*" to those whom it is in all other respects her interest as well as her duty to cherish and protect.

One thing we take to be evident, and it is the substance of all that can be said on the subject—that things are fast verging to a crisis, and cannot, in all probability, remain long as they are. The Union, in short, must either be made *equal and complete* on the part of England, or it will be broken in pieces and thrown in her face by Ireland.

Jeffrey's first article in the *Edinburgh* appeared in 1802. From 1803 to 1829 he was the sole editor of the journal; since the latter date having very rarely contributed, and never on political subjects. His election in 1829 as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and subsequent elevations to office, were circumstances which he deemed incompatible with an editorial connexion, when the Review might in many respects be considered a party journal. Similar delicacies forbade him to battle longer in the field of politics.

The volumes before us will be a lasting monument to the genius and industry of Francis Jeffrey. They far surpass in real value and healthy unaffected tone, the contributions to the same journal both

of Sydney Smith and of Mr. Macaulay. Many years ago we frequently heard the question discussed,—could Jeffrey himself, the dexterous and merciless reviewer, write a tolerably good book on any one subject? The answer which these volumes supply us with is this, that there is matter enough, that there are ideas abundant in any one of dozens of his papers, to build up a substantial volume; while the variety of his attainments, and his skill as a literary craftsman, adapt themselves with wonderful ease and kindliness to whatever he sets his hand to. His activity and versatility form parallels (but with many differences) with the habits and the talents of Brougham.

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ART II.—*Memoir of Joseph Shepherd Munden, Comedian.* By his Son. Bentley.

IN human nature is the drama founded. Its history, and its sway over almost all times and people clearly establish the truth of the assertion. Evidences there are, however,<sup>1</sup> which more nearly affect those who philosophically view the question. Continually, there arise upon the face of society, human beings whose natural intellect and physical organization are adapted to the several departments of the stage. In no other field of exertion can their talents be successfully exercised, so that we are constrained to believe that nature intended this particular form of development. The actor is as much born as the poet. The power which the infant displays in imitating, and the interest it manifests in the philosophy of expression, indicate that nature and individual endowments have destined the being to represent and affect humanity nowhere except on the stage. It is true that the powers of such a one may subserve other ends, but in no other profession will his soul peacefully exert itself, or produce such happy results. It is in the provision of nature that we find an argument for its importance and value.

It is not only the lovers of the sock and buskin who furnish the evidence that the drama is founded in human nature, but, also, the contributors to the dramatic literature of a country—that active literature, which, unfortunately, seems to hold less than its proper influence, however, on the public mind, at the present moment. Besides, humanity demands the legitimate drama; to no age or country is its existence confined. From the rudest exhibitions of uncivilised communities to the most effective representations of our theatres, some shape or shadow of the drama is cherished. As long as human minds are gifted with ideal tendencies yearning for gratification; with deep feelings, the excitement of which is happiness; with intellectual tastes, in the exercise of which there is pure pleasure,—so long will the drama inspire interest.

With these views, we sought the work above named, to confirm our opinions, and add strength to our arguments. However, its wholly unphilosophical spirit served no other purpose than to convince us that its author is unfitted for anything but the commonest green-room gossip; and though he quotes Charles Lamb and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, we scarcely believe him capable of entertaining as they should be entertained, the finely drawn philosophical analyses of those eminent dramatic critics.

The work opens with a patch-work portrait of the histrion, indicative of the character of the production. The left-hand side of the engraving exhibits the rude attempt of some hand to widen the back-ground, and the text displays, also, certain endeavours to lengthen the number of pages, by the introduction of many ancient anecdotes and stories which have been related, in a much better style, over and over again. We can neither congratulate the public, nor the author of the volume, upon the result of his task; nay, it becomes a duty to promulgate that the work is anything but a correct outline of the life of Munden. It abounds in the grossest errors and anachronisms, and sets down at Munden's door transactions generally believed to have taken place at other localities. Indeed, so very gross are the mistakes before us, that we cannot imagine that the work was perused in manuscript by any one, save its author. Had it been, certainly it would never have appeared before the public in its preset motley and disjointed character. We did anticipate something novel from its title—we thought that a son, at least, would be able to give a correct account of his father's movements and of those around him. How it happens that he has failed we cannot divine—but the failure is palpable. Page after page is devoted to the contemporaries of Munden—he himself almost appears in a secondary part, and if the book were divested of its Joe Miller character, there would be little left for Joe Munden.

It is a difficult task for a son to write about a father in any case. The public anticipate partiality in the outset. However, there is little enough of this displayed by Munden's son, for he narrates much that is wholly gratuitous, and enters into particulars having not the slightest public interest—calculated to wound the feelings of private individuals, and to bring down ridicule upon their producer. Much that the reader looks for is not to be found—much is found that no one could possibly look for. In what month the comedian was born does not appear, although it is stated that he came into this breathing world in 1758.

Among the incidents introduced into the Memoirs is the following, that might as well have been omitted, containing as it does reflections upon the comedian and his mistress which are anything but creditable to the biographer and his father. It is not quite apparent, from the rhetoric, whose "thirty guineas" were carried away, but we pre-

sume that Joe Munden took pretty good care, if that sum was taken from him, to let his children know the fact; and, undoubtedly, the "wretched female," Mary Jones, has had her sins amply enlarged upon in the Munden family, without further comment being required in print:

There was another actress, of whom mention must be made, as she exercised a large influence over the fortunes of Munden. She played under the name of Mrs. Munden; but her real name was Mary Jones. She possessed some beauty, but was vulgar and illiterate in the extreme. In the wild thoughtlessness of youth, when the looseness of his habits did not afford an introduction to respectable female society, Munden had formed a connexion with this woman. When he had a settled abode at Chester, he sent for her, and had the imprudence to introduce her as his wife. By his consummate skill in his profession, he had contrived to instruct her sufficiently to render her competent to play minor parts, and to prevent an exposure of her ignorance on the stage. By Mary Jones, Munden had four daughters, when the event took place which we are now about to relate.

In the year 1789, this wretched female, with whom he had so long cohabited, and who had borne him so many children, eloped with Mr. Hodgkinson, (the light comedian,) carrying with her thirty guineas of his money, his daughter Esther, and a child yet unborn. Munden had long suspected that some familiarities existed between the parties, and had called Mr. Hodgkinson to account; but the fact was denied. A vile scrawl which she left behind her, addressed to Mr. Whitlock, apprised Munden of the step which she had taken. After many entreaties to soothe and calm him, which, indeed, were not needed, she adds—"I likewise inclose a letter which I beg give him—also the list of his property—with many thanks for your friendship for 9 years." Mr. Hodgkinson also wrote to Mr. Whitlock, attempting to justify his own conduct and throw the blame on Munden. This precious couple were married at Bath; the female being in the last stage of pregnancy: but Hodgkinson soon found out what a bargain he had got, and separated from her at Bristol, embarking for America with an actress of the name of Brett.

Whatever may be thought of the above extract, it cannot be doubted that whoever has a full appreciation of the value of a human soul, will look upon the morality and self-sacrificing spirit of Hodgkinson, as far superior to that of Munden, who had been instrumental in degrading the female, with whom he had associated as with a wife.

Among the errors of judgment in Mr. T. S. Munden's book are other errors of greater importance, perhaps, to which we will not allude, thus troubling the reader with the exhibitions of a want of knowledge on every subject that is touched. Wherever a point of history is fallen upon, the author is found floundering. He names Mrs. Whitlock, but knows nothing about her. He says that she went to America, but he stops there—he does not tell us that she was the Siddons of the American Stage—an actress of superior talents. True, he states that she made a fortune there, but an author on such a

point might certainly tell us how it was done, since he had condescended to sketch the lives of those he has named. So with regard to George Frederick Cooke, nothing certain is narrated. It is all a mass of ill-digested tales, heaped up in chaotic slovenliness to supply, we should suppose, Mr. Bentley's rapidly running printing machine at a few hours' notice.

From the incidental notices of contemporary performers with Munden, we extract a few remarks upon John Palmer. They are not particularly novel, yet, they possess an interest, as everything does connected with the name of that performer.

In the summer of this year, (1797,) the awfully-sudden death of John Palmer, the circumstances of which are too well known to be recapitulated, took place during the performance of *The Stranger*, on the Liverpool stage. The subject of this memoir always stated that John Palmer was the best general actor he had ever seen. Palmer played every thing, and every thing equally well. He possessed the advantages of a tall and well-proportioned figure, an expressive countenance, melodious voice, and most persuasive manner. Mrs. Siddons once observed, that so naturally insinuating was he in Stukely, she felt at times off her guard, and, for a moment, could hardly help fancying that his propositions were real. He carried this quality with him into private life; which obtained for him the name of "Plausible Jack." It is said that on one occasion, having an invitation to dinner, he knocked by mistake at the next door, where he found a large party assembled in the drawing-room. Not perceiving his host and hostess, he concluded they were in some other part of the dwelling, and commenced conversing familiarly with the company. The master and mistress of the house plainly perceived there was a mistake, but were so fascinated by his powers of conversation that they suffered him to proceed until dinner was announced, when they pressed him earnestly to let it be no mistake, but to remain and be their guest. Jack Palmer was improvident, and always in difficulties: he however contrived to keep the bailiffs in good humour by orders for the theatre.

The power of Mrs. Siddons's acting upon Munden is thus described, although if the son had stated that the comedian *thought himself* "incapable of rousing himself," he would have "pointed a moral," for we know that it is an ignorance of the power of the will that leads men to resort to stimulants in such cases.

Mrs. Crawford also quitted the stage in this year. This lady disputed the palm with Mrs. Siddons; in such parts as Monimia she probably surpassed her: Lady Randolph was the character in which each struggled for preeminence. Munden witnessed the performance of Lady Randolph by Mrs. Crawford and Mrs. Siddons from the pit on successive nights, being desirous of forming an estimate of their respective merits. He was lost in admiration of Mrs. Crawford's powers; but when on the second night, he prepared to dress for the farce after Mrs. Siddons's performance, his feelings were so powerfully affected that he was incapable of rousing himself to comic effort without a stimulant.



There is nothing very remarkable in the following anecdote, yet it shows what the stage was in our country, and what it is in the eyes of the great at the present moment—once our boast, now our disgrace.

The allusion to Frogmore refers to a morning fête given by King George the Third, in the open air, at which some of the London performers were commanded to attend, and stationed in different parts of the grounds to sing and afford amusement to the royal guests. His Majesty having expressed a wish for a repetition of some song of Inledon's or Munden's, it was respectfully intimated that they had to perform at Covent Garden in the evening, and that the time was approaching. "Then, pray," said the good old King, "go at once. I will not have my people disappointed;" and, turning to the Prince of Wales, "George, oblige me by seeing Mr. Munden and Mr. Inledon to their carriage." His Royal Highness, with his usual affable deportment, took each of the actors by the arm, and, the police-constables making a passage through the dense crowd, walked with them to the spot where their post-chaise was in waiting, saw them into it, and shook hands at parting.

Of that great genius George Frederick Cooke, we have the subjoined anecdote:

Cooke had been playing on a previous occasion, when great excitement prevailed on account of the agitation of the Slave-trade Abolition question in Parliament. Cooke fancied himself insulted, because his benefit had not been equal to his expectations; and, passing in his usual state, by one of the principal coffee-houses, he beheld several of the merchants assembled in the rooms and vicinity. Shaking his fist at them, he exclaimed, "I thank my God, I carry away none of your d——d money: every brick in your accursed town is stained with African blood!" When he appeared afterwards on the stage, the hubbub was indescribable. He attempted to speak, but was saluted by cries of "Off, off!" and a shower of hisses. Silence was at length restored, and Cooke addressed the audience in these words—"Ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me to go through my part, I will never disgrace myself by appearing before you again."

He then retreated to the side-scenes, and said to a party there, from whom this anecdote is derived, with a satirical expression of countenance—"It's the blood—the blood!"

The managers advertised him the next night, with the sure card—Richard the Third and Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm. The signal of his presence was one universal hiss. Cooke advanced to the stage, placing his hand on his breast, and bowing with affected humility, waited until the tumult subsided, and then entreated the audience to hear him. "Had I not been unfortunately interrupted, ladies and gentlemen," said he, in his blandest accents, "my address to you would have been thus—Ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me to go through my part, I will never disgrace myself by appearing before you again *in the same condition.*" The ruse succeeded: "Bravo, Cooke!" resounded; and he played Richard with more than his usual energy.

There are occasional allusions in the course of the Memoir to the penuriousness of Munden—which undoubtedly served rather to increase than assuage his sufferings. The last scene in his not very eventful life is thus described :

He had always, when he was on the stage, partaken freely of wine ; but latterly, he abstained from it entirely, and denied himself those comforts which his age required and his situation in life enabled him to afford. He was attended diligently and affectionately by his wife ; who, although older than himself, cheerfully endured many privations to which his disease—for it *was* a disease—of penuriousness subjected her. We wish we could add that he bequeathed to her a larger sum than the trifling annuity of one hundred pounds for the term of her life. Upon the other dispositions of his will, which was made two-and-twenty years previous to his death, with occasional codicils, we do not desire to enter, and they would not interest the reader. About the end of January 1832, he suffered under a derangement of the bowels, for which he took his own remedy, and increased the malady, being unable to retain any nutriment on his stomach. He sent, when too late, for Mr. Roberts, of Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, who knew his constitution, and on whose ability and experience he had the most perfect reliance. The eminent physicians Dr. Roots and Dr. Bright also attended ; and every thing which medical skill could effect, was tried, but in vain. He sank beneath a gradual decay of nature, on the 8th February ; and was buried in the vaults of St. George's Bloomsbury ; where the remains of his widow were deposited five years afterwards.

Although it has been deemed proper to make many strictures on this work, and though Mr. Munden, the author, is no better authority than was his father before him, yet from the conglomeration of rubbish we have been able to learn that Munden, the actor, was born in a street near Brooks' Market. His father was a poulterer—the boy was a good penman—a very refractory youth, and used to steal out of the window of his master to obtain a seat in the gallery of the theatre at night. Soon the mania for the stage took possession of him—he joined a company of strolling players, and when business was bad, he took to penmanship for support. Subsequently, he became a performer in the eyes of Hurst, the Canterbury manager, and a resident of Chester having lent some money to our hero, he became a proprietor of the Chester theatre. At this establishment there must have been good acting, for among the company were the gifted Mrs. Whitlock (never sufficiently esteemed), George Frederick Cooke, Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. Sparkes, Mrs. Hun, the mother of George Canning the statesman, and Miss Butler, who eventually became Mrs. Munden, the mother of our author. Mrs. Munden left the stage about a month after her marriage, and appears to have treated the children of Mary Jones with motherly care. At all events, the children all settled in life respectably. In 1790, the comedian

first appeared in London, and after severe struggles for fame, was acknowledged to be an ornament to the stage. The year after the re-building of Drury Lane theatre, 1813, he was attached to the company of that establishment, remaining there until his retirement from the stage in 1824.

On the whole, this volume is so unsound in its details, so utterly weak and worthless as a piece of biography, that we can only turn with true pleasure to the extracts contained in it. With one or two of these, we may conclude this notice of the worst of the worthless works lately issued from Mr. Bentley's press.

The style of the subjoined indicates that it is from the pen of Charles Lamb:

The regular play-goers ought to put on mourning, for the king of broad comedy is dead to the drama! Alas!—Munden is no more!—"give sorrow vent!" He may yet walk the town—pace the pavement in a seeming existence—eat, drink, and nod to his friends in all the affectation of life—but Munden—the Munden!—Munden, with the bunch of countenances—the banquet of faces,—is gone for ever from the lamps; and, as far as comedy is concerned, is as dead as Garrick!—When an actor retires, (we will put the *suicide* as mild as possible,) how many worthy persons perish with him! with Munden,—Sir Peter Teazle must experience a shock—Sir Robert Bramble gives up the ghost; Crack ceases to breathe. Without Munden, what becomes of Dozey? Where shall we seek Jemmy Jumps?—Nipperkin, and a thousand of such admirable fooleries fall to nothing—and the departure, therefore, of such an actor as Munden—is a dramatic calamity.

On the night that this inestimable humourist took farewell of the public, he also took his benefit:—a benefit in which the public assuredly did not participate!—The play was Colman's "Poor Gentleman," with Tom Dibdin's farce of "Past Ten o'Clock."—Reader, we all know Munden in Sir Robert Bramble, and old tobacco-complexioned Dozey;—we have all seen the old hearty baronet in his light sky-blue coat and genteel cocked hat; and we have all seen the weather-beaten old pensioner, dear old Dozey, tacking about the stage in that intenser blue sea-livery—drunk as heart could wish, and right valorous in memory. On this night Munden seemed, like the gladiator, "to rally life's whole energies to die;" and, as we were present at this great display of his powers, and, as this will be the last opportunity that will ever be afforded us to speak of this admirable performer, we shall "consecrate," as old John Bunce says, "a paragraph to him."

The house was full:—*full!* pehaw! that's an empty word!—The house was stuffed—crammed with people,—crammed from the swing-door of the pit to the back seat in the banished *one shilling*. A quart of audience may be said (vintner-like may it be said) to have been squeezed into a pint of theatre. Every hearty play-going Londoner, who remembered Munden years ago, mustered up his courage and his money for this benefit—and middle-aged people were, therefore, by no means scarce. The comedy chosen for the occasion, is one that travels a long way without a guard;—it is not until the third or fourth act, we rather think, that Sir Robert

Bramble appears on the stage. When he entered, his reception was earnest, —noisy,—outrageous,—waving of hats and handkerchiefs;—deafening shouts;—clamorous beating of sticks;—all the various ways in which the heart is accustomed to manifest its joy were had recourse to on this occasion. Mrs. Bamfield worked away with a sixpenny fan till she scudded only under bare poles. Mr. Whittington wore out the ferule of a new nine-and-sixpenny umbrella. Gratitude did great damage on the joyful occasion.

The old performer,—the veteran, as he appropriately called himself in the farewell speech,—was plainly overcome; he pressed his hands together—he planted one solidly on his breast—he bowed—he sidled—he cried!—When the noise subsided (which it invariably does at last), the comedy proceeded—and Munden gave an admirable picture of the rich, eccentric, charitable old bachelor baronet.

In the farce he became richer and richer. Old Dozey is a plant from Greenwich. The bronzed face—and neck to match—the long curtain of a coat—the straggling white hair,—the propensity, the determined attachment to grog—are all from Greenwich. Munden, as Dozey, seems never to have been out of action, sun, and drink.—He looks (alas! he *looked*) fire-proof. His face and throat were dried like a raisin—and his legs walked under the rum-and-water with all the indecision which that inestimable beverage usually inspires. It is truly tacking, not walking. He *steers* at a table, and the tide of grog now and then bears him off the point. On this night he seemed to us to be doomed to fall in action, and we, therefore, looked at him, as some of the Victory's crew are said to have gazed upon Nelson, with a consciousness that his ardour and his uniform were worn for the last time.—In the scene where Dozey describes a sea-fight, the actor never was greater, and he seemed the personification of an old seventy-four!—His coat hung like a flag at his poop!—His phiz was not a whit less highly coloured than one of those lustrous visages that generally superintend the head of a ship!—There was something cumbrous, indecisive, and awful in his veerings!—Once afloat, it appeared impossible for him to come to his moorings;—once at anchor, it did not seem an easy thing to get him under weigh!—*London Magazine*, May, 1824.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd thus discourses:—

Mr. Munden appears to us to be the most *classical* of actors. He is that in high farce, which Kemble was in high tragedy. The lines of these great artists are, it must be admitted, sufficiently distinct; but the same elements are in both, the same distinctness of purpose, the same singleness of aim, the same concentration of power, the same iron casing of inflexible manner, the same statue-like precision of gesture, movement, and attitude. The hero of farce is as little affected with impulses from without, as the retired prince of tragedians. There is something solid, sterling, almost adamant, in the building up of his grotesque characters. When he fixes his wonder-working face in any of its most amazing varieties, it looks as if the picture were carved out from a rock, by Nature in a sportive vein, and might last for ever. It is like what we can imagine a mask of the old Grecian comedy to have been, only that it lives, and breathes, and changes. His most fantastical gestures are the grand ideal of farce. He seems as though he belonged to the earliest and the stateliest age of comedy, when instead

of superficial foibles and the airy varieties of fashion, she had the grand asperities of man to work on; when her grotesque images had something romantic about them; and when humour and parody were themselves heroic. His expressions of feeling and bursts of enthusiasm are among the most genuine which we have ever felt. They seem to come up from a depth of emotion in the heart, and burst through the sturdy casing of manner, with a strength which seems increased ten-fold by its real and hearty obstacle. The workings of his spirit seem to expand his frame, till we can scarcely believe that by measure it was small; for the space which he fills in the imagination is so real, that we almost mistake it for that of corporal dimensions. His *Old Dozey*, in the excellent farce of "*Past Ten o'Clock*," is his grandest effort of this kind—and we know of nothing finer. He seems to have "a heart of oak" indeed. His description of a sea-fight is the most noble and triumphant piece of enthusiasm which we remember. It is as if the spirits of a whole crew of nameless heroes "were swelling in his bosom." We never felt so ardent and proud a sympathy with the valour of England as when we heard it. May health long be his, thus to do our hearts good; for we never saw any actor whose merits have the least resemblance to his, even in species: and when his genius is withdrawn from the stage, we shall not have left even a term by which we can fitly describe it.

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ART. III.—*A Summer at Port Phillip.* By the Honourable ROBERT DUNDAS MURRAY. Tait.

THERE has been no really good work yet published on Australia as it is; and any enterprising publisher, we feel assured, would find it a profitable investment to place before the public a book that could be considered as authority. We have seen such a work in manuscript, but, at present, are not aware that it is likely to find its way to the press. Cunningham's *New South Wales* has much merit, and the Reports of Mr. Oxley, the government surveyor, are valuable in many respects. Dr. Lang's account of the colonies is as good as any other, but his pages are marred by so much that is satirical, and so much that is scarcely true at the present period, that it would really be a charity to supply those whose attention is directed to the colonies, with an open, candid, unvarnished description of Australia, superior to Dr. Lang's, and to all the other works we have named.

Cunningham's book is, perhaps, for the naturalist, the best that has been issued, and Dr. Lang's the best for the emigrant—but neither is so replete with useful information as the times and the wants of emigrants demand. As for those books which have been prepared under the auspices of public companies, we are not aware of one that claims any attention, except severe censure, as they one and all tend to enrich the rich, and to deceive and beggar the poor. We have no language strong enough to reprobate the conduct of those who in order to delude their countrymen from their native

land, hold out hopes which they well know the adventurer can never enjoy when he has landed on the Australian shore. Hundreds, by the false promises made in books published by Emigration and Colonial Societies have left their dear homes, their relatives, and the graves of their fathers, taking the little property they have been able to amass by years of industry, and have only arrived at Port Phillip, Port Jackson, or Sydney, to be beggared or to die of broken hearts. There would be no reason in reflecting severely upon the causes of so much mischief, if quite another kind of statement were not equally beneficial to speculators, and less calculated to jeopardize the property of emigrants. We venture to assert that emigrants to Australia, if they could be put in possession of a proper handbook or guide, one that would be truthful, would not only be more numerous but more successful on their arrival in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. These colonies have sufficient charms for active minds and bodies, without being laden with the high colouring of romance. To the hard hand of honest industry they are certain to give abundance, and he who writes falsehood to elevate the character of the country or its inhabitants, merits the severest condemnation.

The present work is not entirely devoid of a partiality for those who have made the colonies what they are, and consequently, despite the satirical sallies here and there dispersed through its pages, we are not to take every paragraph of it as bare fact, worthy of the utmost credence. We are not deceived by the author, who appears to be a lover of speculations, and we know precisely the weight of his words—they are much heavier than they ought to be for the subjects which he finds pleasure in contemplating. Although Mr. Murray was in search of health, he was not wholly without some other gainful object, in visiting Port Phillip, in 1842. At any rate, we are disposed to believe that he was more interested than appears upon the surface, in the tide of emigration and the consequent increase of the price of land. In short, we suspect that Mr. Murray has less care for the poor emigrant than for the already wealthy or those on the road to riches. We do not intend to attribute mercenary motives to the gentleman, but what we intend to convey is, that his mind has been warped, and that to no small degree, by those who have been his companions in the wilds of our new colonies. He has caught a little of the infection of the land-fever which has prevailed to a frightful extent, for several years past, in every part of New Holland, and he appears not to be particular to a shade about urging others to be inoculated with it.

Mr. Murray indulges in sketching many peculiar scenes, but usually his attention appears to have been devoted to the general description of the country—of which, however, it is incumbent on us to declare, the traveller has not seen much—his observations being

almost wholly confined to a small portion of the colony, where, we presume, there are parties, as there have been before, who would be very much delighted to sell a few acres of land. Our traveller, too, is not the most intelligent one in the world, and seems to view many matters as peculiarities which are universally known to be common in new countries. With regard to the use of oxen there is a passage of this character, descriptive of those animals and of their utility. Really, there is nothing very peculiar in the use of these animals, and so far from their imparting a double portion of tedium to the husbandmen, they are much more serviceable than horses. In all new countries, they are almost essential, as horses are too restive to undergo the fatigues and services required in clearing forest and new land. In America, for instance, they are preferred to horses, and as animals of draught they are esteemed above all others. The only wonder is that our English and Scotch tillers of the soil do not place them in the yoke. Would the practice be too primitive for the present state of our country? It will be perceived that Mr. Murray is not very consistent in his observations. He remarks,—

Some time will be necessary to become reconciled to the use of bullocks in the multifarious capacities to which the practice of the colony devotes them, and whose assistance as animals of draught will be new to the experience of English and Scotch tillers of the soil. From the tardiness of their movements, combined with the small amount of work performed, they impart a double portion of tedium to the labours of the husbandman, and certainly appear to great disadvantage in contrast with the superior activity of horses; but this slowness, although sufficiently annoying, is more than compensated by the superior steadiness of their draught; and but for the weight of their numbers acting in concert, it is doubtful whether any other power could enable the colonist to overcome the resistance offered to the plough in breaking up the virgin soil; at all events, it would be impossible by any other means to convey a load along the rugged tracts that serve as the only lines of communication, abounding as these do, with the unremoved impediments of the wilderness—deep gullies, treacherous swamps, precipitous ascents, and bridgeless rivers. It is in meeting these obstacles that their utility becomes most obvious. However deep the dray may be embedded in mud, or perilous the acclivity up the face of which it is toiling, the driver has no fear for the results. Inch by inch it is dragged forward, the chain so stiff as to resemble a bar of polished steel, while the team never for a moment relaxes from a uniform strain, that fails not, though by slow degrees, to force a way against all opposition. In such situations, the strength of horses would be speedily exhausted by their own struggles, which, so far from being useful, would tend rather to endanger themselves and the vehicle.

Mr. Murray describes the “water-holes” with the simplicity of untutored ignorance. He pronounces those natural tanks which the fountains of the earth have created, to be “mysteriously excavated

and supplied." Now, there is not the slightest mystery either in the excavation or the supply. The "water-holes" are natural wells, such as exist in every country, for aught we know, upon the face of the earth. The springs, in the bowels of the earth, send up their supply to the surface, and the *debris* of earth sent out by the first issue of the spring, has gradually formed the basin that has excited the childish wonder of the traveller. But let the author describe the mystery in his own language :

However deserted by its current, it is rare to find the channel of one of these streams without some portion of its contents remaining in those deep pools of water that occur at greater or less intervals in its course, and in colonial phrase are termed "water-holes." That these water-holes form one of the most extraordinary features of this new world, must, I think, be the impression of every stranger. Often in taking my course along the grassy bed of what in winter is a running stream of no great depth, I have come upon a natural basin of water, deep and clear, and in a situation where no winding or abrupt declivity might show it to be the effect of an eddy in the current. This is a water-hole; and many of them attain the size of ponds, the contents of which seldom become stagnant, while the depth ranges from ten to twenty feet, and diminishes but little during the summer. Not a few are so regularly shaped as to appear the work of art; their margin forming a complete circle, at the brim of which you find the water as deep as in the centre. To what they owe their origin it is difficult to conjecture; it is probable their formation may be traced to the unseen springs by which they are fed, whose feeble efforts during the course of ages, may have scooped out cavities such as these from the soil around them. But however mysteriously excavated and supplied, we cannot fail to arrive at the conclusion, that they constitute a wonderful provision for retaining an element, the want of which would render large tracts of great fruitfulness, and now abounding in flocks and herds, as devoid of life as a desert.

The next extract is taken at haphazard from the book. It is intended to convey some notion of the foliage of the trees at Port Phillip, and will illustrate to what an extent the author is skilled in punctuation, rhetoric, and grammar. How the word *not* can commence the sentence we cannot explain; and in the two sentences thereunto subjoined, we can find nothing to which "theirs" and "their" refer. This truly is the age of book-making!

In point of beauty, it must be admitted that the green-wood tree of the Australian forests, though often rising to a noble height, and as picturesque in its outlines and attitudes as any that bears a leaf, nevertheless stands far below any individual of our English woods. Not that its limbs are less giant-like or less boldly thrown into the air, but there is wanting the rich burden of foliage which a colder climate heaps with such profusion on the bending branches; and we miss the shade that spreads around each stem, and diffuses the grateful coolness we were wont to enjoy. In comparison with the plumage of the oak or elm, theirs is a scanty sprinkling of drop-



ping, attenuated leaves ; a crop so thin sown as to seem as if dwarfed in its early growth by some blight, and to have remained ever since in a state of premature decay. Moreover, to increase their disadvantages, the hues with which they greet the eye exclude every tint of a bright description ; a dull green being the prevailing shade of shrub as well as tree. This it is that tinges every landscape with a degree of monotony and sadness that could not fail to convey a gloomy impression, did we not see the prospect invariably lighted up by a brilliant sunshine, and diversified by natural features of the highest beauty.

The next passage that claims our notice is written in a more clear and perspicuous manner ; and, as we have read the work, it has been a matter of regret that the author has permitted innumerable errors in style to meet the public eye. The state of society is very curious in Australia ; nothing is so offensive in the country as the attempts to maintain their family dignity. It is really laughable to hear the most common commoners boasting of their alliances to noble families in England. With this hint, the reader will understand how to solve the "mystery" of the newspaper war adverted to in the subjoined :

Besides these, there are quarterly assemblies, supported by the gay portion of the community ; for Melbourne has its world of fashion as well as better places ; while concerts and fancy balls, and other diversions from time to time make their appearance. It is not long since the assemblies were instituted ; and as yet the bitter feuds of which they were the source have scarcely died away. It would appear that the leaders of fashion, to whom they owe their establishment, deemed the presence of certain classes, as well as certain individuals, altogether inconsistent with the dignity of a ball room ; and, in consequence, the exclusion of such persons became a part of their plan. . How this was effected, it is difficult to say ; nor is it very obvious how a line of distinction could be drawn among a community of traders, where all are, in fact, buyers and sellers, whatever be their pretensions, and therefore, to a great extent, on the same level ; but certain it is, that some mark of difference was discovered or invented, the effect of which went to place a number of very respectable inhabitants without the pale of fashionable life. It is needless to add, that the ire of the excluded was very great indeed, and gave rise to a war of recrimination, of which the newspapers were the field ; and although the spirit in which it was conducted has abated much of its virulence, yet to this day the "dignity ball," as the first of these assemblies was termed, can never be referred to without stirring up a commotion worthy of a better cause.

We cannot dismiss Mr. Murray's book, without reminding the author that we have no sympathy with works of this calibre. They are altogether too common in the market, and are certain to have a very brief existence. It is quite possible that they may serve the ends and ambition of their authors ; but in many ways they have pernicious tendencies, which it is our province to expose. We know nothing of Mr. Murray or of the object of his visit to Port Phillip,

beyond that which he himself states ; but we have declared our opinions as they have spontaneously arisen in our progress through the book, rather anxious to find some excellence in it than to cavil at its character. There has been so vast an amount of trash published with regard to our colonies in the south, that it is quite time to check the flood of misstatement and superficial observation breaking continually over the public mind in this kingdom. Thousands have been inveigled from their homes for this El Dorado—which has proved to many, alas ! too many, the grave of all their hopes. As we have hinted before, we want the truth about Australia—not the dreamings of book-makers, or the interested views of proprietors of the land.

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ART. IV.—*Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory.* By THOMAS J. FARNHAM. New York.

TIMES without number have we had within these late years sketches of the Far West, of the Prairie grounds, and of the wild life that is led not only by the sons of the desert who roam over these limitless hunting fields, but by the half-breeds and the hardy adventurous white men that resort thither for the furs and the other spoils to be gathered in those regions. Washington Irving, for example, made a "Tour on the Prairies," and with his graceful but picturesque skill has in a great measure familiarised the English reader with the scenes and incidents of the American wilderness, that lies several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi. In these often-vaunted regions, he says, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the loghouse of the white man nor the wigwam of the Indian. "It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These in fact, are the hunting grounds of the various tribes of the Far West." There is, however, he tells us, considerable difference in the character of these outspread regions, in respect of their vegetation ; some of them instead of a profusion of tall flowering plants and long flaunting grasses, being covered with a shorter growth of herbage called buffalo grass, somewhat coarse, but, at the proper seasons, affording excellent and abundant pasturage. The hunters are accordingly swayed in regard to their movements and encamping excursions by circumstances impressed by experience ; and appear to pass through a greater variety of vicissitude, even in their more

peaceful days, than might be expected in the history of savage life or in the uniformity of their vast plains.

The buffalo would alone, to a curious and observant person, yield a stock of interesting vicissitude. The very appearance of the animal, when alarmed and closely pressed, is exceedingly striking; having, as Mr. Irving describes it, an aspect on these occasions, the most diabolical. "His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half-crescent; his tail is erect, and the tufted end whisking about in the air; he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror." But the Indian does not take a philosophic view of Prairie life; he has no poetic imaginings to inspirit and soften him. He does not, like the writer quoted, build castles in the air, and at seasons indulge in the very luxury of repose. He does not look upon his kind of life as being peculiarly calculated to put both mind and body in healthful services. To him a morning ride of several hours, diversified by hunting incidents; an encampment in the afternoon under some noble grove on the borders of a stream; an evening banquet of venison fresh killed, roasted, or broiled on the coals; turkeys just from the thickets, and wild honey from the trees, have not the romantic charms which they present to the enlightened tourist. No, he slaughters the game, with the grossest butcherly appetite for destruction, gorges himself with a tiger's ferocity, and hungers again. He does not even institute a campaign against wild horses with the noble impulse which the animal might seem fitted to inspire, however uncultivated the mind. He flings not the lariat, or coil of cordage, which answers to the lasso of South America, with the gracefulness of the Spanish style: but by hard running, having got almost head and head with the horse, he hitches the running noose round the neck by means of a forked stick; then letting the animal have the full length of the cord, chokes it into subjection.

The condition of the aboriginal inhabitants of America has attracted the attention of civilized nations. Buried, until the discovery of the New World, in the recesses of an unknown continent, they suddenly emerged into view, having very peculiar characteristics. The early adventurers who were brought into contact with them, struck by the novelty of their state, and by some romantic traits, lent them credit for an elevation of sentiment, and a progress in improvement, which later and more cautious inquirers have in vain endeavoured to discover. Indolent, improvident, revengeful, fierce; capable of bearing, but incapable of forbearing, as has been well remarked; nomades, with some of the harshest features of nomadic tribes; placing their glory in the most barbarous and sanguinary wars; meeting death with stoical hardihood, and taking life without mercy and without remorse; in the very lowest stage of human

existence, with respect both to material comforts and advantages, and to moral, social, and religious attainment; and, more disheartening still, obdurately wedded to their degraded and disgusting condition,—considering all these things, how can they furnish a fascinating spectacle for the imagining of the most romantic visionary?

Mr. Murray, the courtier, in his book of "*Travels in North America*," convinced us that he had taken the only method of becoming truly acquainted with the domestic habits and the real undisguised history of the Red men. He assures his readers that had he even judged from what he had been able to observe of them at frontier places, where he met samples, he should have known just as much about them as the generality of scribblers, and deceived himself into a belief in their "high sense of honour"—their hospitality, their openness and love of truth, and many other generous qualities. But Mr. Murray actually resided for a summer with the Pawnee tribe, in the remote prairies of the Missouri, and thus testifieth:—

He found in bargaining that they were complete Jews; that truth and honesty (making the usual exceptions to be found in all countries) are unknown or despised by them; and he never met with liars so determined, universal, or audacious. On the alleged philosophic dignity and self command of the stoic of the woods, he says, "The Indian, among Whites, or at a garrison, trading-post, or town, is as different a man from the same Indian at home as a Turkish 'Mollah' is from a French barber. Among Whites he is all dignity and repose: he is acting a part the whole time, and acts it most admirably. He manifests no surprise at the most wonderful effects of machinery—is not startled if a twenty-four-pounder is fired close to him, and does not evince the slightest curiosity regarding the thousand things that are strange and new to him; whereas at home, the same Indian chatters, jokes, and laughs amongst his companions—frequently indulges in the most licentious conversation, and his curiosity is as unbounded and irresistible as that of any man, woman, or monkey, on earth."

The past and passing history of the Far West, offers much to the imagination; but how greatly more when time yet to come is contemplated! Hither the mind's eye is directed, and beholds the transformation of an untamed wilderness into a region of culture and civilization, and this too with infinitely less of danger to the adventurers than those men and their families encountered in the Northwest territory, who at a much earlier date settled there. The immense forests were then thronged with savages, who were naturally resolved to defend them with the uttermost sternness against the white intruder. Even now, it is true, some remnants of these once powerful tribes still linger within the borders; but they are subdued, degraded, broken-hearted; no longer objects of fear, but of pity and sympathy. Alas, for the poor benighted Indian! and yet hope and

promise for the prime and permanent interests of the great human family whisper acquiescence.

But we are growing too grave for the present occasion, and ought to return to the incidents of travel which sportsmen and tourists, as well as trappers go in search of in the West. What think you must be the excitement of an encamped party or tribe when aroused by the cry of fire, and when the tall grass all around is dry, the breeze blowing stiffly at the dead of night, and the horses are maddened,—baggage scattered in every direction, and rifles and powder-horns strewed amongst your feet. Or figure to yourself a *Stampedo*, a most expressive term, as we remember Mr. Murray to have explained it! The horses are hobbled while you recline to sleep. At length an indistinct sound arises, like the muttering of distant thunder. It approaches, mingled with the howling of dogs, and the yells of the Indians. It rises higher and higher, resembling the heavy surf upon a beach. On and on it rolls towards you, and at length you learn that it must be the fierce and uncontrollable gallop of thousands of panic-stricken horses. The roaring, resounding, tumultuous sound comes heavier upon the ear as the alarmed and desperate mass draws nigh; your horses snort, prick their ears, and tremble; and just as the storm of hoofed quadrupeds are to burst upon you, your steeds become completely ungovernable from terror, break loose and join the affrighted kind. On goes the maddened troop, trampling in their headlong speed, over dried skins, meat, baggage, tents and all. Well for you if in the darkness of the hour you have chanced to ensconce yourself on the safe side of a stout tree, for then you may hear the galloping mass a-head, and the yelping of the curs who continue an ineffectual pursuit, the hurricane having left you far behind. And such is a *Stampedo* as the adventurous gentleman has pictured the magnificent scene, strongly impressed by the circumstances of a narrow escape.

American throughout is the book before us, both in manner and go-a-head principle. Conceited, affected, sensible withal in spite of his fine writing is Mr. Farnham; while with an enthusiasm akin to poetry he transports us to the region of unlimited scope, unoccupied natural riches, and future experiment upon a gigantic scale. Our readers must not expect us to trace with the author the course of his rout, or to dispute positions with him. Merely let us alight here and there and look for the time through his glasses.

Mr. Farnham started with some sixteen more adventurers to penetrate the American wildernesses and untilled prairies, and encountered incidents as well as witnessed scenes enow to supply material for a book.

They crossed the Pawnee Fork, and visited the Caw camp, in all due form. Here the wigwams were constructed in the rudest manner, and stores were stenching which had been gathered of the buf-

falo substance, for the winter. The appearance of the women and children was squalid and forbidding.

There appeared to be about 1,500 souls: they were almost naked; and filthy as swine. They make a yearly hunt to this region in the spring—lay in a large quantity of dried meat—return to their own territory in harvest time—gather their beans and corn, make the buffalo hides, taken before the hair is long enough for robes, into conical tents; and thus prepare for a long and jolly winter. They take with them, on these hunting excursions, all the horses and mules belonging to the tribe, that can be spared from the labour of their fields upon the Konzas river—go south till they meet the buffalo—build their distant wigwams, and commence their labour. This is divided in the following manner between the males, and females, and children: The men kill the game. The women dress and dry the meat, and tan the hides. The instruments used in killing vary with the rank and wealth of each individual. The high chief has a lance, with a handle six feet and a blade three feet in length. This in hand, mounted on a fleet horse, he rides boldly to the side of the flying buffalo, and thrusts it again and again through the liver or heart of one, and then another of the affrighted herd, till his horse is no longer able to keep near them. He is thus able to kill five or six, more or less, at a single heat. Some of the inferior chiefs also have these lances; but they must all be shorter than that of his Royal Darkness. The common Indians use muskets and pistols. Rifles are an abomination to them. The twisting motion of the ball as it enters—the sharp crack when discharged—and the direful singing of the lead as it cuts through the air, are considered symptoms of witchcraft that are unsafe for the red man to meddle with. They call them medicines—inscrutable and irresistible sources of evil. The poorer classes still use the bow and arrow. Nor is this, in the well trained hand of the Indian, a less effective weapon than those already mentioned.—Astride a good horse, beside a bellowing band of wild beef, leaning forward upon the neck, and drawing his limbs close to the sides of his horse, the naked hunter uses his national weapon with astonishing dexterity and success. Not unfrequently, when hitting no bones, does he throw his arrows quite through the buffalo.

There are many dangers and difficulties to be encountered in the American wilderness. Floods, hurricanes, and savages do not comprise all. The buffalo alone, it need not be repeated, is a most formidable foe. But yet what would the poor redman and his squaw do without this huge species of game?

Thus the Konzas, Kansaus, or Caws lay in their annual stores. Unless driven from their game by the Pawnees, or some other tribe at enmity with them, they load every animal with meat and hides about the first of August, and commence the march back to their fields, fathers, and wigwams, on the Konzas River. This return march must present a most interesting scene in savage life—700 or 800 horses or mules loaded with the spoils of the chase, and the children of the tribe holding on to the packs with might and main, naked as eels, and shining with buffalo grease, their fathers and mothers leaping on foot behind, with their guns poised on the left arm, or their bows

and arrows swung at their backs, ready for action, and turning their heads rapidly and anxiously for lurking enemies.

We have alluded to the formidable nature of the buffalo danger. Read more about it, as suggested by the condition of certain stragglers from the adventurous party; for it seems that a panic-struck herd may in their furious race trample to death almost a host of bipeds, much after the manner of the *Stampede*. A storm-scene is added :—

It appeared that they had found the buffalo troublesome as soon as night came on; the bands of bulls not unfrequently advanced in great numbers within a few feet of them, pawing and bellowing in the most threatening manner; and they also lost the trail after midnight, and spent the remainder of the night in firing on the buffalo, to keep them from running over them. Their situation was dangerous in the extreme; for when buffalo become enraged, or frightened in any considerable number, and commence running, the whole herd start simultaneously, and pursue nearly a right-line course, regardless of obstacles. So that, had they been frightened by the Santa Féans, or myself, or any other cause, in the direction of my companions, they must have trampled them to death. The danger to be apprehended from such an event was rendered certain in the morning, when we perceived that the whole circle of vision was one black mass of these animals. What a sea of life—of muscular power—of animal appetite—of bestial enjoyment! And if lashed to rage by some pervading cause, how fearful the ebbing and flowing of its mighty wrath! ♦ ♦ Another storm occurred to-night. Its movements were more rapid than that of any preceding one which we had experienced. In a few moments, after it showed its dark outline above the trees it rolled its pall over the whole sky, as if to build a wall of wrath between us and the mercies of heaven. The flash of the lightning, as it bounded upon the firmament, and mingled its thunder with the blast, that came groaning down from the mountains; the masses of inky darkness crowding in wild tumult along, as if leaping bolt upon us—the wild world of buffalo, bellowing and starting in myriads, as the drapery of this funeral scene of nature, a vast cavern of fire was lighted up; a rain roaring and foaming like a cataract—all this, a reeling world tottering under the great arm of its Maker, no eye could see and be unbleached; no mind conceive, and keep its clayed tenement erect.

We hurry forward to Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, which is a trading station belonging to a class of merchants whose title it bears, and placed on a kind of mutual ground among the Indian tribes. Our author says that such a trading establishment to be known must be seen, and then goes on to observe,—

A solitary abode of men, seeking wealth in the teeth of danger and hardship, rearing its towers over the uncultivated wastes of nature, like an old baronial castle that has withstood the wars and desolations of centuries;

Indian women tripping around its battlements in their glittering moccasins and long deer skin wrappers ; their children, with most perfect forms, and the carnation of the Saxon cheek struggling through the shading of the Indian, and chattering now Indian, and now Spanish or English ; the grave owners and their clerks and traders, seated in the shade of a piazza, smoking the long native pipe, passing it from one to another, drawing the precious smoke into the lungs by short hysterical sucks till filled, and then ejecting it through the nostrils ; or it may be, seated around their rude table, spread with coffee or tea, jerked buffalo meat, and bread made of unbolted wheaten meal from Taos ; or, after eating, laid comfortably upon their pallets of straw and Spanish blankets, and dreaming to the sweet notes of a flute ; the old trappers, withered with exposure to the rending elements, the half-tamed Indian, and half-civilized Mexican servants, seated on the ground around a large tin pan of dry meat, and a tankard of water, their only rations, relating adventures about the shores of Hudson's Bay, or the rivers Columbia and Mackenzie, in the Great Prairie Wilderness, and among the snowy heights of the mountains ; and delivering sage opinions about the destination of certain bands of buffalo ; of the distance to the Blackfoot country, and whether any wounded man was hurt as badly as Bill the mule was, when the "meal party" was fired upon by the Cumanches ; present a tolerable idea of everything within its walls. And if we add, the opening of the gates of a winter's morning—the cautious sliding in and out of the Indians whose tents stand around the fort, till the whole area is filled six feet deep with their long hanging black locks, and dark watchful flashing eyes ; and traders and clerks busy at their work ; and the patrols walking the battlements with loaded muskets ; and the guards in the bastions standing with burning matches by the carronades ; and when the sun sets the Indians retiring again to their camp outside, to talk over their newly purchased blankets and beads, and to sing and drink and dance ; and the night sentinel on the fort that treads his weary watch away ; we shall present a tolerable view of this post in the season of business.

These few extracts are fair samples of the publication, and must suffice.

ART. V.—*Ireland.* By J. G. KOHL. Chapman and Hall.

THE enterprise of the publishers of this work has induced them to stitch into paper covers translations and [reprints of that which they deem valuable foreign literature. The series is called the Foreign Library, and the present is the eleventh work that has been issued. Three of the works, the present one, that on Russia, and another on Austria, are by the same author—a traveller who is unquestionably very clever in throwing guide-books together with some judgment. Mr. Kohl, who is a German writer, enters Ireland at Dublin, which city, with its environs, he describes with considerable accuracy so far as he condescends to view it. Then he visits Edgeworthstown, passing through Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, and Longford. The



author, by his translator, says, for we presume he did not commit the bad grammar evident in the phrase, "is the cattle so fine":

Nowhere else, except in Wexford, is there so small a portion of the land laying waste in bog or moor; nowhere else is the cattle so fine, the corn so good and abundant; and nowhere else have English improvements made more progress. These counties were always advantageously situated for the reception of English settlers, and for the introduction of the English language: the language, superstition, and customs of Ireland have therefore been nearly extirpated, and an English character has been substituted. These are historical and undeniable facts; and yet the traveller who visits these happy regions for the first time is apt to receive quite a contrary impression, and to imagine himself in the most wretched part of the country. Till he has seen the West of Ireland, he has no idea that human beings can live in a state of greater misery than in the fertile environs of Dublin, or that a people and cultivated land can look wilder than the corn-abounding plains of Meath, Kildare, and Westmeath. In the West of Ireland, there are districts where a man may imagine himself in a wilderness abandoned by mankind; where nothing is to be seen but rocks, bogs, and brushwood, and where wild beasts alone may be supposed capable of housing. All at once, however, on closer inspection, little green patches, like potato-fields, are seen scattered here and there amid the rocks, and a stranger is tempted to go nearer and examine them. Let him look where he is going, however, or he may make a false step; the earth may give way under his feet, and he may fall into—What! into an abyss, a cavern, a bog?—No; into a hut, into a human dwelling-place, whose existence he had overlooked, because the roof on one side was level with the ground, and nearly of the same consistency. Perhaps my traveller may draw back his foot just in time; and then let him look around, and he will find the place filled with a multitude of similar huts, all swarming with life and potatoes.

It is not so bad certainly in the happy regions of the East; but even these can scarcely be said to have the appearance of a cultivated country—a *well-cultivated* country is out of the question.

The author moves on rapidly, putting down his notes at every step, and, here and there, throwing in a remark or two of pure wisdom. He seems to think that the people of Ireland are more to be pitied than the serfs of Russia. The tenant—

Is a *free* man, though with only the inconveniences of freedom—such as hunger, want, and care—without any of its advantages. He cannot be flogged, it must be thankfully admitted.

Brown, says Mr. Kohl, is quite as much the colour of Ireland as green, and the country merits the appellation of the topaz island as well as that of the emerald isle. He left the lakes, without much regret, because to him lakes in a plain, without mountains to be pictured in their bosoms, are like mirrors unornamented with the reflections of pretty faces.

When Mr. Kohl arrives at Edgeworthstown he tells his readers that he has ever made it a rule not to publish anything concerning

living persons from whom he has received hospitalities; and merely alluding to Maria Edgeworth, and the labours of her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, whose works on Education are too well known to call for any comment here, the tourist describes the town. At this stage, also, he takes an opportunity to comment upon absenteeism, landlords, middlemen, and the land, and then branches off into a description of the various bogs. The whole island is declared to be a bog, with occasional interruptions:

Our Harz mountains have some bog it is true, but in Ireland the very summits of such mountains are covered with bog, and wherever cultivation recedes, the bog resumes possession of the abandoned ground. The humidity of the climate, I suppose, is the chief though not the only cause of this phenomenon. The decayed vegetable matter, which in other countries dries and resolves itself in (to) dust, leaves here a considerable residuum, which is augmented in the following year by the new residua of decayed plants, and a rapid accumulation thus takes place, a quantity of moisture being held in absorption, till gradually immense compact masses are formed. A young bog, one that is yet but in its infancy, is called a "quaking bog;" but in time, when the mass becomes more compact, and assumes a black colour, it is known as a turf-bog or peat-bog. The vegetables whose residua *go to the* formation of these bogs, are of course of infinite variety. The mosses, as they decay, form a loose, spongy mass, often so tough that the turf-spade will not pierce it, and it then goes by the name of "old wife's tow." Sometimes the bog is formed almost wholly of mosses, sometimes of mosses mixed with the remains of the plants. Hence arise two principal descriptions of morasses in Ireland; the red or dry bogs, and the green or wet bogs. The former yields [yield, Murray would say] a light spongy [spongy, Johnson would write] turf that quickly burns away, the latter a heavy black turf.

The author proceeds to recommend the draining of the wet bogs, and his remarks are well worthy of attention from those interested in the welfare of Ireland.

Upon the Moate of Lisserdowling, and other "fairy hills," there is a disquisition, but nothing novel on the subject has been elicited. Our author having noticed the almost total absence of Jews in Ireland, where this persecuted people have no synagogue, and who, in 1821, in Dublin, had dwindled down to nine individuals, takes his leave of Edgeworthstown for a sight of the river Shannon. Here Mr. Kohl descants on ruins in Ireland, and then very naturally turns to the rents, not of houses or lands, but those of the garments of the tenements of clay:

The rags of Ireland are quite as remarkable a phænomena as the ruins. As an Irishman seems to live in a house as long as it remains habitable and then abandons it to its fate, so he drags the same suit of clothes about with him as long as the threads will hold together. In other countries there are poor people enough, who can but seldom exchange their old habiliments for new; but then they endeavour to keep their garments, old as they are, in a wearable condition. The poor Russian peasant, compelled

to do so by his climate, sews patch upon patch to his sheepskin jacket; and even the poorest will not allow his nakedness to peer through the apertures of his vestment, as is frequently seen in Ireland among those who are far above the class of beggars. In no country is it held disgraceful to wear a coat of a coarse texture; but to go about in rags is nowhere allowed but in Ireland, except to those whom the extreme of misery has plunged so deeply into despair, that they lose all thought of decorum. In Ireland no one appears to feel offended or surprised at the sight of a naked elbow or a bare leg.

There is something quite peculiar in Irish rags. So thoroughly worn away, so completely reduced to dust upon a human body, no rags are elsewhere to be seen. At the elbows and at all the other corners of the body the clothes hang like the drooping petals of a faded rose; the edges of the coat are formed into a sort of fringe: and often it is quite impossible to distinguish the inside from the outside of a coat, nor the sleeves from the body. The legs and arms are at least unable to find their accustomed way in or out, so that the drapery is every morning disposed after a new fashion; and it might appear a wonder how so many varied fragments are held together by their various threads, were it not perfectly a matter of indifference whether the coat be made to serve for breeches or the breeches for coat.

What in the eyes of a stranger gives so ludicrous an effect to the rags of an Irish peasant, is the circumstance that the national costume is cut after the fashion of our gala dress, of the coat worn among us at balls and on state occasions. The humbler classes with us wear either straight frock-coats, or, when at work, short round jackets. In Belgium, France, and some other countries, the workmen have a very suitable costume in their *blouses*; and a very similar garment, the smock-frock, is worn in most of the rural districts of England. Paddy, on the other hand, seems to have thought the blouses or the short jacket, not *ellegant* enough for him; so he has selected for his national costume the French company dress-coat, with its high useless collar, its shallow-tail hanging down behind, and the breast open in front. With this coat he wears short knee-breeches, with stockings and shoes; so that, as far as the cut of his clothes is concerned, he appears always in full dress, like a *rare gentleman*. Now, it is impossible that a working-man could select a costume more unsuitable to him, or more absurd to look upon. It affords no protection against the weather, and is a constant hindrance to him in his work; yet it is generally prevalent throughout the island. It is said that a mass of old dress-coats are constantly imported from England, where the working-classes never wear them. If so, the lowness of the price at which they are sold may have induced the Irish peasants to purchase these cast-off habiliments, and laying aside their original costume, which cannot but have been more suitable, to mount the dunghill in a coarse and tattered French ball costume. The fact, however, is, that most of these coats are not imported, but are made in the country, of a coarse grey cloth called "*frieze*," from which the coats themselves derive the name of "*frieze-coats*."

On arriving at the Shannon we are agreeably entertained by our author with his description of the river, and of the fairy influences

in that quarter, from which it appears that superstition keeps pace with the ignorance of the people. He draws pretty freely upon Boate, the old Irish writer, and, like Mr. Silk Buckingham, knows well how to make a new story out of an old one. We will pass over many of the incidents recorded by this German tourist, as they possess not the slightest interest to those who are acquainted with Ireland and the Irish, and follow him as he passes through Limerick, with its population of 75,000 souls, and which is rapidly increasing, so as eventually to rival Cork and Dublin. That our author's views are tolerably correct may be credited, since his sources of information are usually books printed in the United Kingdom. Many pages of the work, also, are made up from the Repeal Association's hand-bills and the reports of the newspapers. We do not mark this at all discreditable to the writer, since his object was to enlighten the Germans and not the English. Nevertheless, it is something to be grateful for, that occasionally we have a foreigner's opinions—opinions generally expressed with a sober earnestness, calling for respect. He runs through Kilrush, and tumbles into the path of Father Mathew and O'Connell, both of whom he analyses, while upon the latter he passes a judgment not the most complimentary that can be imagined. However, as this subject is one in which tens of thousands, at the present moment, are interested, it will be well to take the summing up of the tourist. It is a fair sample of the style of the translator and of the spirit of the original:

O'Connell and his relatives have no idea of saying, "We will go in rags, and eat potatoes and salt, like the millions of our countrymen for whose welfare we are labouring. We will set aside every worldly advantage, and all the money intrusted to us shall be devoted to the great cause, and none of it to our individual profit." No, their song sounds thus: "If we were all lawyers in good practice, how comfortably could we live! and that we may not be too forcibly reminded of this, do you secure us against the want of money." With the disinterested Fabricius, with Cincinnatus labouring at the plough, with the barefooted caliph, with the apostles, and prophets, and the great patriots and philanthropists, whom posterity has so justly prized for keeping their souls and thoughts above the atmosphere of money, with all these noble and exalted beings, the O'Connells must not for a moment be placed on the same line. In making these remarks, I do not mean to say O'Connell, in everything he does, is actuated by sordid motives, or that all zeal, eloquence and patriotism spring from a thirst for pecuniary gain. To say that, would be to designate him at once as a liar and a hypocrite. There are mixed characters in the world, men who, with unaffected zeal for a public cause, combine a sharp sense of what is to their own interest. His zeal for his country may originally have been entirely pure, and his hatred of the Tories wholly unaffected; the pecuniary advantages of agitation may have developed themselves in the course of his career, and he may simply receive a benefit which chance has thrown in his way. There are prophetic spirits who hold a midway place between angels and devils, and are not the less

prophets, though the world may call them false prophets. Such men are extraordinary men still, and even while they are serving Mammon, maintain their souls in a youthful elasticity, and keep the flame of enthusiasm alive, not allowing the one half of the character to corrupt the other half. Are there not men who devote themselves with enthusiasm to a faith in which they do not believe? Had not Mahomed his inspirations, and will any one doubt his enthusiasm for a religion which he was, nevertheless, cunning enough to make, on all occasions, subservient to his interest?

In considering the character of O'Connell, we must consider the character of the age he lives in. Had he lived by the plough, like Cincinnatus, or clad himself in rags, like his poor countrymen, he might never have exercised his present influence. Modern heroes must be well lodged, and dress like gentlemen, and O'Connell's admirers may admire him all the more for the ability with which he extracts from them such large voluntary contributions, by the mere effect of eloquence and zeal. In short, in judging him, we must consider him as an extraordinary man, but as a man of the nineteenth century. By means never before attempted he has risen to power, influence and wealth; without any exercise of physical force, he has for more than thirty years braved the most powerful aristocracy in Europe, and all the time, he has had none to support him but a few millions of paupers.

In the course of the work we are frequently treated with remarks on Repeal and O'Connell. The subsequent extracts will present the reader with the general features of the composition on these heads:

To travel in Ireland and ignore O'Connell, is impossible. He is himself an ethnographical phenomenon; partly because, during thirty years, he has exercised so extraordinary an influence over the character and circumstances of his countrymen: partly because he and his influence form in themselves a phenomenon to be explained only by reference to Irish nationality.

The Irish are a people after the old cut, a people to whom we nowhere else see anything similar. With us, people have become too reasonable, too enlightened, and much too self-dependent, to make it possible for an individual to step from among us and grow up into such overwhelming dimensions. We deride those who announce themselves as prophets; but among the Irish the old faith in saints and miracles is as fresh as ever. They are patriotic, blind, credulous, childlike, and enthusiastic enough, to abandon themselves to the most entire admiration of an individual; and in their eagerness to be relieved from the many real grievances under which they suffer, they are ready to overload with applause every one who shows sympathy in their sufferings or a devotion to their cause.

In a well-regulated state, and with an intelligent well-informed people, among whom all, or nearly all, have the means of subsistence, the apparition and success of a popular tribune like O'Connell would be impossible. It was only in proportion as the *infima plebs* of Rome sunk to a lower and more degraded condition, that the tribunes became more prominent. Ireland is a country in which there are a larger number of individuals without rights or property than in any other in the world: this it is that makes it the soil in which talented, active, and eloquent men like O'Connell, are sure to thrive.

**Mr. Kohl's description of a Corn Exchange meeting :**

It was one of the ordinary Repeal meetings, and was held in a large hall of a place called the Corn Exchange. I arrived before the hour indicated ; but the room was already crowded to suffocation. To judge from their outward appearance, the assembly was almost wholly composed of such Kerry and county of Clare men as I had seen in the national costume in the interior of the land. To my great astonishment, I found that very few of those present had whole coats to their backs, and that the number of those whom we should look upon as reputable citizens was very small indeed. They sat or stood on benches ranged in an amphitheatrical form around the walls ; and in the centre stood a table, at which were sitting some secretaries and newspaper-reporters. A gallery overhead was filled with women and children.

Observing there was still some room at the table, I endeavoured to make my way thither, and found plenty of willing arms to assist me forward over the railing. I was then enabled to take a more central position at the table. Everywhere from the railing hung rags ; for torn clothes it was evident constituted the general uniform of the Emerald Legion. I do not mean to say anything offensive in making this remark, but simply state it as a fact that most of O'Connell's Repeal friends were arrayed in rags. On the following morning, to be sure, I found it stated in the several Dublin papers that the meeting in question had been "very respectably attended." The whole assembly, on the contrary, bore an appearance such as could have been presented in France and Germany only after the lowest strata of society had been thrown to the surface by the agitation of a political hurricane.

The most valuable parts of the work are those in which the author describes the superficial surface of the country and society. Beyond his general view, nothing is inviting upon any page. There are no very deep reflections, although sometimes the experience derived from visiting other countries seems to operate by the way of advice. This is not very philosophical or beneficial. Mere comparisons of systems adopted by various countries, with a preponderating advocacy of one system, without any particular reason for a change, can be of no value. Yet with all its defects, the work is just such an agreeable, pleasant book as we should be delighted to place in our pocket for an hour's amusement, whenever the duties of life would allow us an opportunity of indulging in an amusement not wholly profitless.

One extract shall conclude. The author finds a difference in the success and thriftiness of the northern and southern counties, and thus writes of Ulster :—

On the other side of these miserable hills, whose inhabitants are years before they can afford to get the holes mended in their potato-kettles—the most indispensable and important article of furniture in an Irish cabin—the territory of Leinster ends and that of Ulster begins. The coach rattled over the boundary-line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating, when I say that every thing

was as suddenly changed as if struck by a magician's wand. The dirty cabins by the road-side were succeeded by neat, pretty, cheerful-looking cottages. Regular plantations, well-cultivated fields, pleasant little cottage-gardens, and shady lines of trees, met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought that at all events the change must be merely local and temporary, caused by the better management of that particular estate. No counterchange, however, appeared; the improvement lasted the whole way to Newry; and from Newry to Belfast every thing still continued to show me that I had entered the country of a totally different people,—namely, the district of the Scottish settlers, the active and industrious Presbyterians.

I do not mean to say that the whole province of Ulster wears this delightful appearance; nor is the whole province of Ulster inhabited by Scottish colonies. It contains many districts, as I shall hereafter show, inhabited by the genuine Celtic-Irish race; and of those districts the aspect is as wild and desolate as that of any other part of Ireland: but on crossing the border, the contrast between Irish Leinster and Scottish Ulster is most striking.

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ART. VI.—*George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, with Memoirs and Notes.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. Vols. III. and IV. Bentley.

LAST July a portion of our Review was devoted to the first two volumes of which those now under notice are the continuation, and, we are pleased to add, conclusion. Mr. Jesse has now terminated his labours, and in compliance with our promise, given at the time the former volumes were received, we proceed to express an opinion upon the manner in which the editor has fulfilled his task and upon the nature and usefulness of the voluminous correspondence that has been published.

There is not much pleasure either in reading or reviewing any work, the bulk of which is made up of mere words which have no direct interest to readers of the present day. One must be a gossip himself, or delight in the gossiping of others, who can truly enjoy the mass of indifferently well written sentences of trivial import, that form the staple of letters dictated by friendship and courtesy—and which have generally no other merit than to apprise the world that their authors were punctual correspondents and exceedingly clever over a sheet of Bath post. The age is now too practical in its progress, and demands too much practical knowledge of the present, to permit a man to pass two or three weeks in the perusal of the records of the frivolities of the past, particularly when such trifles have only affected a single individual, whose memory is not particularly sacred in the world's heart. The age calls for less of the scandal and rhodomontade than these volumes would seem to indicate. Who

cares for the acquaintances of George Selwyn, even though many of them were distinguished in the circle through which they moved when living? Very—very few; and they who take any interest in the correspondents of the weak, overestimated, vain wit, can only find a few of the letters truly *charmant*! It may be that we are stolid, devoid of taste, not easily sympathetic, and, possibly, peculiar, but we cannot find much pleasure, much less profit in any way, in poring over the letters of such individuals as were undoubtedly very good friends to Selwyn. It is quite enough to attend to the letters of our friends and acquaintances, which are sufficiently wanting in interest oftentimes, (Heaven save the mark!) without being curious about the common-place letters of others. It seems to us that editors of letters like those before us, are much like those impertinent, prying busy-bodies who are never so well pleased as when they can obtain the keys of your *escritoire*, and are enabled, during your absence from home, to become as well versed in your domestic or business relations as yourself. Decidedly, there is something very near akin to this in the author of this work, who, by the way, burthens the world with four huge volumes, half of which number, at least, would have amply sufficed to illustrate those points to which we took occasion to allude in our last July Review. What possible good can be derived from a large portion of the words here thrown into print? They form so many pages it is certain, and have given employment, doubtless, to a number of industrious, honest printers, but, beyond this, they are of no more value than the “weed that rots on Lethe’s wharf.”

We do not attribute all this folly of issuing this voluminous correspondence to Mr. Jesse. We presume that his publisher is the real sinner towards the public, although we can find no possible excuse for a compiler of Mr. Jesse’s abilities and dignity yielding to the dictates of one whose profits are increased by spinning a text to a large number of volumes, and who, probably, has but little judgment with regard to anything beyond the mere sale and return of profits. To attest the truth of our observations, we may direct the reader to notice the very great falling off in the spirit and execution of these last two volumes. They are made up of a series of epistles by various hands that can never prove serviceable to the public at large, and scarcely can be deemed of any value. They are all lap-dogs and dice, cards and silk-stockings, mie mie and post-houses—a compost of worthless nonsense. The compiler, too, is not over-stocked with a knowledge of the parties whose names he has made free with—but this is not material, as the world does not look for much correctness from gossips. The dates and names which are necessary to an understanding of even the details of the work, are mixed up or omitted, constituting such admirable disorder that we are at a loss which to admire most, the skill of the author in keeping his readers



in the dark, or the profound seriousness with which he introduces the several personages who so conspicuously figure in his pages, writing learnedly upon trifles.

As a sample of the better part of the epistles, we take a portion of one of the Earl of Carlisle's letters. The Charles alluded to is the celebrated Charles James Fox :

It gives me great pain to hear that Charles begins to be unreasonably impatient at losing. I fear it is the prologue to much fretfulness of temper ; for disappointment in raising money, and any serious reflections upon his situation, will (in spite of his affected spirits and dissipation, which sit very well upon Richard,) occasion him many disagreeable moments. They will be the more painful, when he reflects that he is not following the natural bent of his genius ; for that would lead him to all serious inquiry and laudable pursuits, which he has in some measure neglected to hear Lord Bolingbroke's applause, and now is obliged to have recourse to it and play, to hinder him from thinking how he has perverted the ends for which he was born. I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong ; his decision is formed quicker than any man's I ever conversed with ; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs. It is fair to think that he will not give his reason fair play in his own case. It seems to be very extraordinary that he can make his understanding useful to the whole world, but will not upon any account permit it to be of service to himself ; and for his own private affairs he borrows one of some of the fools who tell him it is impossible but that, any morning he chooses, he may set his affairs right again. When he tells you that he will not talk to you upon his circumstances, he is certainly right ; for if your head is not so much heated with chemical scenes as his own, or if you are not prepared to hear of enchantment and miracles, you will never enter into his manner of reasoning, or derive any comfort from those resources which he brings into his picture. These he would willingly think are very near and on the fore-ground, but which to every other eye must appear flung far back in the distance.

Some of the better epistles are from the pen of Horace Walpole. They are not always, however, worthy of a place even in the collection of Mr. Jesse. Here is an extract from one of them—but the character described is now not uncommon, and, for the looking-glasses, why may not any one see such as near Temple Bar as Kensington at this very hour !

A Madame de Marchais. She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew pedlar, her person is about four feet, her head about six, and her *coiffure* about ten. Her forehead, chin, and neck, are whiter than a miller's ; and she wears more festoons of natural flowers than all the *figurantes* at the Opera. Her eloquence is still more abundant, her *attentions* exuberant. She talks volumes—writes folios—I mean in *billets* ; presides over the *Académie*, inspires passions, and has not time enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nutshell, that is fuller of inven-

superstitions? Nor (partly owing perhaps to his naturally darker spirit,) did he experience those soft melancholy soothing which occupied the heart and inspired the soul of Petrarch. The vision of beauty which Dante personified under the name of Beatrice, instead of finding him in such cool shades as those of the sweet retreat at Vaucluse, discovers the Poet circumstanced.

"Like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,  
Not knowing how to find the open air  
But toiling desperately to find it out."

It was in the midst, then, of dissension and debasing vice, and also even of an eternal private sorrow for the death of one whom he loved with that pure and intense feeling which characterised him, that Dante constructed that noble monument of genius, which, after the lapse of several centuries, remains without an equal, as it was without a model. He arose, observes one writer, like a giant amongst a generation of pigmies, under the disadvantages of an infant literature and an unformed and semi-barbarous dialect. If Homer created poetry from chaos, Dante redeemed it from corruption; so that the spirit which animated both must have been divine.

Dr. Warton, in his elegant "Essay on the genius and writings of Pope," after having translated the pathetic story of Ugolino, thus speaks of the powers of Dante: "If this inimitable description had been found in Homer, the Greek tragedies, or Virgil, how many commentaries and panegyrics would it have given rise to. Perhaps the *Inferno* of Dante is the next composition to the *Iliad* in point of originality and sublimity. And with regard to the poetic, let this tale stand a testimony of his abilities: for my own part, I truly believe it was never carried to a greater height."

The *Inferno* finds most English translations; for it is justly considered in this country to be the grandest production of the poet. The *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* afford, no doubt, numerous passages of singular thought and beauty; but they are certainly too much tinctured with the philosophy and scholastic theology of Dante's age, to be understood and relished by the present generation.

To enlighten the age in which he lived; to show men the fate which awaited them in another sphere; to make known his bold opinions, on the subject which agitated Christendom in the poet's time; to evince his horror at the corruption of religion, and at the vices of his countrymen; to hold up to the execration of posterity the most eminent men, who by their crimes had disgraced their high station; and lastly, to leave an eternal record of his gratitude to the few and faithful friends who had cheered him in the hour of adversity,—these were the chief objects which Dante seems to have had in view, when he conceived the idea of his *Commedia*.

The plan and plot of the great poem by the Homer of modern Italy may be thus indicated:—Dante finds himself bewildered in a horrible wood, and by day break arrives at an eminence, which he desires to ascend, but is prevented by beasts of prey. In endeavouring to escape he sees Virgil, who offers to induct him through hell and purgatory, and after that to lead him up to paradise. Under this guidance the Poet undertakes the arduous journey

The *Commedia* is a succession of pictures, representing scenes for the most part tragic, and consisting sometimes of a group and sometimes of a single figure, it may be elaborately painted, or graphically sketched. The pictures are generally beheld by a lurid light or are imperfectly visible, and with an aspect dark, terrible, or full of a lofty dignity. Like Michael Angelo, Dante was a great master in the terrible. The features of his figures are distorted by anguish, are severe in scorn, or are serenely commanding. This master wields the wand of an enchanter, evoking a succession of shades, which pass before you like the spectral monarchs in *Macbeth*. Yet sometimes a form of light and loveliness is reflected; but it is only a transient vision, and instantly it is gone.

Much has been said and written relative to the form of verse which the poem should be made to assume when done into English. The translation by Cary, which by the best judges has hitherto been considered the standard version in our language, is in the sweeping, long drawn-out harmony of good blank verse, which seems to have been generally considered a wise emancipation from the fetters of rhyme, especially that of the *terza rima*, on account of the paucity in our language of perfect rhymes,—the imperfect, to modern taste, having become offensive, so that it may be doubted, certain persons argue, whether a serious poem of considerable length ought ever again to be attempted in any measure requiring a multiplicity of assonances, except indeed the noble Spenserian stanza, in the case of which there is a presumptive privilege to employ occasionally archaic rhymes, together with what is even of greater importance—a strain of amplification and redundancy such as would not now be tolerated in any other form of English versification.

Such is the way in which a writer in the *Quarterly Review* has spoken, who goes the length to question the possibility of executing a translation of any long poem, at once closely faithful and buoyantly energetic, in any English measure that requires rhyme at all. This is the reasoning:—"The poet is he who feels more intensely than other men, and expresses his feelings more vividly; and great are the difficulties which the most skilful poet must overcome before he can succeed in presenting his feelings in rhyme, without dislocating them from the natural order in which they evolved themselves in his own mind—which order being disturbed, they lose, *pro tanto*, the power of commanding our sympathy. He can soar higher than we, but

unless we can follow him through every winding of his flight, we lose our interest in him as a nobler self; we stare at, but do not feel with him; the link between us is gone. How hard then must be the task of *re-presenting*, not only in a new language, but amidst the fetters of jingle, the thoughts and feelings of another man, in their natural sequence of original development! We are not sure that the difficulty has ever been overcome, even in a fragment. The poet who grapples in this way with the conceptions of another poet, cuts the knot by recasting them in his own mind, and producing, as a translation, what is in fact a new poem of his own—little more than the key-note borrowed; such are the highest examples of rhymed poetical translation in our language,—Dryden's specimens from Lucretius and Juvenal; and such essentially is the *Iliad* of Pope."

Such is the *Quarterly's* argument. On the other hand, it may be contended that an original poet's rhyme is ever a characteristic of him,—that you cannot appreciate his style without having a knowledge of his metre; and, therefore, fully as strongly in the case of Dante as any other foreign poet, on account of his genius not being alien in sundry respects to that of the English people, what we should require is to have him as nearly as possible in every respect set before us. Now this cannot be done unless you copy or translate his versification as well as his ideas; and although the difficulty be great when the paucity of our rhymes is considered, yet as it is not good, flowing, well-measured English literature that is to be looked for, but only what the original is, and what the poet did, let not any *a priori* argument interpose, but test every experiment by the effect in the way of force and fidelity which is produced.

Now, we think, if tried by these last-mentioned rules, that Mr. Dayman has produced something that more resembles Dante, that will convey to the English reader a truer and better idea of the Florentine, than even Cary has done. It is not alone that the translation presents a measure that is Dantesque to the eye; it really seems to us to embody more of the spirit of the poet than is to be found in Cary; while, when descending to particulars, we think there are fewer mistranslations in the rhymed and comparatively stiff and rugged triplets of the one than the sonorous English of the other. But neither upon the question in the abstract, nor as it may be discussed upon the performances of the translators whom we have been naming, shall we much further speak; it being a simple matter for any person conversant with Dante to put them upon their trial, and to satisfy himself with regard to the success or failure of each. Unquestionably to the mere English reader the older translation will be the most agreeable on a cursory occasion, and provided he look less to the terseness and compact energy of the poet than to the stateliness of the Miltonic measure. If, however, the desire and curiosity be to obtain a faithful idea of Dante's genius and produc-

tion, a nearer approach, we repeat, will have been experienced when the version in imitation of the *Terza Rima* has been studied.

Mr. Dayman merits high praise for preserving himself altogether unseduced by the temptation to perpetrate a paraphrase when encountering passages of deep obscurity,—obscurity, be it observed, occurring for the most part rather in the allusions than in the expressions, in the idea rather than in the words. He has, however, in striving after a literal rendering, and while falling into something like an Anglo-Italian servility, taken certain liberties; for he frequently gives us a version without caring to use the words in their conventional signification, or as currently employed, if ever employed at all; satisfied if they can abide any test of bygone times, or a strict and literal translation. Now, unless when such licence is needlessly taken, or for the mere purpose of quaintness, we do not object to this practice; for while it harmonizes with one's taste cordially cherished, it sets the mind upon the pleasurable and profitable business of searching into the Poet's thoughts, and of a self transplanting into his condition and his times, so as to become better acquainted than before both with his matter and manner.

Mr. Dayman has in more respects than one gone very independently to work. For instance, he says, "In justice to myself, no less than to others, I have rigidly abstained from making any acquaintance with the English translations which have preceded this; and hence the candid reader will refer whatever coincidences he may discover to our common original." Now this rather remarkable statement, is borne out by the internal evidence which the translation supplies: we discover in it no sign that Cary's has been Mr. Dayman's Dante, no twisting of Cary's blank verse into a new and anomalous English rhyme. Indeed our translator speaks of the standard English version as merely a heard-of thing, as having only been told that it is "faithful and spirited," and that "it is already in possession of the field." This proves Mr. Dayman to be strangely incurious, to say the least. And think what is the result of his independence, his apathy, call it what you will. Why he actually presumes that the attempt to present Dante to the English reader in the *terza rima* is unprecedented. Now, he should have known that Lord Byron made similar ventures; but above all that the *Inferno* has been translated in what the *Quarterly* called the Dantesque to the eye, by Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A. The work appeared in 1833, was dedicated to Lord Brougham, and published by Longman; and a creditable performance it was, as we shall enable our readers to pronounce, although we are free to confess that it had more of polish and grace than force, more of Cary than of Dante.

Mr. Dayman had intended to have offered some remarks on the metrical structure of the *Commedia*, being of opinion that it was subservient to Dante's principal object. We regret that he has al-

lowed the opportunity to escape, not merely for his self justification, coming after Cary, but for the sake of the lights that might be shed upon one of the mightiest and most original productions of genius, as well as upon the subject of rhythm.

But now for specimens, beginning with the first scene in the first canto, which is decidedly allegorical, and has cost expounders and commentators great trouble. First take Mr. Wright:

In the pathway of this our life below,  
 I found myself within a gloomy wood—  
 No traces left the path direct to show.  
 Alas, how painful is it to declare  
 The savage wildness of that forest rude,  
 Whose dread remembrance still renews my fear !  
 More bitter, scarcely death itself can be.  
 But, to describe the good which there I found,  
 I will relate what else 'twas mine to see.  
 How first I enter'd, it is hard to say ;  
 In such deep slumber were my senses bound,  
 When from the path of truth I went astray.  
 But soon as I had reach'd a mountain's base,  
 (There, where the vale, that smote my heart with fear,  
 Obtain'd a limit to its dreadful space,)  
 I look'd on high, and saw its shoulders broad  
 Cloth'd with the radiance of that glorious star,  
 Which guideth man direct through every road.

Here followeth Mr. Dayman, with much greater strength and truth, to our thinking, and a far more subtle linking of the rhymes, so as to bind triplet with triplet.

Midway the journey of our life along,  
 I found me in a gloomy woodland dell,  
 The right road all confounded with the wrong.  
 Ay me ! how hard a thing it were to tell  
 How rough and stern and savage showed the wood,  
 Which, yet remembered, yet is terrible !  
 Hardly were death more bitter. But the good  
 Which I therein discovered to unfold  
 Aright, will I of other things prelude  
 Encountered there. Yet ill by me were told  
 How first I entered, so entombed in sleep  
 My senses lay, what hour I ceased to hold  
 The way of truth : till pausing 'neath a steep,  
 The barrier of that melancholy glen  
 Whose horrors made my quivering flesh to creep,

His beamy shoulders to mine upward ken  
Displayed the clothing of that planet sphere  
Which surely guides the feet of other men,  
Whate'er their track.

The opening scene of the third Canto is admitted by all to be unsurpassed for magnificence. The Poet arrives with Virgil at the gate of Hell, and while standing before the everlasting portals of the infernal regions, reads their terrible inscription. Encouraged by his guide, Dante enters—beholds indolent and imbecile spirits, who having lived upon earth in a state of indifference both to good and evil, are assigned the same portion as the neutral angels.

Wright:

"Through me ye enter the abode of woe:  
Through me to endless sorrow are convey'd:  
Through me amid the souls accurst ye go.  
Justice did first my lofty Maker move:  
By Power Almighty was my fabric made,  
By highest Wisdom, and by primal Love.  
Ere I was form'd, no things created were,  
Save those eternal—I eternal last:  
All hope abandon—ye who enter here."  
These words inscribed, in colour dark, I saw—  
High on the summit of a portal vast;  
Whereat I cried: "O master! with deep awe  
Their sense I mark," Like one prepared he said:  
"Here from thy soul must doubt be cast away;  
Here must each thought of cowardice be dead.  
Now to that place I told thee of arrived,  
The melancholy shades shalt thou survey,  
Of God,—the mind's supremest good—deprived."  
Then soon as he had placed his hand in mine,  
With joyful look, that made me cease to fear,  
He led my steps the hidden world within.  
There sighs, and sorrows, and heart-rending cries  
Resounded through the starless atmosphere,  
Whence tears began to gather in mine eyes.  
Harsh tongues discordant—horrible discourse—  
Words of despair—fierce accents of despite—  
Striking of hands—with curses deep and hoarse,  
Raised a loud tumult that unceasing whirl'd  
Throughout that gloom of everlasting night,  
Like to the sand by circling eddies hurl'd.  
Then (horror compassing my head around)  
I cried: "O master, what is this I hear?  
And who are these so plunged in grief profound?"  
He answer'd me: "The groans which thou hast heard  
Proceed from those, who, when on earth they were,  
Nor praise deserved, nor infamy incur'd,

Here with those caitiff angels they abide,  
 Who stood aloof in heaven—to God untrue,  
 Yet wanting courage with their foes to side.  
 Heaven drove them forth, its beauty not to stain :  
 And Hell refuses to receive them too :—  
 From them no glory could the damn'd obtain.

Dayman :

“Through me the path to city named of Wail ;  
 Through me the path to woe without remove ;  
 Through me the path to damned souls in bale !  
 Justice inclined my Maker from above ;  
 I am by virtue of the Might Divine,  
 The Súpreme Wisdom, and the Primal Love.  
 Created birth none antedates to mine,  
 Save endless things, and endless I endure :  
 Ye that are entering—all hope resign.”  
 These words charáctered all in hues obscure  
 Over a portal's arch I traced, and said,  
 “Too stern their legend, master, to allure.”  
 And he to me, like teacher well-read,—  
 “Behoves thee here renounce each vain suspect,  
 Each coward thought here number with the dead ;  
 This is the place wherein I told thee wrecked  
 Thou must behold the joyless souls ungraced  
 By Him, the chiefest good of intellect.”  
 Thus ending, while his hand with mine embraced,  
 Me, gathering comfort from his cheerful guise,  
 Within that world of secret things he placed.  
 Sighs there, and moaning sobs, and shriller cries.  
 Rebounded echoing through the starless air,  
 And early forced the tear gush from mine eyes :  
 Tongues of all strain, dread language of despair,  
 Words born of anguish, accents choked with ire,  
 And voices loud and hoarse were mingling there  
 With sound of hands, to swell one uproar dire  
 That aye went eddying round that timeless gloom,  
 As the sand eddieth in the whirlwind's gyre.  
 “Master, what would this din ?” asked I, to whom  
 Error had blindfold bound the head ; “say, who  
 The tribe that thus lie vanquished by their doom ?”  
 And he to me—“The miserable crew  
 Of souls now lingers in this piteous mood,  
 To whom, alive, nor praise nor blame was due.  
 Commingled are they with that caitiff brood  
 Of angel natures, which nor dared rebel,  
 Nor yet kept faith, but selfish ends pursued.  
 Them, not to be less fair, must heaven expel,  
 Nor the abyss receive, lest their dispraise  
 Redound for glory to the sons of hell.”



Now, hear Cary :

"Through me you pass into the city of woe :  
Through me you pass into eternal pain :  
Through me among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd :  
To rear me was the task of power divine,  
Supremeat wisdom, and primeval love.  
Before me things create were none, save things  
Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Such characters in colour dim, I mark'd  
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed.  
Whereat I thus : "Master, these words import  
Hard meaning." He as one prepar'd replied :  
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave ;  
Here be vile fear extinguished. We are come  
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls  
To misery doom'd, who intellectual good  
Have lost." And when his hand he had stretch'd forth  
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer'd,  
Into that sacred place he led me on.

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,  
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,  
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,  
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,  
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls  
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,  
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with error yet encompass'd cried :  
"O master ; What is this I hear ? what race  
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe ?"

He thus to me : "Their miserable fate  
Suffer the wretched souls of those, who liv'd  
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band  
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious prov'd,  
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves  
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,  
Not to impair his lustre ; nor the depth  
Of Hell receives them, lest th' accursed tribe  
Should glory thence with exultation vain."

Judge ye, our readers, which of the trio has most force and fidelity, which of them is the most Dantesque. We say the middle translator, the imitator of the *terza rima* so cunningly interwoven from triplet to triplet, in spite of all the drawbacks of our unrythmical vocabulary, and very greatly to the honour of the daring author.

Dante has not yet descended into the first circle of Hell; for to understand the Inferno aright, the reader has to conceive the idea of a vast concavity or pit, whose gate has been reached, that extends from the surface of the earth down to the centre, and divided into nine circles gradually diminishing in circumference. An inverted sugar loaf, to compare small and familiar things with great and awe-striking, would represent the exterior figure; an amphitheatre would afford some notion of the interior. The nine circles are severally appropriated to the punishment of crimes of a particular genus, and some of these are subdivided according to the different species of offences which that genus comprises. In proportion to the magnitude of the crime, the lower is the circle allotted. Thus is contrived a graduated scale of punishment, the circles becoming more and more contracted in their circumferences, as also sinking to a greater perpendicular depth. At the very lowest point, or centre of the earth, the arch-traitor Lucifer is fixed. Dante having passed this central point, proceeds on to the antipodes, where he places his mountain of Purgatory.

In order that the mere English reader among those who consult the *Monthly Review*, may have a still further proof of the power of Mr. Dayman's version, and of the excellence of one of the sublimest efforts of human invention, we copy out the Vision of the Three Furies, as rendered by him, predicting that his performance will induce persons to undertake the study of Dante, and serve to make not a few of our countrymen enamoured of the extraordinary creation.

To that high tower whence gleamed the blazing crest  
 Wandered mine eye, and led my mind in chain;  
 Where instant springing from the void unblest  
 I saw three hell-born furies, dyed in gore,  
 Whose limbs and mien the female kind exprest.  
 The greenest hydras round the waist they wore,  
 And knotted o'er their awful brows for hair  
 The horned snake and writhing viper bore.  
 Well knew my guide the handmaid-troop whose care  
 To tend the Queen of everlasting sighs,  
 And of each fierce Erinny's bade beware:  
 "On the left coign behold Megæra rise;  
 Yonder Alecto plaining on the right;  
 Tisiphone the midmost room supplies."  
 He said no more—each with her nails 'gan smite  
 The breast, and shrieked, her stricken hand upthrown,  
 So loud, I pressed me to the bard for fright.  
 "Mædusa, come, change we the wretch to stone;"  
 All shouted, while a downward look they cast:  
 "That Theseus 'scaped, the blame was all our own."

"Turn; turn thee backward, and thine eyes keep fast;  
 If once that Gorgon visage on thee frowned,  
 Farewell return to life; thine hour were past."  
 Thus while the master spake, he forced me round,  
 And both his hands, unsatisfied with mine,  
 Crossed o'er my face, my visual aim to bound.  
 O ye, whose spirit wisely can divine,  
 Search, if ye may, the doctrine that lies hid  
 Beneath the veil of each mysterious line.

As given in a note the moral or the doctrine is this,—“the hardening effect of indulged lust allegorized in the beautiful but fatal features of a Medusa.” It is added, “The picture of Poussin in our National Gallery conveys a forcible idea of the petrifying power of Medusa’s head.” We must not omit mentioning that the Notes and Appendix evince learning and diligent research into a number of authorities, the whole being enriched by unborrowed explanations, and rendered very complete and clear by means of his competency and enthusiasm for elucidating the severe pages of the renowned Florentine. We conclude with a few recorded notices that may satisfy as well as excite curiosity.

*Alighieri* is a name derived from the coat of arms, a wing on a field azure. According to Boccaccio, Dante was a man of middle stature, and when arrived at the age of maturity, was grave in his deportment, his walk solemn, he was courteous in his manner, his dress plain, but always suitable to his rank and age: a long visage, aquiline nose, full eyes, his cheek bones large, an under-lip projecting beyond the upper, his complexion dark, hair and beard thick, black, and curled, and a pensive melancholy expression always in his countenance. In public and domestic life he was wonderfully composed and regular; nothing could be more easy and civil than his address, and his temperance in eating and drinking was remarkable. Abstraction of mind was his striking propensity.

Although during his life Dante was the object of gross injustice and cruelty, after his death his memory and genius received the most ardent homage; such, indeed was the veneration of Florence for her poet, that, in 1373, an institution was established with a public stipend to a person qualified to explain his great poem to the people. The chair was first occupied by Boccaccio.

There is much variety in the readings and the interpretations of Dante’s great work, in the different editions and commentaries. Even the title is not uniformly the same; that of “The Vision” being found in some of them, which has been adopted by Mr. Cary, as being more conformable to the genius of our language than that of “The Divine Comedy.” Dante, it seems, termed it only “The Comedy;” in the first place, because the style was of the middle kind; and secondly, because the story (if story it may be called) ends happily.

## ART. VII.

1. *The Spanish Student.* A Play in three Acts. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Moxon.
2. *The Robber's Cave; or Four-Horned Moon.* A Drama. G. W. Nikcisson.

WE have already had occasion more than once to speak in terms of considerable approbation of Professor Longfellow's productions; nor do we now find it necessary to change or lower our tone. The merits of the present work are somewhat similar in kind and degree to those we have formerly noticed in his minor poems, though perhaps, as attained in the more difficult enterprise of writing a regular drama, they ought in justice to challenge greater consideration than would be awarded to them in isolated fragments. The plot, taken partly from a tale of Cervantes, will not detain us very long; without being bald or uninteresting, it is sufficiently simple.

*Victorian*, a Spanish student of Alcala, is in love with and beloved by *Preciosa*, a beautiful dancing-girl of Gipsy birth, who is the then wonder of the hour at Madrid, and as chaste as she is fascinating. In due Spanish fashion he comes to Madrid from Alcala to serenade her, and procures his interviews by climbing the balcony of her chamber. We have two of these love scenes; the first passes off happily and is prettily given, but in the second, *Preciosa*, waiting in her chamber for *Victorian*, is surprised by the unperceived approach of the *Count of Lara*, one of her numerous, but not honourable admirers, and one apparently who places no great faith in the firmness of female virtue; for he ventures on this enterprise after having already had a valuable present of jewels sent back with scorn. Her repulse of the licentious intruder is beautiful and animated:

LARA. Senora, pardon me!

PRECIOSA. How's this? Dolores!

LARI. Pardon me——

PRECIOSA. Dolores!

LARA. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold——

PRECIOSA.—(*turning her back upon him*)—You are too bold!

Retire! Retire, and leave me!

LARA. My dear lady,  
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'Tis for your good I come.—

PRECIOSA (*turning towards him with indignation*)

Begone! Begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds  
Would make the statues of your ancestors  
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honour,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here  
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong ?  
O shame ! shame ! shame ! that you, a nobleman,  
Should be so little noble in your thoughts  
As to send jewels here to win my love,  
And think to buy my honour with your gold !  
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you !  
Begone ! the sight of you is hateful to me !  
Begone, I say !

LARA. Be calm ; I will not harm you,

PRECIOSA. Because you dare not.

LARA. I dare anything !

Therefore beware ! You are deceived in me.

He proceeds to tell her that Victorian's nightly visits have been observed, and thinks to use his knowledge of this suspicious fact in aid of his endeavours to overcome what he evidently considers as her only seeming virtue. Again sternly and indignantly rebuked, he is pleading his suit on his knees when Victorian arrives to keep his appointment and overhears the rest of the colloquy.

PRECIOSA. Rise, Count of Lara ! That is not the place  
For such as you are. It becomes you not  
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved  
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled ;  
For your sake I will put aside all anger,  
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak  
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,  
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more  
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.  
But if, without offending modesty  
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,  
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart  
To love you.

LARA. O sweet angel !

PRECIOSA. Ay, in truth.  
Far better than you love yourself or me.

LARA. Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.  
Let me but kiss your hand !

PRECIOSA. Nay, come no nearer.  
The words I utter are its sign and token.  
Misunderstand me not ! Be not deceived !  
The love wherewith I love you is not such  
As you would offer me. For you come here  
To take from me the only thing I have,  
My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends  
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes  
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I  
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,  
And you would take that from me, and for what ?  
To flatter your own vanity, and make me]

What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,  
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.  
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you  
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.  
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes  
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,  
And bids you look into your heart, and see  
How you do wrong that better nature in you,  
And grieve your soul with sin.

LARA. I swear to you,  
I would not harm you; I would only love you.  
I would not take your honor, but restore it,  
And in return I ask but some slight mark  
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,  
As you confess you do, O let me thus  
With this embrace——

VICTORIAN (*rushing forward.*)

Hold! hold! This is too much.  
What means this outrage?

This is, to our mind, a considerable blemish in the construction of the drama. The whole interest of the business turns on the quarrel of Victorian with Preciosa, and it is effected in this bungling manner! Would any man in his senses, coolly overhearing the dialogue between his mistress, and that mistress one of whose constancy and chastity he feels well and perfectly assured, and a casual rude intruder on her privacy, feel otherwise than honoured by her choice and delighted with her virtue? And yet Victorian takes it as conclusive evidence of her falsehood, and renounces her for ever on the spot. It is impossible that such behaviour as this can ever carry with it the sympathies of an audience. Surely it might have been easily and satisfactorily managed without such an absurdity as this. Victorian might have been merely made aware of the presence of the Count of Lara without overhearing any part of the conversation. Any of the thousand-and-one usual reasons of lovers' quarrels would have been preferable to the ridiculous given one.

In the mean time the Count of Lara provides a party to hiss Preciosa from the stage on the next evening of her performance in public, and then meets Victorian in a duel, by whom he is disarmed and his life spared.

This generosity the villain repays by still further sullyng in Victorian's eyes his mistress's reputation with falsehood, by means of shewing a fac-simile of a ring under suspicious circumstances, and on his departure, congratulating himself on his successful deceit.

The scene soon opens on the theatre at Madrid, where the rising of the curtain discovers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the Cachuca. The storm prepared by the revengeful Count now bursts.

The music is drowned in hissing and general confusion, and poor Preciosa, instead of proceeding with her dance, faints away. Lara returns from the theatre, felicitates himself and associates on the issue of their scheme, and having bribed her maid to admit him, before leaving home again in the hopes of obtaining another interview, toasts her name in a bumper round to his friends, and as soon as the pledge has been duly honoured, comes out with the following gratuitous absurdity.

LARA (*holding up his empty glass*).  
 Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!  
 Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen  
 My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion  
 Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,  
 Her precious name! O never more henceforth  
 Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more  
 A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.  
 Go! keep my secret!  
 (*Dashes the goblet down.*)

'There must be some kind of mistake in this, for as it stands, the whole speech is plain nonsense; and it is merely to notice this that we have quoted it. Lara has just joined with a party of his companions in hissing Preciosa from the stage, has thanked them for assisting him, told them he is just going to visit her:—and then repents of having *disclosed* her name, and, addressing his goblet, which had certainly heard no more than every other wineglass in the room, with "go, keep my *secret*," dashes the unoffending cup to pieces on the floor, much to the discomfort of the next lightly-shod foot that might cross the apartment! This is clearly ridiculous, and as we said, we imagine there is some foolish mistake.

Lara's intended visit to Preciosa is however prevented by meeting in her garden with the old gipsy her father, and one Bartolom Roman, a young gipsy to whom her father had long promised her for a wife, and who are also going to visit her. A scuffle at once ensues, and we hear that Lara is wounded, but the scene closes without the fair object of the quarrel being conscious of their approach.

In the third act, Victorian and his friend and fellow student Hypolito appear as travelling students at the village of Guadarrama, where Victorian receives letters which explain to him how Preciosa has been slandered by Count Lara, and immediately afterwards learns that Preciosa herself is with a band of gipsies in a wood near the village,—where he proceeds to seek her. In the mean time, we have rather a good scene of the kind between Chispa, a comic servant formerly in the service of Victorian, but now in that of his friend Don Carlos, posting to Guadarrama to meet him, and the landlord of a posting house on the road.

CHISPA. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa; what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

*Enter Don Carlos.)*

DON CARLOS. Are not the horses ready yet?

CHISPA. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! *(He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter Mosquito, putting on his jacket.)*

MOSQUITO. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

CHISPA. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

MOSQUITO. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

CHISPA. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

MOSQUITO. No; she has a beard.

CHISPA. Go to! go to!

MOSQUITO. Are you from Madrid?

CHISPA. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

MOSQUITO. What's the news at Court?

CHISPA. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip. *(Strikes him round the legs.)*

MOSQUITO. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

DON CARLOS. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. *(Gives money to Mosquito.)* It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late?

MOSQUITO. Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

DON CARLOS. And where?

MOSQUITO. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama [*Exit.*

DON CARLOS. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

CHISPA. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

DON CARLOS. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

CHISPA. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

DON CARLOS. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

CHISPA. Among the Squires?

DON CARLOS. No; among the Gipsies, blockhead!

CHISPA. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trowsers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*

Victorian soon finds Preciosa by herself near the gipsy camp, and, without disclosing himself, asks her, as an ordinary gipsy girl, to tell his fortune. She tells it thus:—



PRECIOSA. You are passionate ;  
And this same passionate humour in your blood  
Has mair'd your fortune. Yes ; I see it now ;  
The line of life is crossed by many marks.  
Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid who loved you !  
How could you do it ?

VICTORIAN. I never loved a maid ;  
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

PRECIOSA. How know you that ?

VICTORIAN. A little bird in the air  
Whispered the secret.

PRECIOSA. There, take back your gold !  
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !  
There is no blessing in its charity !  
Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;  
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

VICTORIAN (*aside*.)  
How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman,  
When pleading in another's cause her own !——  
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.  
Pray give it to me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

PRECIOSA. No : never from my land  
Shall that be taken ?

VICTORIAN. Why, 't is but a ring.  
I'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,  
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

PRECIOSA. Why would you have this ring ?

VICTORIAN. A traveller's fancy,  
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it  
As a memento of the Gipsy camp  
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller  
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.  
Pray, let me have the ring.

PRECIOSA. No, never ! never !  
I will not part with it, even when I die ;  
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,  
That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token  
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

VICTORIAN. How ? dead ?  
PRECIOSA. Yes ; dead to me ; and worse than dead.  
He is estranged ! And yet I keep this ring.  
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,  
To prove to him that I was never false.

VICTORIAN (*aside*.)  
Be still, my swelling heart ! one moment, still !  
Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl.  
Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine,  
And that you stole it.

PRECIOSA. O, you will not dare  
To utter such a fiendish lie!

VICTORIAN. Not dare?  
Look in my face, and say if there is aught  
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee?

(*She rushes into his arms.*)

PRECIOSA. 'Tis thou! 't is thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected!  
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!  
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

VICTORIAN. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.  
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Don Carlos now arrives with the news that Preciosa has just been discovered and acknowledged by her father for a wealthy heiress, stolen when an infant by gipsies, and all of course ends happily.

"The Robberes Cave, or Four-Horned Moon," professes to be a drama "in imitation and after the manner of Shakspeare." It is anonymous, and, we are told in a preface, part of which is rather curious English, is the first production of its author. As such, we do not feel disposed to criticise it severely, especially as the idea of imitating Shakspeare, which, to say the least, has rather a startling aspect in the title-page, is treated with becoming modesty in the preface. Still, we fear, justice will not allow us to say much in its praise. There is such a thing as imitation without resemblance; and when resemblance is attained it may be that of a caricature rather than of a portrait. But even if a proper resemblance be attained, a mere copyist can never be allowed a very high degree of merit.

If this play be an imitation of Shakspeare it is only another proof that

Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;  
Within that circle none dare walk but he.

The imitation is certainly palpable enough, for there is scarcely a scene, passage, or character, which we do not at once recognize as purloined from the bard of Avon, and served up again, though *quantum mutatus ab illo!* in this curious medley. The plot is scarcely worth detail. The chief personages are a ruined nobleman turned robber, and living by that gentlemanly calling on the mountains of Killarney, with his daughter, attended by three robber-servants; and a Duke, who having wandered from a hunting party is kidnapped by the robbers, released by the young lady, falls in love with her; comes back next day in disguise to win and woo her, and then appears again the next day in his true character, marries the lady and pardons all hands. The whole certainly requires but little notice, but we give one of the lighter scenes, and the best we can select,

between the Duke disguised as a tailor, and his mistress; the boy mentioned by the duke is a merchant's daughter in love with her father's clerk, and dressed in boy's clothes to give room for an imitation of the equivoque occasioned by Rosalind in "As you like it."

DUKE. That boy has more pretension than wit.

JULIA. Now, I protest, I thought he had more of wit.

DUKE. I never saw a head so empty of it.

JULIA. He hath in't enough to gain a woman's heart.

DUKE. Hath he gained yours, then?

JULIA. A good broad question, and plainly put.

DUKE. Yes, truth is always blunt.

JULIA. Therefore is it best to lie?

DUKE. I would rather lie on my wit than lie on my truth.

JULIA. Your wit, being heavy, is undermost; and your truth, being eight, flies to the top.

DUKE. Therefore, on the mask of wit I exert my truth.

JULIA. Thou dost lie in thy wit, and call up truth to swear to it.

DUKE. Oh, true. Truth is brazen-faced.

JULIA. That is thy best title to it.

DUKE. Yes, my title-deeds are good. I can assure you 'tis an estate long in the family.

JULIA. But under the present possessor choked up with weeds.

DUKE. That shews the soil is rich.

JULIA. If the soil is rich and it bears not fruit, double shame to the possessor. Come, exert thy wit upon that, if thou canst. Come, honest Mr. Tailor, tell me (for thou hast wit enough to know it will not serve thee in this case) why camest thou here in this disguise?

DUKE. Plainly and bluntly to gain thine heart.

JULIA. Mine?

DUKE. Aye, yours.

JULIA. What! mine?

DUKE. Aye, yours.

JULIA. Now, by our Lady, I protest I did not know I had one. Thou art very short of wit, to seek that which is not My heart!—why Lord! it went last Michaelmas twelvemonth.

DUKE. Who has it now?

JULIA. That would puzzle a conjuror to say—marry! unless he had it himself;—but certainly not thou.

DUKE. Then I'll bid you good morning.

JULIA. Good morning!

DUKE. Good morning (*going*).

JULIA. Mr. Tailor!

DUKE. Madam!

JULIA. Thou hast not finished thy salutation. When people meet they say "good morning;" when they part they say "good-bye," as thou hast said "good morning," 'tis a sheer proof we should have some conver-

sation out of sheer decency before we bid one another "good-by." It is a direful plague for me, but never let civility be forgotten. Come now, amuse me—amuse me.

DUKE. I am short of wit.

JULIA. Fairly confessed!

DUKE. Very ill-tempered.

JULIA. Better still!

DUKE. Direfully cross!

JULIA. Better still!

DUKE. And so I have nothing to say.

JULIA. Bravo! bravo! What Christian ever heard of the like before? Here comes a man—I don't know who he is—all in disguise; and that jaded wit of his knows none better than a tailor. But in that I must confess he is right, as otherwise I had declared from his legs that he had oftentimes been in the stocks. Up he comes to the mountain to see me, and i'faith, to win my heart. How does he do it? Why, he says, "I am short of wit, very ill-tempered, direfully cross, and have nothing to say. But will you have me?" Which means, when translated in our vernacular language, I am in love with thee. Take me, an' thou wilt; an' thou won't, the plague sieze thee!

DUKE. Marry, 't was exactly what I meant.

JULIA. Thy wit speaks truth in this case, for thou givest me the choice of having thyself or the plague; and, by my modesty, I am more in doubt than ever.

DUKE. What if a man swears by what is not?

JULIA. Then his oath goes for nothing. But it is better for him to do so; and thus, if he break his oath, he does not perjure himself; and that is a grievous sin.

DUKE. I would not wish a better oath than thy modesty.

JULIA. I would not wish a better. Kneel, sir—kneel; an' thou lovest me kneel, and swear by my modesty, for that is not a false oath.

DUKE. Thou art such an ill-natured thing, that if I were to kneel thou wouldst run away and point at me for a fool. But here, standing, do I love thee.

JULIA. In what way dost love me?

DUKE. As man loves a woman.

JULIA. Not so.

DUKE. As a man loves an angel!

JULIA. Not so.

DUKE. What, won't an angel satisfy thy modesty? Now, by my faith, I protest I do not love you half so well.

JULIA. Well, well, go to; on what dost thou love me?

DUKE. On my honour!

JULIA. No.

DUKE. On my oath!

JULIA. No.

DUKE. On my soul.

JULIA. No! Do you cry mercy?

DUKE. Ay, heartily! Who the plague can guess all your fancies?

JULIA. Why, on thy legs.—When I asked to kneel, didst thou not say thou wouldst love me standing on those tailor legs? Those tailor legs—a fine thing, in truth, to love upon!

DUKE. Had I such a jaded wit as that, I would hang it up as a laughing-stock to the wise.

JULIA. I have heard of folly laughing at wisdom, but wisdom doth not laugh at, but pity, folly.

DUKE. If I had such a wit as that, I would——

JULIA. Send it to the pawnbroker's as a pledge for those tailor's clothes.

DUKE. I would send to the hangman——

JULIA. For him to keep till thou calledst on him for it. Oh, a merry face on the gallows is pretty. But, Mr. Tailor, let us be friends; and as for your suit—(marry, not a tailor's suit, for that is bad enough)—but as to your love suit, I will answer as my sister, the queen, "*La reine s'avisera.*" Meanwhile, stay thou here. Amuse thyself in amusing me, and when I am in a consenting mood, urge on—urge on—urge on—and by my honour I will not say nay.

DUKE. Then my happiness will be at full. But when will you be in consenting mood?

JULIA. When the moon is *four-horned*, for then I shall be in the luns—and truly a woman must be mad to marry thee. Therefore, keep a bright look-out on the moon, and when thou seest four horns, claim me—claim me—and I will not deny myself even to thee. [Exit.]

The most perfectly original idea in the whole play we certainly take to be this inexplicable absurdity of the four-horned moon. That, at least, never came from Shakspeare. No plagiarism can be charged on that head. The author, however, is evidently pleased with the idea, for he takes from it a name for his play, and, besides italiacising it in the passage just quoted, makes the Duke refer to it in the concluding scene:—

DUKE. I once obtained a promise from a lady,  
That I should claim her when the changing moon  
Did tell four horns unto the wondering sky.  
She is the patroness of godliest love,  
And decks the nuptial couch with silver light,  
Smiling the while upon her votaries;  
Behold here are two horns, we two make four,  
So I may claim the saint whom I adore.

To which the lady, Julia, answers very naturally and truly—"Oh, false interpretation." Once more, what is the meaning of this name we cannot tell, a much more appropriate title for the book would have been *Gleanings*, (or rather *Mutilations*) from Shakspeare. Should we again have to review a production of the same author, we trust at least it will be his own.

ART. IX.—*The Mabinogion from Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts: with an English Translation and Notes.* By LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST.—Part V. Longman and Co.

THE literature of Wales has been too long unheeded even by the learned and scholastic. It is, therefore, with more pleasurable delight than commonly accompanies our task, that we continue our remarks on this work, notwithstanding the subject was rather elaborately examined in our last April number, when the first four parts of the series came under review. The prose romances, of which this volume is a continuation, increase in interest, and we are happy to find that, as we surmised it would, the Dream of Rhonabwy occupies a portion of this part of the work. Had we space, our inclination would be to take Lady Guest's version and place it before the reader, for it is rendered in that entertaining, agreeable style that has characterized her other efforts. We must, however, content ourselves with presenting a brief account of the legend, that may give the curious reader some notion of its character:—

Madawc, the son of Maredudd, possessed Powys within its boundaries, from Porfoed to Gwauan in the uplands of Arwystli. Iorwerth, his brother, grieved at his superior power and honour which he could not share—he raised a band of followers, and although his brother offered to make Iorwerth master of his household, he refused, and having entered England slew the inhabitants, burned their houses, and took many prisoners. Madawc ascertaining this, sent men in quest of Iorwerth. One of these men was Rhonabwy. He, with two companions, eventually came to an old hall, where the accommodations were anything but inviting, being under the superintendence of a hag. There was a yellow calf-skin hide, however, in the place, and it was a great privilege for any one to rest upon it. A storm induced Rhonabwy and his companions to remain there, and Rhonabwy slept upon the hide. He dreamed. He beheld a knight upon a horse, who soon pursued him and his friends. When the horse breathed forth, the men became distant from him, and when he drew in his breath, they were drawn near to him, even to the horse's chest. The horse was chesnut, the legs were grey from the top of the forelegs, and from the bend of the hind-legs downward. The rider wore a dress of various colours which are accurately described in the chronicle. In this way the story proceeds, each incident introducing various horses and riders peculiarly dressed, and while the Emperor Arthur and Owain are playing chess, several poetical scenes are described, the chief beauty of which arises from the various colours named. The legend concludes in the following words,—“No one knows the dream without a book, neither bard nor

gifted seer; because of the various colours that were upon the horses, and the many wondrous colours of the arms and of the panoply, and of the precious scarfs, and of the virtue-bearing stones."

The notes to this tale exhibit much research, and Lady Guest's translations of some parts of the metrical legends of Wales cause us to hope that her next efforts may be upon the publication of the entire compositions of all the Welsh bards. The notes, also, convince us that Lady Guest might favour the public with a history of the bards that would be acceptable not only in the Principality but in England, where her studies are now appreciated and much esteemed. We have so largely expatiated before upon the subject involved in the the publication of these Legends that nothing further is now required than to draw the attention of the reader to the last story in Lady Guest's work. It is called "Pwyll, Prince of Dyved." Who Pwyll (Prudence) really was, appears to be matter of uncertainty, but in some of the pedigrees of Guynvardd Dyved, Prince of Dyved, he is said to be the son of Argvel, or Aircol Law Hir, son of Pyr y Dwyrain. Mr. Davies, in the Rites and Mythology of the Druids, states that he was the son of Meirig, son of Aircol, son of Pyr, which is confirmed by some other manuscript pedigrees. In Talie-sin's *Areidden Annwn* he is thus mentioned:

"Adorable potentate, sovereign ruler!  
Who hast thy dominion over the boundaries of the world,  
Arranged was the prison of Gwair in *Caer Sidi*  
By the ministration of Pwyll and Pryderi.  
None before him ever entered it.  
The heavy blue chain the faithful one keeps."

In other parts of the poem, Arthur is spoken of as having taken part in the various expeditions which it records.

The tale is elegantly translated, and is of a higher order, in our opinion, than many of those already noticed. We have only space to present a specimen, and with that must conclude our examination of the volume.—It is the first time that we have met with an authority so ancient for "the Badger and the Bag," although the incident has been met within other legends of other lands:

And the hall was garnished and they went to meat, and thus did they sit; Heveydd Hên was on one side of Pwyll, and Rhiannon on the other. And all the rest according to their rank. And they eat and feasted and talked one with another, and at the beginning of the carousal after the meat, there entered a tall auburn-haired youth, of royal bearing, clothed in a garment of satin. And when he came into the hall, he saluted Pwyll and his companions. "The greeting of Heaven be unto thee, my soul," said Pwyll, "come thou and sit down." "Nay," said he, "a suitor am I, and

I will do mine errand." "Do so willingly," said Pwyll. "Lord," said he, "my errand is unto thee, and it is to crave a boon of thee that I come." "What boon soever thou mayest ask of me, as far as I am able, thou shalt have." "Ah," said Rhiannon, "wherefore didst thou give that answer?" "Has he not given it before the presence of these nobles?" asked the youth. "My soul," said Pwyll, "what is the boon thou askest?" "The lady whom best I love is to be thy bride this night; I come to ask her of thee, with the feast and the banquet that are in this place." And Pwyll was silent because of the answer which he had given. "Be silent as long as thou wilt," said Rhiannon. "Never did man make worse use of his wits than thou hast done." "Lady," said he, "I knew not who he was." "Behold, this is the man to whom they would have given me against my will," said she. "And he is Gwawl the son of Clud, a man of great power and wealth, and because of the word thou hast spoken, bestow me upon him lest shame befall thee." "Lady," said he, "I understand not thine answer. Never can I do as thou sayest." "Bestow me upon him," said she, "and I will cause that I shall never be his." "By what means will that be?" asked Pwyll. "In thy hand will I give thee a small bag," said she. "See that thou keep it well, and he will ask of thee the banquet, and the feast, and the preparations which are not in thy power. Unto the hosts and the household will I give the feast. And such will be thy answer respecting this. And as concerns myself, I will engage to become his bride this night twelve-month. And at the end of the year be thou here," said she, "and bring this bag with thee, and let thy hundred knights be in the orchard up yonder. And when he is in the midst of joy and feasting, come thou in by thyself, clad in ragged garments, and holding thy bag in thy hand, and ask nothing but a bagfull of food, and I will cause that if all the meat and liquor that are in these seven! Cantreys were put into it, it would be no fuller than before. And after a great deal has been put therein, he will ask thee, whether thy bag will ever be full. Say thou then that it never will, until a man of noble birth and of great wealth arise and press the food in the bag, with both his feet, saying, 'Enough has been put therein;' and I will cause him to go and tread down the food in the bag, and when he does so, turn thou the bag, so that he shall be up over his head in it, and then slip a knot upon the thongs of the bag. Let there be also a good bugle horn about thy neck, and as soon as thou hast bound him in the bag, wind thy horn, and let it be a signal between thee and thy knights. And when they hear the sound of the horn, let them come down upon the palace." "Lord," said Gwawl, "it is meet that I have an answer to my request." "As much of that thou hast asked as it is in my power to give, thou shalt have," replied Pwyll. "My soul," said Rhiannon unto him, "as for the feast and the banquet that are here. I have bestowed them upon the men of Dyved, and the household, and the warriors that are with us. These can I not suffer to be given to any. In a year from to-night a banquet shall be prepared for thee in this palace, that I may become thy bride."

So Gwawl went forth to his possessions, and Pwyll went also back to Dyved. And they both spent that year until it was the time for the feast at the palace of Heveydd Hân. Then Gwawl the son of Clud set out to the feast that was prepared for him, and he came to the palace, and was received



there with rejoicing. Pwyll, also, the chief of Annwn came to the orchard with his hundred knights, as Rhiannon had commanded him, having the bag with him. And Pwyll was clad in coarse and ragged garments, and wore large clumsy old shoes upon his feet. And when he knew that the carousal after the meat had begun, he went towards the hall, and when he came into the hall, he saluted Gwawl the son of Clud, and his company, both men and women. "Heaven prosper thee," said Gwawl, "and the greeting of Heaven be unto thee." "Lord," said he, "May Heaven reward thee, I have an errand unto thee." "Welcome be thine errand, and if thou ask of me that which is just, thou shalt have it gladly." "It is fitting," answered he. "I crave but from want, and the boon that I ask is to have this small bag that thou seest filled with meat." A request within reason is this," said he, "and gladly shall thou have it. Bring him food." A great number of attendants arose and begun to fill the bag, but for all that they put into it, it was no fuller than at first. "My soul," said Gwawl, "will thy bag be ever full?" "It will not, I declare to Heaven," said he, "for all that may be put into it, unless one possessed of lands, and domains, and treasure, shall arise and tread down with both his feet the food that is within the bag, and shall say, 'Enough has been put herein.' Then said Rhiannon unto Gwawl the son of Clud, "Rise up quickly." "I will willingly arise," said he. So he rose up, and put his two feet into the bag. And Pwyll turned up the sides of the bag, so that Gwawl was over his head in it. And he shut it up quickly and slipped a knot upon the thongs, and blew his horn. And thereupon behold his household came down upon the palace. And they seized all the host that had come with Gwawl, and cast them into his own prison. And Pwyll threw off his rage, and his old shoes, and his tattered array; and as they came in, every one of Pwyll's knights struck a blow upon the bag, and asked, "What is here?" "A Badger," said they. And in this manner they played, each of them striking the bag, either with his foot or with a staff. And thus played they with the bag. Every one as he came in asked, "What game are you playing at thus?" "The game of Badger in the Bag," said they. And then was the game of Badger in the Bag first played.

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#### ART. X.

1. *Memoirs of Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent.* By JEDEDIAH STEPHENS TUCKER, Esq. 2 Vols. Bentley.
2. *Life and Adventures of Admiral Sir Francis Drake.* By JOHN BARROW, Esq. Murray.

EACH of these works has a separate and individual character. The one treats of naval tactics at an early period in the history of our navy, the other of the life of one of its most rigid disciplinarians in the service at a more recent period, and of his tactics at an epoch, when our position with the world demanded and elicited the highest order of naval talent. The two works may be well noticed under

one head, as they serve to exhibit the progress that had been effected in the management and direction of naval affairs within the space of two centuries—but as our limits this month will only permit us to place them in conjunction, we must dismiss the latter, after having made one or two extracts, commending it as worthy to be read with the former, by those who are desirous of forming an estimate of the progress alluded to. The life of Sir Francis Drake is too well known, to require comment, and therefore we present merely as specimens of his own style of narrative, the subjoined. First, Drake's recommendation that provisions should be supplied :

The advantage of tyme and place in all marciall accyons is half a victory, which being lost is irrecoverable, wherefore, if your Majestie will comand me away with those shipes which ar here alredeye, and the rest to follow with all possible expedyceyon, I hold it in my poor opynyon the surest and best cowlse, and that they bring with them vittuals suffycient for themselves and us, to the intent the service be not utterly lost for want thereof: Whereof I most humbly beseche your most excellent Majestie to have such consideracyon as the wayghtenes of the cawse reqwyrethe. For an Ynglyshman being farre from his country and seing a presente wante of vittuall to insue, and perseaving no benefytt to be lowked for, but only blowes, will hardlye be browght to staye.

Second, this description of a naval engagement :

Thereupon every man shifted as he might for the time, and heaving the planks overboard, they took such few weapons as they had: namely, a broken pointed rapier, one old fisee, and a rusty calliver: John Drake took the rapier, and made a gauntlet of his pillow; Richard Allen took the fisee, both standing at the head of their pinnace, called the *Lion*; Robert Cluich took the calliver, and so boarded. But they found the frigate armed round about with a close fight of hides, full of pikes and callivers, which were discharged in their faces, and deadly wounded those that were in the fore-ship: John Drake in his belly, and Richard Allen in his head. But notwithstanding their wounds, they, with care, shifted off the pinnace and got clear of the frigate, and with all haste recovered their ship.

And last, a portion of one of the Admiral's despatches :

This bearer came a board the ship I was in, in a wonderfull good tyme, and brought with hym as good knowlege as we could wyshe: his carfullness therein is worthy recompence, for that God hathe geven us so good a daye in forcyng the enemy so far to leeward, as I hope in God the prince of Parma and the Duke of Sedonya shall not shake hands this ffewe dayes. And whensoever they shall meett, I beleve nether of them will greatly reioyce of this dayes Servis. The towne of Callys hathe seene som parte therof, whose mayer her Majestie is beholding unto: Busynes comands me to end. God bless her Majestie our Gracyous Soveraygne and geve us all

grace to leve in his feare. I assure your Honor this dayes service hath much apald the enemy, and no dowbt but encouraged our armye. From a board her Majestie's good ship the *Revenge*, this 29th July 1588. Your Honor's most redy to be comanded,

"FRA : DRAKE.

Ther must be great care taken to send us monycyon and Vittuall whether soever the enemy goeth.

To the Righte Honorable

Sir Francis Walsingham,

knichte.

Haste, haste, post haste, for Her Majesties service.

Earl St. Vincent was the second son of Swynfyn Jervis, Esq., a gentleman of an old Staffordshire family, and was born January 22d, 1734. He was intended for the law.—His desire for the sea was great, and having run away from school, he was subsequently allowed to gratify his taste, and became a midshipman in January, 1748. Not long after, his father dishonoured his draft for £20, and the youth never afterwards would receive a sixpence from his family. He worked his way, through many privations, was made a lieutenant in 1755, and was flag lieutenant to Sir Charles Saundefs in the siege of Quebec, when the gallant Wolfe perished. He had been a schoolmate of Wolfe's, and—

On the night previous to the battle, after all the orders for the assault were given, Sir James Wolfe requested a private interview with his friend ; at which, saying that he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of the morrow, but he was sure he should die on the field of glory, Sir James unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady, with whose heart his own "blended," he delivered it to Commander Jervis, intreating, that if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were too completely fulfilled, and Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther.

In October 1761, he obtained post rank, and remained for six years on half pay. In 1778, he commanded the *Foudroyant*, 84, under Admiral Keppel, and became an important witness for the Admiral on the court martial instituted by Sir Hugh Palliser. His evidence occupies several pages of Mr. Tucker's work. In April 1782, he captured the French line-of-battle-ship *Pégase*. The engagement lasted three quarters of an hour, and no life was lost on board his vessel. This is the account of the action as described by our author.

The two ships were running at the rate of eleven knots, with the wind on the starboard quarter, the enemy being rather on the weather bow of the *Foudroyant*. When they were nearly within hail of each other, and before

a gun had been fired, the officer on the Foudroyant's fore-castle called out, "She has put her helm up to rake us, sir." On that Captain Jervis's first impulse was, to put the Foudroyant's helm a-starboard, and deliver her broadside from her starboard guns; but it had already occurred to young Bowen that the contrary manœuvre would enable the Foudroyant to give the first fire, and instead of being raked, to rake her opponent; and so forcibly did this strike the boy, that he could not help exclaiming, "Then if we put our helm to port, we shall rake her." Captain Jervis immediately caught the idea; and feeling the force of it, "You are right Bowen," he said, conceding the credit to whom it was due; and giving his orders accordingly, thus commenced his action. As the enemy hauled up, Captain Jervis clewed up his main-sail, took in his studding sails, and passing under his opponent's stern, at the distance of about twenty fathoms, continued his raking fire. It seemed that carnage threw the chase into confusion; for she then ran right before the wind, her sails and everything being in the greatest disorder. Perceiving this, Captain Jervis determined on boarding, and laid the Foudroyant on the enemy's larboard side, a little abaft the main mast. Headed by young Bowen, his boarders were soon in possession of the enemy's deck, struck her colours with cheers, and thus, at one A. M., the action having lasted three quarters of an hour, ceased.

\* The following is the author's account of the nature and effect of the discipline on board the Foudroyant:—

Not a few are the very old officers whom the writer of these memoirs has had the honour to meet, who recollected her, and who took delight in talking about how "great a thing it was then thought to go on board the Foudroyant; with what awe they used to approach Sir John Jervis! what a stern officer he was! what an object of curiosity the ship was to all in the port! but especially to the officer, who when any important piece of duty was going on (let the young midshipman mark this) used then to make an interest to be admitted on board, for the express purpose of learning from the very best model of the day,

In a reply to his sister concerning one of her sons, Sir John Jervis wrote as follows. Let the reader contrast this with the tender-heartedness at the present day:—

I forgot to answer the passage in your letter relative to Edward, which I now do briefly thus: His choice of our profession must be entirely his own: and he should be made to understand, that I do not encourage it, by any means. That he must lie in the berth with the other midshipmen; live as they do; and have no other distinction whatsoever; for the first year, he must rise at break of day; and apply closely to his studies, and to his seamanship; be very subordinate and respectful to all in authority over him, and never repine at the hardships and impositions he is bound to bear in common with others. The life is a very rigorous one, and what few boys, educated as he has been, can bear. If he chooses to embark on these terms, I shall be ready to receive him; but if he disgraces me and his family afterwards, by turning his back, I shall bury in total oblivion his alliance of

blood, (which is no tie to me when unaccompanied by manly virtue,) and have no other feeling about him than I should have for any other indifferent person entrusted to my care, who acted in such a manner, as not to merit my esteem and regard. I forgot to mention, that after the first year, in which I expect he will become master of the theory of navigation, he must watch and do his duty with punctuality and alertness; and at least with as much precision as the best midshipman in the ship,—for I shall always exact *more* from a near relative than from those I receive on recommendation. Henry is gone to his business again, but he has been rallied about his illness, and the plan to let the ship sail without him, as well as for carrying his new bought sword, unknown to me (I mean the purchase) to Longwood, as the officers tell him, to swagger before the shepherd-boys, and to cut the rabbits' heads off at their holes. He takes it all as I could wish him to do. I must beg you will never order him any clothes without my participation, for I shall make him wear his worst jacket through the winter; he must not, on any account be more expensive in dress or pocket money, than the others.

Sir John Jervis married in 1783, but his sentiments were opposed to such a course with regard to his officers. On hoisting the flag of vice admiral in 1793, when his officers were chosen from his early followers, he expressed his opinions on the subject. Mr. Tucker has stated that—

The appointment of another previous follower, Mr. Bayntum, had been preceded by a trifle, which even now it is difficult to recollect without a smile. On the first report of Sir John Jervis being about to hoist his flag, Mr. Bayntum applied to rejoin him; and daily watching the post for his reply, one morning he was astounded that it should be this rather chuffish note:—Sir, You having thought fit to take to yourself a wife, are to look for no further attentions from Your humble servant, J. Jervis. Now marriage most assuredly was, in Sir John Jervis's naval code, *the* nautical misdemeanour; officers intending it he would call "moonstruck." But while loftier annals than these are alone fit to record how truly worthy, as a hero, Mr. Bayntum was of his great patron; here it may be permitted to tell, how singularly similar, in their most sage principles of being wedded only to their profession, and how equal in unconquerable valour in maintaining them these mighty men were. Mr. Bayntum too was fated to be smitten, and transgress. As yet, however, being only an officer after the admiral's own heart, and not yet a lunatic, his reply, in "all astonishment," that any one could imagine him capable of the crime, was, as has been since ascertained from himself, "a request to know who could have so traduced him, and injured him in Sir John's opinion; for that he abhorred the idea as much as Sir John did." And this was couched in language showing that he was but in right earnest in his protestations, and alarmed at his peril. Explanations followed; letters had been misdirected by Lady Jervis; and the officer, who had received the favourable answer intended for Mr. Bayntum, was obliged to exchange it for the discouraging *coup*, to which he had rendered himself liable.

But a shadowy outline of Lord St. Vincent's career has been given by us; yet it is incumbent upon us to declare,—notwithstanding the occasional errors of his biographer, that we have been pleased with the work. It has made us acquainted with points in the Admiral's character which have never before been made public, points which elevate the character, worthy of study and imitation by all those engaged in naval affairs. The midshipman may take a lesson from the life—and the sternest admiral be incited to lofty strokes of discipline and justice by a perusal of it. What farther recommendation can be given to those who most naturally will ask, can this work be of any value?

Having said this, however, it may not be inappropriate to add, as it is probable, from our general remarks, that we may be deemed an admirer of the work *in toto*, that to the mass of readers it will not prove matter of entertainment or instruction. Its lessons are for those who live in ships—or rather ships of war.

As a piece of biography, it is not fitted, from its diffuse character, to suit those who read for reading's sake. The Earl St. Vincent was a peculiar man—one of the old school, that has now nearly passed into oblivion; and his name, though somewhat eminent among naval heroes, is not, and, by no possibility, can be, elevated above the dead level of those thousand others who may possibly fill a niche in the temple of fame, but will seldom be pointed out, save as associates with other more exalted heroes, who are continually present to the world's eye. We intend not to be disrespectful to the memory of the very worthy subject of these Memoirs, but it appears to us that a work so voluminous as this, was not required to attest, or record, the virtues of the Admiral. Indeed, it rather has a tendency to throw the reader back from his pursuit by many dull details, which neither please the fancy, excite the imagination, affect the heart, or present one substantial reason for their presence.

Book-making, however, has now arrived to be such a mechanical process, that it cannot be surprising that both publishers and authors are behind the spirit of the age in throwing their materials together.

The time assuredly is not far distant, when such Memoirs as these will not be considered, presented in such a state as they are now found, worthy of the fair paper stained by them. This is not to be regretted. There are so many subjects more worthy of attention in this enlightened age—there are so many works which give the world all that can be demanded with regard to such a man as Sir John Jervis, that more is superfluous.—Truly, this is superfluity upon superfluity, more especially as there is little that is new to the world in the pages of the book, and the Admiral's Life has been attempted in various ways.

ART. XI.—*Replies of Sir Charles Shaw to Lord Ashley, regarding the Education and Moral and Physical Condition of the Labouring Classes.*—John Ollivier.

THE submission of the many to a very small number, has been a subject of reflection to every writer on the origin of law. It is founded on a conviction of the necessity of being governed, and of having life and property protected. The different states of society yield that submission as far as certain points. The patriarchal rule prevailed in the earliest times among one species of the human race. Some uncivilized tribes, during active war, tender obedience to one chief over all others, and on the cessation of hostilities each returns to his individual independence. The gradual formation of government arises out of the wants of men, and their different mental powers and acquisitions; the leading characteristics of its infancy to maturity are force, fraud, and cunning, which prevail until gradually experience and information show the governed their abject state; then attempts are made to obtain a government for the good of the many, and to restrain the usurpations of the few. With fluctuating successes, generations struggle to prevent power, on the one hand, from assuming too much, and liberty, on the other hand, from running into excess. The physical force of the people gives a sufficient democratical ascendancy to the enlightened among them, to establish principles of legislation which they deem sufficient to protect them from a continuation of the evils from which they had suffered. The people trust to their rulers for an observance of those principles, and the practical consequences of them. Officials who wield, in their different departments, the executive power, find that their own immediate interests are not promoted by honestly advancing the general good; and, in process of time, a silent confederacy is woven, by the leaders and dependants of every department, to support their whole system of gradually increasing exactions; and, when opposed, they all unite to crush any individual or party coming forward to preserve or renew those principles founded with so much toil and danger. England suffered by such a confederacy, which succeeded the violence of the reigns of the last Tudors. It received its first check from the "Apology of the Commons to James I." in the second year of his reign;\* then, from Cromwell and his allies, they only scotched

\* What cause we poor Commons have to watch over our privileges is manifest in itself to all men. The prerogatives of the Prince may easily, and do daily grow. The privileges of the subject are, for the most part, at an everlasting stand. They may be, by good Providence and care, preserved; but being once lost, are not to be recovered but with much disquiet.—*Hallam's Constitutional History*, p. 417.

See Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 285, 8vo., or Chancellor Hyde's great and patriotic views, and his strictures on the misuse of regal and ministerial influence.

#### 74 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

the snake, which, as soon as the iron grasp of the Protector was loosened by death, raised again its hydra head, and with fluctuating vigour usurped the power, patronage, and wealth of this realm, until the evil had spread far and wide, and threatened even the supremacy of the Protestant church. With lingering steps the people, debased by the reaction, at last came forward, and reasserted their right to be governed for the general good; and, while keeping steadily to the Protestant cause, strengthened themselves by an alliance with a prince whose greatest interests were opposed to those of the monarch who had been driven away. Awed, in some degree, by his decision of character, and knowledge of aristocracies, as they were in that day, the confederacy (which, being one of self-interest, is transmitted to the successors in each department), anticipating a less rugged field of operations, seemed to practice with more caution, until a female reign, and the probability of a foreign Protestant collateral branch being the successor to the throne, let them loose, and they revelled with only those interludes of party recriminations and struggles for ascendancy, which added value to the prize contended for, until the system of delusion, depredation, and corruption had attained perfection.\* The weaker and long rejected party being unable to gain any share of power and patronage, apparently broke up the mutual confederacy against the many, and, denouncing their opponents, united with the people. The result was the Reform Bill; and since, such other reformatory measures as each party has wrested from the other, under the aspect of being voluntary, but in reality only concessions, pared down to the minimum the public can be induced to receive as instalments. To that point the governing parties of

\* In a petition from the county of York, signed by 9000 freeholders, and presented by Sir G. Savile in February, 1780, are the following words: "Your petitioners observe with grief, that, notwithstanding the calamitous and impoverished condition of the nation, much public money has been improvidently squandered, and that many individuals enjoy sinecure places with exorbitant emoluments and pensions unmerited by public service, to a large and still increasing amount; whence the Court has acquired a *great and unconstitutional influence*, which, if not checked, may soon prove fatal to the liberties of the country." Twenty-five other counties followed the example, and many great towns.—*Wyll's Political Papers*, vol. i. p. 7. Even Samuel Johnson wrote that "the usurpation of the nobility, for they apparently usurp all the influence they gain by fraud and misrepresentation; I think it certainly lawful, perhaps your duty, to resist. What is not their own they have only by robbery.—*Life, by Boswell*, vol. ii. p. 472, 4to. The celebrated address and petition of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London to the King, March, 1770, contains the following sentence: "The forms of the Constitution, like those of religion, were not established for the form's sake, but for the substance; and we call God and men to witness, that as we do not owe our liberty to those nice and subtle distinctions, which places, pensions, and other lucrative employments have invented; so neither will be deprived of it by them; but as it was gained by the stern virtue of our ancestors, by the virtue of their descendants shall it be preserved." "Party the abuse of party, is the master evil of our times."—*Lord Brougham's Letter on Reform*.



England have arrived, and will probably remain for some time, until a greater extension is given to the franchise.

We make no reference to the noble, true, and extended views of many disinterested individuals, some of whose successful labours will be referred to in the sequel. To make our object clear, a general outline must be given of the present state of those confederacies, that we may enter boldly on the question of the necessity of first subduing the assumptions of power, and then of regulating each department, that general good shall be the consequence instead of individual interest.

It would far exceed our limits, and perhaps our ability, to illustrate fully the condition of the age in which we live ; that condition is the existing result of former ages, and a position in the progressive tendency of mankind towards true civilization. The general characteristics of it must, however, be given to show that our views are not premature, that they are practical, and that England is (if other nations are not) ready to receive them and to profit by them. First, general information has been so far diffused, that the great bulk of the people is rising above the condition of mere labourers destined to live and die in harness. Historians, legislators, conquerors, have hitherto considered the few, the rich, the powerful, the great of the earth, excepting when the remainder has been briefly alluded to, or in paroxysms of distress has compelled their rulers to give them some brief attention. *Now* we hear of the rights of the many—of the policy, the propriety, the duty of diffusing religion and knowledge throughout the length and breadth of the land. Those opinions are being adopted by the most neglected classes, who begin to see, though dimly, that, being a part of the community, they are entitled to more consideration, to protection, to greater means of comfort and self-culture, and that, though poor and powerless here, they were, by their creation, designed to some higher purpose, to some happier end. That is one chief characteristic of this age, and one of the keys by which a vast field for reflection is opened, and which goes far to explain the nature of the state of transition in which we are, and of which we are all aware, and to point out the steps which must be taken to anticipate the movement which will ensue when those opinions and feelings are more matured. The next characteristic is the simultaneous attack on all monopolies, all assumptions of exclusive rights—on all arrogance or domineering of the governors over the governed, even in the warlike professions. All mystery in practical law, in home or foreign policy, now meet with attacks, and are subjected to scrutiny, condemnation, and ridicule. The highest intellectual capacities have nobly thrown open the portals of science, hitherto guarded by unknown tongues and hieroglyphical signs against the many, and diffused over the earth what is known of the wonders of nature, thus enlightening the uninformed with that

knowledge which leads the mind to contemplate the Creator in the beauty and perfection of His creation, and justify His ways to man. The practical results of scientific theories have been abused in their applications, and comprise necessarily some part of our future remarks. Literature, in the true meaning of the word, is no longer confined to the wealthier classes; cheaper editions, in every form, from the closely compressed bulky volume to the weekly or monthly number, are now sold in every village, or carried to every door, thus adding to the means of information. Another characteristic is not only the diffusion of religious instruction, but the toleration of every sect, of every shadow of opinion, which are only judged of as to their moral effects. Three more leading characteristics we think it right to enumerate. The first, the growing habits of temperance throughout our dominions; secondly, the active agency of educated and influential women in diffusing religious knowledge, by superintending the schools of the poor, by writings which vie in utility with the best productions of the age, and by examples which command the admiration of the world; thirdly, the general desire of peace, and the condemnation of war. Those characteristics originated with the people. No positive and marked improvements have been the consequences of reformatory voluntarily made by the leaders of the departments, and parties who have so long governed the state. No reformation of any single abuse was ever commenced and boldly carried through by any one leader. The public voice condemned the abuse, and by perseverance compelled the legislature to correct it. The most prominent instances are the abolition of slavery, the regulation of the labour of children, the poor-law of Ireland, the education of the poor, the settlement of tithes, the partial revision of the penal code, and attention to the subject of systematic colonization. Every abuse which has been mitigated, has found supporters among the interested and the ignorant.

We must proceed to show the state of the legislation of the country, and what the characteristics of the age require, and must ultimately obtain, in spite of the long-established and skilfully practised system which, by the help of delusion, has perpetuated abuse, and sustained it, to the last act of the eventful drama, by using the means possessed by governments, of intimidation and remuneration. Every hour sounds a knell to that departing system. As it grows weaker, the great principles of our institutions appear clearer and brighter, and the sovereign, as the first estate, becomes an object of greater reverence and solicitude; for when the system which has weighed as an incubus on human advancement, ceases to exist, then the political and personal influence of the sovereign will be felt in aiding the progress of improvement, and be looked upon as the real standard round which the nation will rally, instead

of being a pageant, with such restricted powers of action as constrict even the desire to either lead or support a mighty nation in their march to reach the high destiny for which their nature has adapted them, and which must produce the greatest degree of safety, honour, and happiness to the many, more particularly to the higher orders. With the growth of intelligence will be diffused morality, which infers a higher state of mind, leading public opinion to a more elevated system of government, until *moral politics* will supersede all former legislation, on the ground that falsehood is infinitely varied, while truth is invariably the same—on the now admitted truth that the government of a free people, to be secure, and to create a general confidence in the people of being secure, must listen with attention to public opinion, and legislate in accordance with their reasonable wishes.\*

It is admitted that no system of legislation is, or ever was, free from great imperfections. We might show, on very strong grounds, that though legislation commenced in every country, when the inhabitants were unenlightened, that the imperfections are not so often found in the *principles* then laid down, as in subsequent gradual deviations from them, for the purposes of personal interest, or the acquirement of power by innovating on principles, the preservation of which forms the greatest obstacles to despotism. The bulk of mankind are well aware, from the effects before them, that the imperfections exist, and, as they come home to every man, and directly or indirectly touch his interests, so every man rightly conceives himself interested in political matters. They all know that the declared object of governments is the good of the governed; but often condemn the law, instead of the want of foresight incident to man. It is true, as an abstract proposition, that "in civil affairs, the laws of all states in the world must yield to necessity."† The axiom is a dangerous one, and opens wide the headlong path to "expediency," that ignis fatuus of policy. Our limits forbid our entering the lists against a fearful array of authorities, on the question of expediency in civil legislation, and we are reluctantly compelled to give the result of all we might have said, in these few words:—*No violation of a principle should ever be allowed to be quoted as a precedent.* Had that axiom been adopted, and accurately upheld in practice, our laws would have been in a far better state than they are.

Another point of the deepest importance, from not having been brought within prescribed limits, has added to the intricacy and embarrassed state of our laws, and would be a subject worthy of the

\**Hooker's Ecc. Pol.*

† "To follow, not to force the public inclination; to give a direction, a form, a technical dress, and a specific sanction, to the general sense of the community, is the true end of legislature."—*Burke's Works*, vol. ii. p. 136.

application of the intellect of any man—the *latitude which should be permitted to legal interpretation*; in other words, how far the judges should be allowed to put their own interpretation on the acts of the legislature. No persons are so qualified as the judges to exercise that power; but the undue extension of it would become legislation, instead of interpretation, and has led to lamentable abuses, and long-continued assumptions of power, until the *practices* of the courts have been substituted for *principles*; and those practices have become so enormous as to require mitigation by parliament. Some decision on doubtful points of law must be given, and that right our courts exercise. It may be suggested, that if the judges of any court declare a point of law doubtful, that the issue should be in accordance with equity, without reference to analogical precedents. The French, when compiling their code, admitted the great evils which had ensued from the want of stringency in the rule, and manifested their sense of the difficulty of drawing the boundary line, and thus cut the Gordian knot. “*Il est defendre au juge, de prononcer par voie de la disposition generale et reglementaire, sur les causes qui leur sont sourmises.*” Thus all responsibility was taken from the judge; and, as a collateral effect, all precedents were reduced to mere opinions, to be estimated at only their worth; and the probability of oppression or injustice, arising from whatever source, diminished to a bare possibility. The power of the judges in this country to make laws and rules for the regulation of their courts, has no sufficient check; and, consequently, has been misused to the public injury. That so bold an assertion should not be unsupported, we will give a *precise* and succinct account of the administration of the Lords Chancellors Eldon, Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Cottenham, and then add only a few reformations which might have been made, in accordance with what the present age requires and calls for, with that low and firm tone which will be obeyed, because it is the voice of truth and reason.

Lord Eldon, by his luminous decisions, did much towards settling the rules of equity administered in the Court of Chancery, but left untouched every part of the cumbrous machinery by which those rules were put in operation. Lord Lyndhurst, on being appointed chancellor, gave at first some slight expectation of making improvements, but they dwindled in his lordship's general orders of the 3rd of April, 1828, into effects, which excited even the ridicule of the legal profession, who calculated that “they might possibly diminish the length of a chancery suit half a year, and the expenses, perhaps, three-pence in the pound.” The alterations, it would be incorrect to designate them reforms, are too technical to be understood by the general reader; it will therefore be sufficient to state, that certain proceedings, for which an order of court (although a mere

matter of form) must have been obtained, were directed to be taken without such order :—that certain notices might be served on the clerk in term, or solicitor, instead of personally on the party, by which, time and trifling expense were saved. The taxation of costs also was put on an improved footing :\* the security for costs required from a plaintiff residing abroad was raised from £40 to £100. Decrees and orders, which were charged for according to length, were discontinued, and a short form and fixed fee substituted. By this alteration a decree, which formerly cost £50, may now be had for as many shillings. The fee, per folio of ninety words, for copies of documents in the master's office, was reduced from sixpence to three-halfpence ; and many reforms, in practice unintelligible to the unprofessional reader, but of great benefit to the suitor, were effected.

When Lord Brougham resigned the custody of the great seal, in November, 1834, Lord Lyndhurst was reappointed chancellor, but did not hold that office for more than a few months ; for, on the Whigs being again called to the councils of his late Majesty, the great seal was put in commission, and ultimately confided to Lord Cottenham, who, having been brought up at the chancery bar, and being well versed in the practice of the court, devoted his mind to its improvement, from which resulted his orders of August 26th, 1841. By these the following alterations were effected :—

In lieu of the former expensive process of compelling the appearance of a defendant who had been served with a subpoena, the plaintiff may now enter an appearance for him, and proceed as if the defendant had done so himself. The orders of the court are to be obeyed without the necessity of issuing writs to enforce them, and persons who are *not* parties to a cause may be compelled to obey orders, or may enforce them in the same way as if they *were* parties. Defendants are only to answer such interrogatories in a bill as may be required, and the bill is to specify the interrogatories which each defendant is to answer. If the defendant do not plead, answer, or demur, the plaintiff, on giving notice, may proceed as if the defendant had traversed the case in the bill.

Where no account, payment, conveyance, &c. is required from a party to a suit, the plaintiff may serve him with the bill, and proceed without requiring an appearance or answer. Provisions are made to prevent delay on account of the want of parties. Master's reports,

\* Why should it be deemed *necessary* to tax a lawyer's costs? A merchant, banker, bookseller, or trader of any denomination, who sends in an account containing palpable overcharges, would be justly considered a rogue. But lawyers are permitted to take their chance of getting more than their due ; and often an arrangement is entered into to pay costs, as between attorney and client ; which, being interpreted, means an agreement to submit to greater charges than are honest and legal.

## 80 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

bills of revive, and petitions of appeal are rendered shorter by omitting certain recitals. Creditors are to be entitled to four per cent. on the account of their debts after the costs of the suit are satisfied.

The reforms, so called, effected by Lord Lyndhurst, since the Great Seal, was a third time submitted to his care (though nominally abolishing an office • which had long been considered the greatest clog upon the suitor), have in reality increased the delay and expense of chancery proceedings; so much so, indeed, that we find, from official documents, that the business of the court has materially diminished, the majority preferring to waive or compromise their rights rather than enforce them by the tedious and costly process they are compelled to adopt. In proof of this, we may state that, in 1841, one hundred and ninety-nine causes were set down for hearing before the Lord Chancellor; in 1842 one hundred and twelve causes; but at the end of Easter Term, 1843, after Lord Lyndhurst's new order came into operation, only seventeen were set down. These orders were framed in pursuance of an act of Parliament passed the end of last session, for abolishing certain offices in the High Court of Chancery—namely, the six clerks, and sworn clerks, commonly called clerks in court. The solicitors had long sought to be relieved from the intervention of those officers between themselves and the Court, having to pay them large fees for doing literally nothing; but they were not prepared to find fresh officers, appointed under different names, to perform the same duties, and exacting not only the same, but in many instances higher fees, as the following table will show :

<i>£ s. d.</i>				<i>£ s. d.</i>				
<i>Old fees</i> —	0	7	4	Filing every bill or information .....	<i>New fees</i> —	1	0	0
“	0	6	8	Entering an appearance .....	“	0	7	0
“	0	3	6	Filing plea, answer, or demurrer.....	“	0	10	0
“	0	6	8	Attending court with record, per diem	“	0	14	0

The old, an enormous fee of tenpence per folio of ninety words for copies of bills, answers, &c. filed in the office, has still to be paid; and the solicitor has not even the indulgence of credit till the termination of the suit, which he enjoyed under the old system. Previous to the above-mentioned act, the costs of a suit in chancery were taxed, nominally by the masters in ordinary, but in reality by the clerks in court, who, being paid by fees, according to the length of the bills, performed that duty well and expeditiously, as it was evidently their interest to do. By the act, six new officers, called taxing-masters, were appointed for that purpose. The Lord Chancellor, by his orders, in addition to all the old fees, has directed four per cent. on the amount of each bill to be paid into the Suitors' Fund, out of which the salaries of the newly-created officers are discharged. Lord Lyndhurst has also raised to fourpence per folio the fee for copies of bills of costs,

• The Six Clerks.

and also all documents in the Master's office, which we have shown Lord Brougham had previously reduced to three-halfpence. So much for the patchwork of reform, with which the public has been deluded from time to time by different chancellors. But no real benefit will be effected till the following principles have been carried out:

First—The salaries and payments of the judges, and all ministerial officers of the court, to be made by the government of the country.

Second—The abolition of all fees for the performance of such duties; thus leaving the suitor free of all charges but the expense of legal advice, should he require it.

Third—The mutual delivery of pleadings to each other by the parties to the suit, or their solicitors (as at common law), the expense to be ultimately borne by the unsuccessful one.

Fourth—Witnesses to be publicly examined and cross-examined, *vivâ voce*, and decrees to be worked out by the Judge who pronounced them, or by the Master, sitting in public, and *continuously* till the business be concluded.

It is the heavy fee demanded of the suitor, at every step in the cause, from some officer of the court, that amounts to a denial of justice; and the demand of a sovereign before a party can state his case by filing a bill, has very much the appearance of selling justice, contrary to the provisions of the great charter of the realm. Again, the demand of tenpence per folio for a copy of the plaintiff's bill, before a defendant is allowed to put his answer on the file, may consign a poor man to a lengthened imprisonment; for should the bill be two hundred folios, *a moderate length* (there was one the other day of *twelve hundred*), and he be worth £5, he cannot obtain an order to defend in *formâ pauperis*, and be relieved from the payment of fees; consequently, from inability to pay £8: 6s. 8d., he will be attached for want of answer, and be incarcerated till rendered poor enough to receive the charity of the court. Under the old system of clerks in court and credit, his solicitor, if satisfied of the justice of his case, would probably have assisted him, by taking the office copy, and putting in his answer; but as the fees must be paid on delivery, he may not like to be kept out of this and other advances till the end of the suit. Great as has been the falling off in the business of the court, considering that in its practical details it is rather a Court of Iniquity than of Equity, probably there is less suffering from the want of redress from the court, than that produced by filching, chicanery, robbery, long delay, and the unceasing attempts to curtail the claims of equity by the strict adaptation of verbal law.

The present age has so far advanced as to require a court whose judgments should be untrammelled by unnecessary technicalities;—one founded on principles of *pure equity*, in which no refusal should be given of such collateral evidence, in all points of doubtful

## 82 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

interpretation, as would lead to a true interpretation of intention.\* Wherever interpretation is doubtful, the error must have originated with the attorney who prepared, and the counsel who approved of the instrument containing the doubtful words, as every person knows how *he intends* to dispose of his property. Why non-professional persons should suffer from the ignorance or neglect of professional men, and not be permitted to produce collateral evidence of intention, is past the powers of sanity to say. It has sometimes happened that a Lord Chancellor has doubted if the matter before him came within the province of his court, and consequently has, as it were, suspended the case. That point should be directly settled by consultation with other judges, or great misery and injustice may ensue.† Old establish-

\* "General laws, are like general rules of physic, which may by no means be adapted to particular cases. They are imperfect, and must be remedied by equity, which bindeth the conscience in things without the reach of the law; for many things, that equity and honest meaning forbid, may be done by strictness of law to the ruin of others. And because no man can be presumed a competent judge in his own case, the most proper way must be to refer it to persons qualified and authorized for deciding the same."—*Hooker's Ecc. Pol. B. iv.*

† *The following Report appeared in "THE TIMES" of September 5th, 1833.*

HOUSE OF LORDS, Aug. 21st.

EX PARTE DUFRENE (WHO HAS BEEN IN PRISON THIRTY YEARS).

Mr. Dufrene appeared before the Lord Chancellor in his lordship's private room, having been brought up by *Habeas Corpus* from the King's Bench prison, to plead his own cause, that he might obtain a supersedeas of a commission of bankruptcy against him *for want of a good petitioning creditor's debt*.

He said that the greatest part of the affidavits on the opposite side were not relevant, and contained copies of long letters and much other matter which had no reference to the point in question, and were calculated to confuse judge, counsel, and all others, except the party most deeply interested in the case. His petition was entitled, "The Petition of John Dufrene, late of Leeds, in the county of York, merchant," and prayed that a commission of bankruptcy which was issued against him in the year 1812, by Thomas Randall, might be superseded. It also prayed for a rehearing of an original petition. The first of these petitions denied his having committed any act of bankruptcy when the docket was struck against him; and Lord Eldon, when he gave judgment on hearing that petition, said that the petitioning creditor might be indicted, but he thought he could not supersede the commission, as was reported in *Rose's Cases in Bankruptcy* for 1812. The second petition, which had often been heard without a decision, was last heard before Lord Eldon in 1817. It contained two principal points—one was a most improper and unreasonable commitment by the late 14th list of Commissioners of Bankruptcy; and the second was the want of a good petitioning creditor's debt. As a stigma always attached to a commitment, he should allude to it. *The affidavit* in support of his petition *set forth*, that at the second public meeting under the commission no creditor attended or offered to prove any debt except the petitioning creditor, who then chose himself, and was appointed sole assignee; that one hundred and eleven of his creditors, out of one hundred and twenty, had signed a document in his favour, reprobating the commission, and signifying their desire that it might be superseded; that at the third public meeting on the 28th of July, 1812, he surrendered himself before the commissioners, protested



ments, unless closely watched, accumulate power, like misers' wealth, little by little; and, as Lord Chief Justice Eyre truly said—"The law is a terrible engine of oppression, if the courts (or

against the validity of the commission, and said he would petition the Chancellor for a supersedeas; but he *submitted to be examined* by them, and the money he admitted to be in his possession was taken from him, which left him entirely dependant upon his friends; that the commissioners then, *of their own accord, adjourned* his final examination to the 22nd of August following, *until the validity of the commission should be decided*; and that on the 17th of August, when his petition came on to be heard, *his adversaries got it postponed*, and then the commissioners in the following week *committed him to prison, because he requested them to continue their adjournment*. Language would, he declared, utterly fail in the description of the accumulation of sufferings he had endured, deprived as he was of all power over what he might possess, and immured for upwards of twenty long years in a gaol where he could have no gratuitous allowance to keep soul and body together. Mr. Dufrene next proceeded to the second point in his petition—to show the want of a good petitioning creditor's debt. He entered into a detail of a long series of transactions between him and the petitioning creditor, as testimony of a complete set-off against the debt sworn to by that individual, and of the peculiarly harassing and cruel nature of the circumstances in which the unhappy prisoner was placed. He then read from his affidavit in support of his petition, that, at the last hearing of his petition, in 1817, Lord Eldon, on giving judgment, said, that although there might be *no debt* to sustain the commission, yet he could not supersede a commission of bankrupt for want of a petitioning creditor's debt, without a trial at law. The petition prayed that the commission might now be superseded at the expense of Thomas Randall, without a trial at law; and in support of this part of the prayer, he proceeded to show that a trial at law was not necessary, when, under the proceedings in his Lordship's court, a commission was proved to be invalid. Subsequently to the last hearing before Lord Eldon, in 1817, his lordship appeared to have changed his opinion respecting his want of power to supersede a commission of bankruptcy without a trial at law; for, in about a week afterwards, he superseded the commission of one Richard Crossley, for want of a petitioning creditor's debt, without a trial at law.

His lordship also superseded the first commission against Howard and Gibbs in the same way. The Vice-Chancellor (Sir John Leach), on the 2nd of August, 1821, superseded the commission of one William Holding, who was a prisoner in the King's Bench, for want of a petitioning creditor's debt at the time of the act of bankruptcy, notwithstanding Holding had failed in an action against the commissioners, for committing him to Newgate, in which action the validity of the commission ought to have been one of the chief points in issue. On the 25th of January, 1825, the Vice-Chancellor superseded a commission, viz., "Ex parte Clay, in the matter of Hippon, a Bankrupt," on the ground that the petitioning creditor's debt, when the commission issued, was insufficient. On the 4th of March, 1825, in "Ex parte Draper, in the matter of Draper, a Bankrupt," Lord Eldon superseded the commission not only without a trial at law, but in the face of an action then pending, which would have tried the validity of the commission. Mr. Dufrene cited other cases in proof of the strong nature of his claim to have the commission superseded, without a trial at law, and again alluded to the condition to which he had been degraded by proceedings wholly at variance with the letter and spirit of British law.

The solicitor on the opposite side attended, but no counsel appeared, and no defence was made on the part of the petitioning creditor.

The Lord Chancellor rose *without giving judgment*, and said he would recon-

#### 84 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

the legislature) will not look into the abuses of its proceedings." It is evident, from experience, that there is no probability of the Lords Chancellors reforming, as is required, the court over which they preside. The legislature should directly take this great matter in hand, and proceed with circumspection and caution, watching the effect of each step. Lawyers should, on no pretext, be allowed to interfere; but be bound as witnesses, on oath, not only to answer truly every question, but to make known every point which is believed by them to lead practically to a delay, a denial, or unnecessary expense of justice. The country has hitherto been fooled by the delusory reforms proposed by lawyers. "The true lawgiver ought to have a heart full of sensibility;—he ought to love and respect his kind, and to fear himself." Whether such feelings have been exhibited in this country by the actual lawmakers and the courts, let their violence, encroachments, imprisonments, criminal jurisprudence, and resistance to real improvement give the answer. From the executions for the forgery of bank notes, and for passing them, to the placing of women on the treadmill;—from upholding the infamous assumption, in violation of the Great Charter, of imprisonment for civil actions of account, to incarceration for suppositious contempt of court.\*

sider the affidavits, and send his secretary to Mr. Dufrene. Shortly after, Lord Brougham resigned the seals of office, and, consequently, had no further judicial authority in the matter; but his lordship never sent his secretary to the miserable man who thus addressed him. "Language," he declared, "would utterly fail in the description of the accumulation of sufferings he had endured—deprived as he was of all power over what he might possess, and immured for THIRTY LONG YEARS in a gaol where he could have no gratuitous allowance to keep soul and body together; that his friends are now dead, by whom he was supported, and that life was in jeopardy through extreme privations, as, in the Queen's Bench, there is no gratuitous allowance to sustain life."

As there is no doubt either as to the facts or the practice, we are justified in doubting the existence of any oppression as hollow in principle as dreadful in the uncertainty of obtaining sustenance, and as prolonged among the civilized nations of the world. The case, and the law (a mockery of the word) dependant on it, demand the immediate attention of the Legislature.

\* Bentham—*Deontology*, vol. ii. p. 155—when dissecting the pretension and inutility of attributing *motives*, and not considering *results*, says—"What acts, however outrageously and extensively mischievous, but may be excused and justified, if the motives of the actor, instead of the consequences of the act, become the test of right and wrong? Perhaps there never was a group of more conscientious and well-intending men than the early inquisitors; they verily believed they were doing God service; they were under the influence of motives most religious and pious, while they were pouring out blood in rivers, and sacrificing, amid horrid tortures, the wisest and best of their race." Bentham, when he penned that sentence, could not have read "Llorente's History of the Inquisition," the only authentic history extant. He was the secretary of the Spanish Tribunal from 1789 to 1791, and compiled his work from the Archives. An admirable abridgment of it by Miss Joanna Plimer, comprising everything necessary to be known relative to the laws by which it was governed, the nature of the tortures,

Notwithstanding these severe truths, only one country is superior in the protection of life and property to our own—only one, where equity takes precedence of law, and where a constituted primary tribunal, in which no lawyer practises, after *hearing* the parties, and discussing the case, recommends an adjustment in conformity with moral right—that country is Norway. Lord Brougham has recommended the establishment of a similar court here; but we are not yet sufficiently civilized to adopt it, and require, perhaps, another generation to purge away the legal virus with which we are so deeply inoculated.

We have said that the governing parties in the State have reached that point in the progress of reformation, that each is willing to obtain from the other such concessions as cannot be long refused the public voice. Slow and imperfect as the progress is, and difficult as it is to get a footing for reason, principles, and knowledge founded on experience, some advance is made every session of Parliament, and every year the dead weight of prejudice and ignorance is more undermined, or wanes away with the passing generation. Sir William Temple justly said—"Could we suppose a body politic framed perfect in its first conception or institution, yet it must fall into decay—not only from the force of accidents, but even from the very rust of time; and at certain periods must be furnished up, or reduced to its first principles, by the appearance and exercise of some great virtues, or some great severities." What is Conservatism?—what Whiggism?—what Chartism?—what Liberalism? We reply, different modes of viewing the same subjects—different methods of obtaining the same ends, *exclusive of individual and party feelings*. That now historical personage, the old rank Tory, would not venture to affirm that the constitution, or state, should be without the means of such changes as necessity, or the advance of mankind require; for, without that power of renovation, it would be without the means of conservation. The more modern Conservative scouts the doctrine of finality in government, and professes to oppose the obstinacy that rejects all

and the celebrated trials, including that of Don Carlos, has been long before the world. The style is clear, graceful, and nervous, and bears no mark of being virtually a close and correct translation, but reads like the polished composition of an original work. We quote the following sentence, from which the reflecting mind may deduce undefined horrors:—"Never has a prisoner of the Inquisition seen either the accusation against himself, or any other. No one was ever permitted to know more of his own cause than he could learn of it by the interrogations and accusations to which he was obliged to reply; and by the extracts from the declarations of the witnesses, which were communicated to him, while not only their names were carefully concealed, and every circumstance relating to time, place, and person, by which he might obtain a clue to discover his denouncers, but even if the depositions contained anything favourable to the defence of the prisoner.

improvement, the levity that is tired of what it possesses, and the recklessness that would rush headlong into paths untried by experience. The Liberal declares, that expediency ought to be the statesman's creed, and that legislation should adapt itself to every varying occurrence; that principles are names, and vary with the circumstances of the times. The Chartist is restless, and mistakes *vox populi* for *vox Dei*; and under the influence of that impression conceives that he cannot go wrong, and would hasten on he knows not for what end or for what purpose. Thus, while all parties in the state abstractedly profess and mean what is right, each villifies the rest, each suspects the rest, and no two will cordially co-operate for the general good. Thus, the public weal is sacrificed, the progress of civilization retarded, and errors in principles are left to produce accumulating evils, which, like physical diseases, become every day more difficult to eradicate.\* The reforms required in this country are too numerous, too deeply insinuated into the machinery of the system, to be capable of sudden renovation: time, caution, and great circumspection are required; as the interests of a nation for generations have become interwoven with the errors, and cannot be untwisted and wound up again so as to preserve every man's right, without consummate sagacity and care. So long as factions wage untiring opposition to each other's views, will uncertainty in reformation be the result; like a balance vibrating from the varying weights thrown first into the one scale, then into the other. Advancing intelligence, and public opinion resulting from it, generally expressed, will at last seize, with irresistible force, the balance beam, and shake the false weights from the scale, never again to be intruded into them. Disorder follows corruption in a state, which must be cleansed away, and the working parts reorganized by good and experienced men, who will bring back, as nearly as may be, the system to first principles—that is, to foundations of reason and truth. Then the pseudo-axioms relative to factions and parties will evaporate, and the want of remorse and shame attributed to them, because none were individually responsible, will be only a badge affixed to their history as indicating their more than common weakness, short-sightedness, and selfishness.

The first characteristic of the age of which we spoke, the great diffu-

\* "In the political world, errors of opinion, which may well be called 'vulgar,' from their universality, are the sources of much uncharitableness and suffering. Such are those which make consummate characters either in depravity or virtue; those which refer every motion of public men to political motives; which attribute every action to ends and purposes which belong to them as politicians, and none to those which belong to them as men; which lay every instance of supposed misconduct in public men to the account of the depravity of the heart, and none to the imbecility of the head; which suppose everything immoral which appears inexpedient."—BENTHAM *Deontology*, vol. ii. p. 140.

sion of information leading the middle and labouring classes to draw comparative estimates between the hereditary legislators and the remainder of the aristocracy and themselves, as parts of a great people, has broken down for ever the barriers of distinction founded on the accidental difference of birth and wealth. It has declared, with a searching voice, that there is a community of interest, there is a mutual dependance, but a greater dependance of the aristocratic few on the labouring many; it has given warning that the hitherto absorbing private interests of the ruling few must cease, and that one and all will be held responsible for the public trust, which their position calls on them to exercise. With that warning the just estimation of the performance of those duties has increased, while ability, industry, and worth in the high-born man point him out as an object of public esteem and of value to his country, whatever be his political opinions. Though wealth still exerts great authority, though influence still predominates in the working of the executive government, the standard of public estimation is more defined and is raised, and a check put on all obvious and overt attempts to use the influences of power for selfish objects. All the intelligent condemn and hold in contempt partisan opposition to healthful legislation. That characteristic having laid the foundation, the superstructure must gradually rise, but in this imperfect state perfection can never be attained. The builders of this mighty fabric must respond in character to what Burke long since described, "a strenuous resistance to every appearance of lawless power; a spirit of independence, carried to some degree of enthusiasm; an inquisitive character to discover, and a bold one to display, every corruption and every error of government; these are the qualities which recommend a man to a seat in the House of Commons." He who possesses and manifests them will be considered as public property, and remain there until, full of years and honours, he retires to make room for the infusion of younger blood, trained in the self-same school.

The next characteristic on which we shall touch is the universal desire, among not only the enlightened but the working classes, for *peace*, and the unequivocal condemnation of war, as combining the greatest folly and the greatest wickedness. The same sentiment has shown itself in all ages and all countries, as if to keep alive one spark of the feelings of our primeval state. The Essenes among the Jews, the Pariahs of the East—the Moravians, the Quakers, are sects professing peace. In the two first centuries of our era no Christians were to be found in the Roman armies, and many soldiers and officers of rank who were converted, died by the hands of the executioner in preference to serving as warriors. The history of war and its horrors cannot constitute any part of our remarks, and we therefore dismiss that part of the subject with the sincerest hope that never again will "*Te Deum laudamus*" be sung with the accompani-

ment of artillery, the crackling of burning dwellings, the screams of defenceless women, the cries of helpless infancy, the groans of the dying, and shouts of the victorious troops, as has been often done among Christian nations.\* The historian may trace effects from dreadful battles, and consider them the axes which have turned the progress of civilization in a right direction. The philosopher may ask, if the same results might not have been obtained without them. The politician, and one modern moralist,† may prate of the "expediency" of war, and draw fine-spun theories of the amount of general good deduced from the conflicts being greater than the individual misery incident to the executive part of war and the conduct of the soldiery; but the least reflection scatters all such paradoxes to the wind, and comes at once to the conclusion, that no efforts of human ingenuity can justify offensive war. Defensive war, when hearth and life are to be preserved, is a different question. Where statesmen make the former end, and the latter begin, is a point yet to be settled. Some illustrations are afforded by the conduct of Russia towards the inhabitants of the Caucasus—of England towards China, Affghanistan, and Scinde—and of France towards Algeria. Until *late*ly, to use the words of Bentham, "nothing can be worse than the general feeling on the subject of war. The church, the state, the ruling few, the subject many, all seem to have combined in order to patronize vice and crime in their widest sphere of evil." Again, "Of all that is pernicious in admiration, the admiration of heroes is the most pernicious; and how delusions should have made us admire what virtue should teach us to hate and loathe, is among the saddest evidences of human folly; the crimes of heroes seem lost in the vastness of the field they occupy." The era of war in Western Europe has passed for ever; the diffusion of information among the people has sounded its knell; the scorn of ridicule has pronounced, in the deepest bathos, its funeral dirge. The unlettered

\* "Here commenced a scene, to describe which history has no language, poetry no pencil, neither the innocence of childhood, nor the debility of old age; neither youth, sex, beauty, nor condition, could disarm the fury of the conquerors. Fifty-three dead bodies of women who had been beheaded were found in the cathedral; the Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the flames; Pappenheims Walloons with murdering infants at the breast. Some officers entreated Tilly to stop the effusion of blood. 'Return in an hour,' was his stern reply, 'the soldier must have some reward for his toils.' The entire amount of the slaughtered, was calculated at 30,000. The next day a solemn mass was performed, and *Te Deum* sung under a discharge of artillery."—*Schiller's Thirty Years' War—Siege of Magdebourg.*

Sixteen different nations, under Napoleon, sacked Moscow, their conduct was much the same as the monsters at Magdebourg, and the behaviour of our own troops at Cindad, Rodrigo, and St. Sebastian, was of a description, *though the sufferers were our allies*, to call for repeated denunciations from Wellington. His 'Despatches' have many bitter complaints of the plundering of his troops.

† Paley.

sailors, when burying two hundred Chinese slain in a conflict, wrote upon a placard over their tomb, "*This here is the rode to gloary*"—the bitterest sarcasm ever uttered against that delusive phantom which so long has led mankind into a mirage, only to dabble them in blood and sin. The people have formed among themselves societies for the "Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace," and the essays published by them are *stereotyped*, and are redolent of reason, piety, learning, and illustration by historical facts. It was only a few months since that a meeting of "A Peace Convention" was held at Exeter Hall, and we copy, three of their resolutions:—

"The Convention is of opinion that one of the greatest securities against the recurrence of international warfare, would be the recognition of the principle of arbitration, and the introduction of a clause into treaties between nations, binding them to refer all differences that may arise to the adjudication of one or more friendly powers, and it earnestly recommends the adoption of that practice.

"That a congress of nations to settle and perfect the code of international law, and a high court of nations to interpret and apply that law for the settlement of all national disputes, should be constantly kept in view by the friends of peace, and urged upon the governments as one of the best practical modes of settling, peacefully and satisfactorily, such international disputes.

"That this Convention regard the mutual dependance of nations upon each other, arising out of the unrestricted interchange of their legitimate productions, as one of the best sureties for peace."

Though many of the early fathers, many historians, and even Erasmus, have written on the unlawfulness of war in vain, because they addressed either a sect, or a few informed persons, the progressive accession and diffusion of intelligence of our own day, places the whole matter in a very different position, and public opinion will ultimately compel this and other governments to follow the dictates of reason, and the results of negotiations on all national disputes, instead of having recourse to war, and subjecting thousands to misery, and generations to the weight of debt incurred to support the most unreasonable and indefensible of human actions. In the present state of (as yet) half civilized Europe, there can be no doubt of the necessity of being prepared to resist aggression, and by showing nations, yet inclined to renew the worthless game, that all attempts at offensive war would meet with punishment, we give the assurance of peace, which will grow into a custom, while the increasing knowledge of the masses will gradually strengthen it, and hereafter "the period will assuredly arrive, when better instructed generations will require all the evidence of history to credit that, by

nations deeming themselves enlightened, human beings should have been honoured with public approval, in the very proportion to the misery they caused, and the mischiefs they perpetrated. They will call upon all the testimony which incredulity can require, to persuade them that, in past ages, men there were; men, too, deemed worthy of popular recompense; who, for some small pecuniary retribution, hired themselves out to do any deeds of pillage, devastation, and murder which might be demanded of them. And still more will it shock their sensibilities, to learn that such men, such men destroyers, were marked out as the eminent and illustrious, as the worthy of laurels and monuments, of eloquence and poetry. In that better and happier epoch, the wise and the good will be busied in hurling into oblivion, or dragging forth for exposure to universal ignominy and obloquy, many of the deeds we deem *heroic*; while the true fame and the perdurable glories will be gathered round the creators and the diffusers of happiness."—*Deontology*, vol. ii.

The diffusion of information begets scrutiny into every subject, and it is curious to mark how, year after year, facts are known among the masses, which were even unknown to the higher classes within the present century. The fallacy of the Sinking Fund was not admitted, even by financiers, until Dr. Hamilton, of Aberdeen, proved to demonstration that the whole plan was the grossest delusion that ever veiled the eyes of men. The founders of that curious error, in 1716, were not intentionally culpable, and neither Dr. Price, with his idle calculations of globes of gold being the results of the compound interest on a penny for the period of 1800 years, nor Mr. Pitt, can be supposed to have palmed off intentionally the miserable quackery on the nation, by which a loss accrued of about £600,000, but that it arose and was perpetuated by consummate ignorance. At length some practical men put the matter in a very simple form, everybody saw the truth of the observation, and the Sinking Fund was abandoned. They merely asked the use of "*contracting a debt for no other purpose but to pay it off.*" It was then shewn by Dr. Hamilton, that a *surplus* revenue could be the only means by which the debt could be diminished. To the late Mr. Francis Corbaux the credit is due for proposing to obtain the consent of the nation to a continuation of the war taxation for not less than eight years, and with the surplus revenue to create a fund with which to convert the funded debt into terminable annuities. His calculations, unless our memory much deceives us, led to the actual extinction of about one half of the national debt in 1844. The statesmen and the people were not sufficiently informed to adopt the only sound plan ever proposed on the subject, and we are now suffering the punishment of the ignorance of the former, and the impatience of the latter; and that suffering must continue under the present system of



revenue until there be an annual surplus applied to the diminution of the debt.

The opinion of the people on taxation and revenue has not developed itself, because the ideas on the subject are yet indefinite, the thoughts are not moulded into form, in one part of the community, and that the richest, they are pictured to the mind like the imaginings of a demogorgon—vast, hideous, and fraught with mischief, but which the light of reason would scare away as the sun—the terrible giant of the Hartz mountain: among another part, the ideas have concentrated themselves like power in the periphery of a fly-wheel, and though ready to rush off into space, by the cohesion of the mass they perform a ceaseless round as with the Anti Corn-law Association. With the remainder there is a feeling of something being wrong from which they suffer, without being able either to detect the cause or apply a remedy, but with a glimmering yet increasing light of the fact, that *indirect taxation is paid by the wages of labour*. Whenever that fact is diffused and clearly comprehended by the labouring masses, the change of system will be demanded with an irresistible voice, and, perhaps, be hastened too rapidly, and not without social danger. On this subject a great statesman has a noble arena for the manifestation of every talent for the public good.

Since the Anti-corn Law Associations have distributed hundreds of thousands of tracts, advocating their single idea or object; and as the master manufacturers, who constitute their most influential leaders, have promulgated the doctrine of cheap bread and low wages, to enable them to compete with foreign manufactures, it would be only just to the operatives to publish a table of proportional reduction, otherwise the master manufacturer, speculating on the ignorance of the operative, may take the lion's share of the benefit. We will give one example which will serve as a key to what we propose. If the price of corn was to fall five shillings a quarter, the master has no right, *on that plea*, to lower each persons wages more than a penny farthing per week. That fact the operatives should keep steadily in view, for, in addition to protecting themselves, it will tend to advance the change to free trade, by which a greater demand for labour will be created. The people now want, and eagerly look for, sound information and instruction on a subject of such importance to their daily welfare.

No characteristic of the present age is more calculated to attract the attention, of even the least reflecting, than the different opinions on the freedom and restrictions of commerce. That great question, now fairly started, must be settled; it cannot be made to subside by any earthly power. The subject has been by discussion brought within much narrower bounds than it occupied a few years, we might say months, ago. All now admit that restrictions, bounties,

monopolies are false principles in commerce, and that if it were possible for a nation to start on a system, freedom of trade is evidently the interest of nations and individuals. We now hesitate to adopt it, because we believe that the interests of many are so interwoven with our system, that general injury must be the consequence of a complete change, and if the change be not complete, the injury would be a rankling fester, producing irritation and constitutional disturbance. This latter apprehension will wane away before reflection and information, leading to juster principles which dissipate apprehensions in the proportion as they are understood. It seems to us that one point, a very simple one, has been overlooked in the excitement of this great discussion. One side, pointing triumphantly to our accumulated wealth, and the extent of our commercial transactions, says, "by monopoly we have been enriched, that which has produced such vast results, if properly nurtured, will continue the same effects. We admit, for no one can deny it, the first position, "by monopoly we have been enriched," but we are at issue on the latter. It was folly to kill the goose as long as she continued to lay the golden egg; but had she lived, she must have ceased to lay in the common course of nature. So it is with monopoly; as long as no competition existed, or when it appeared, could be suppressed, monopoly, giving virtually exclusive trade, could not fail to enrich, but competition having sprung up and now bravely contesting every inch of ground, and meeting in every port, monopoly, or rather the paralytic attempt to maintain it, becomes a useless incumbrance, and the commercial field must be contested on different grounds, on principles adapted to the new state of the commercial world. Our complex, internal, and colonial relations will have no effect on other countries, and, consequently, can never be considered in the matter with reference to them, while the main question is between us and them. The ground we must take—the ground on which the whole future will be contested—is actual superiority. Our facilities, from the insular nature of our territory, the quantity and cheapness of our fuel, the more advanced state of all our machinery, the amount of capital employed, the decided and immediate adoption of unquestionable mechanical improvements, whatever be the primary cost, the extent of our colonies and their gradual advancement in every mercantile requisite, that is, in the production of raw commodity, the consumption of manufactured goods, the demand for the surplus labour of the mother country, and their own international trade, give us now a pre-eminence which we have only to retain to be the successful competitors of the world. It is not probable that governments, half informed on commercial principles, ruling peoples not yet beyond the first rudiments of commerce, will listen to complete reciprocity, that belongs to a further stage of advancement,

but not far distant, but when once the example is set by us, they must follow, the sooner the more to their advantage; every barrier must be levelled and the commercial intercourse of nations be thrown open. When that occurs the rivet of peace will be clenched for ever, for self-interest will be welded on to the inseparable chain of knowledge and irrefutable principles. In this country direct taxation would be established in the place of mysterious indirect imports, *it would be a mere extension of the present income tax*, on the principle of a graduated commutation on the average proportion hitherto paid as indirect taxation. The opposition to this fair adjustment will be from among the upper and more wealthy classes. When the people once understand that the wages of labour can never be affected in as great a degree as by the mystery of indirect taxation, their voices will demand the change, and though the opposition of the governors may last for a time, it must yield, and the tendency to free trade here, and in other countries, establish it for ever, and leave only the history of the struggle to call forth expressions of wonder, when the nations have shaken off the swaddling bands of commercial infancy, and exchanged the anile ditties of monopolies and bounties for the healthful and manly truths of unrestricted and universal intercourse, creating a demand for the unfettered industry of mankind.

We must now touch on a subject so vast and important, that it would exhaust the minds of many, however well informed, and fill volumes of matter closely condensed. The physical and mental condition of our agricultural, manufacturing, mining, commercial, and female population; the nature of the occupation of each, the internal economy which prevails or pervades each class, and the practical results of it; the use and abuse of mechanical means; the political condition of each class, as parts of the community, who have a right to good government, and to protection, and then calmly consider what must be the consequences, unless we cast aside the hollow pedestal on which so much of our legislation has been built—*the wealth of the nation*—a whitened sepulchre, fair to look at, and to talk about, but all foul and full of corruption and dry bones within—and build, instead of it, another altar, whose foundation-stones shall be the great principles of Christianity, and whose chief corner-stone shall be called—“Do unto another as you would wish to be done by.”

The parliamentary reports on the various subjects connected with the discussion put an end to all doubt on the physical and mental state of the working population. The physical state among the manufacturers is that of rapid deterioration;\* a political consi-

\* “In the face of Sunday schools, reading, and sobriety, I am inclined to think the moral progress of the working classes has been *downwards*. At all events, they are now in such a state as calls for the most serious attention to their moral condition.

deration of the deepest consequence, and a moral one of even greater, for no government can be justified in permitting the woman, the girl of tender years, the boys scarcely emerged from infancy, to be immured in heated, unwholesome factories, closely employed in wearisome and irksome toil for at least one half of the day and night, subjected to danger of life and limb from the machinery, and to the stripes of their task-masters, if that weariness is shown in yielding to overpowering sleep, or by inattention from fatigue. On the physical state must depend the health and strength of succeeding generations. The mental capacity is closely connected with it. The woman is now called on, because the machinery is more perfect, and her labour cheaper,\* to perform the labour formerly done by the husband: the children are compelled to unceasing toil and great bodily suffering from standing so many hours. Thus the order of civil society is reversed, and the wife and children, for the profit of the manufacturer, are made to support the husband and father in involuntary idleness.

The effect of such practice on the constitutions, stature, health, and character of the population thus treated, is a national evil, submitted to for the gain of a few proprietors of factories, and to foster the suicidal system of competition. Has the wife and mother a just claim to legislative protection against the tyranny of influence, which reduces her to the position of the female of the lowest savage? Has she no social rights to be upheld? no duties as a constituent portion of the body politic to perform? Have the *helpless* children no claim to legislative protection? Because they are defenceless, are they to be subjected to unceasing toil, to brutal severity, to a system of labour which cripples the legs, dims the eye, injures the organs of respiration, produces painful and incurable diseases, and shortens the period of their existence here? Because they are young and helpless, are they, at the will of a mill-owner, to be exposed to pollution and contamination, until their moral nature becomes as degraded as their physical nature is deteriorated? The voice of the nation has declared that they ought to be protected from such tyranny and such effects, not only on their own account, but in a national point of view. The cry of the imbecile and pseudo-political economist against interference with the labour market has been justly scouted by every thinking man, and by the

“Many reasons and facts may be produced, which will prove the physical condition of the working classes to have been downward.”—*Sir C. Shaw.*

See “The Factory System Illustrated. By William Dodd, a Factory Cripple.” “The Sanatory Reports,” &c. &c. all expressing the conviction of the moral and physical deterioration of the people.

“Through long-continued labour in factories the mind becomes enslaved, the muscles enervated, and the human faculties degraded; so, in short, woman, by being employed in a factory, loses that station ordained her by Providence, and becomes similar to the female followers of an army, wearing the garb of woman, but actuated by the worst passions of man.”—*Shaw.*

body of the people. It has been declared that the power of the capitalist shall not be abused to reverse that order which calls on woman to perform the domestic duties of life, or to destroy the health and happiness of childhood, and thus inflict national injury. It has declared that such proceedings constitute, morally speaking, murder, and must be stopped. The national cry was apparently responded to by the legislature, but the protective acts were reduced to almost ineffective words, through the influence of the richer and interested parties, the ignorance of others, and the numerical weakness of the government. But the opinion has gone forth, and can never be suppressed, and will soon be repeated, and probably obtain one step towards the melioration of this crying sin. We know it *appears* to involve complicated questions; but, in reality, only two. The first, that of *competition*, the destructive offspring of the undue facility of obtaining credit; the other, the supply and demand in the labour-market. The increasing information will soon point out to the women, that they were intended for other duties; to the men, that they are insulted by being converted into cooks and nursery-maids, and will no longer sanction the employment of their wives in occupations which they ought to fulfil.

We have carefully abstained from retailing the horrors of the factory system. The parliamentary reports, the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, the irrefutable details, so perfectly and calmly stated by Lord Ashley, contain a history of horrors, not surpassed, either in intensity or duration, since the world was first inhabited. That benefactor of the human race could, if he had thought it prudent, have made revelations which would have excited universal disgust, and elicited spontaneous cries of shame from all who heard and all who read them. One organized plan exceeds, in bestiality and ingenuity, all that ever was devised by the votaries of our Moloch Mammon. To prevent any loss of minutes in the working hours, arrangements were made to compel a suppression of the calls of nature; one of the chief means was, to expose the feelings of the women to the publicity and remark of the men. Had all the working people in the factories, where such abominations had been contrived, torn the whole place to shreds, and driven the tyrants who concocted the scheme from the place, we think that they would have been justified.

The accounts of the mining population have been some months before the world. The public voice supported the noble champion of the oppressed, while the pseudo-economists alone opposed, with cold-blooded effrontery, legislative interference; and in the House of Peers, we are sorry to say, with sufficient political influence to diminish the efficiency of Lord Ashley's motion. The national character demands that no female shall be permitted to work in mines. The married and the unmarried, not only as individuals, but as a

part of the body politic, require legislative protection against the power of the husband and father exercised to their individual injury, and to the national dishonour. That the fathers may drink, or be the proprietors of game-cocks wherewith to gamble, are their offspring, at the age of infancy, to be carried into the depths of the earth, and left, in darkness and fear, to open and shut the doors through which the currents of ventilation are conducted? Are the girls, because they are daughters, to be bred up amid sounds and scenes which insure pollution, without any knowledge of their domestic duties? Are neither the youth nor females of the rising generation to be taught to know the God who created them, and the Redeemer on whom they must depend for life hereafter? Are these evils to be continued, because a set of imbecile political economists choose to prate about interference with labour? They have retarded, with their nonsense, the reformatations required, but the voice of the age has declared that we shall have moral politics considered before all the calculations about labour and time, because we are getting sufficiently enlightened to see, but as yet through a glass darkly, that, of all policy, moral policy is the highest, the soundest, and leading more surely to peace, happiness, and independence than all other systems of policy, which, when of themselves true, for the most part flow from it. How was it that neither the bishops nor the clergy were the first to raise their voices against these abominations? For such undeniable neglect they are responsible to God and their country. It is by such shirking of their duty that they weaken the bonds of union between the people and the church. How well the great subjects brought forward by Lord Ashley would have suited a Christian bishop, supported by his reverend brethren, and by the voice and influence of every parish priest. Enough, however, remains, if the example of Lord Ashley can inspire them, to call for their utmost exertions, which would obtain the esteem and affection of the nation, and do more to stop secession than all the charges and tracts ever written or published by them.

The proprietors of coal and other mines, have heard the indignant call of their country, and must writhe under the just denunciations against their having sanctioned, for the sake of obtaining cheaper labour, the employment of women and children in the depths of the earth, in chains and darkness, and there left them, without efficient superintendence, to destruction of soul and body;—for having left without inquiry children of tender years, to be treated with such barbarity as to make even devils weep;—for having, merely to save the difference between the wages of a boy and a man, put the engines at the pit mouth under the superintendence of little children, by which the lives and limbs of many hundreds have been sacrificed;—for having neglected to ventilate properly the mines—and for not availing themselves of all that

skill and science have devised to render the lives of their work-people safer; and for not enacting those rules and maintaining that system by which they might be led into and kept in a state of physical and mental health. Well might Lord Ashley exclaim in his speech on mines and collieries—"I am sure that under proper regulation the occupation itself may be rendered both healthy and happy; indeed, all the evidence goes to show that a *little expense* and a little care would obviate a large proportion of the mischiefs that prevail. *No employments that are necessary to mankind are deadly to man, but by man's own fault*;—when we go beyond, and enter on the path of luxury and sensual gratification, then begins the long and grim catalogue of pestilential occupations." Callous, indeed, must be the feelings of the owner of such property who can read that declaration and not feel his heart quail at the deep responsibility under which he has placed himself.

Manufacturing has, in this country, outstripped the science of true legislation. The tares and the wheat have grown up together, until the former have threatened to choke the latter. It will be only necessary to state, that among the greatest evils are two which are the latent causes of many more; the first, is having brought into complete operation the undue facility of obtaining credit; the second, its consequence—competition in prices. The first produces more than can be profitably sold; the second causes recklessness of means, and inattention to the claims of the working people to all the care and preservation from injury that science and skill can devise. We have spoken in general terms of our mines and great manufactories. There are many other trades requiring attention. The informed and reflecting portion of the population have already commenced an inquiry into the "mortality, sufferings, and diseases" of artificers in different occupations, of which nothing was generally known, whose labours are the fabrication of the commonest implements in constant use; but those who use them seldom know what has been endured to produce them. We illustrate our meaning by an extract from a tract by Dr. G. Calvert Holland, M.D., of Edinburgh, on the manufacture of the common fork. After informing us that the forks are either cast, or forged, the former method being pure "roguéry," he continues—"the next step in the manufacture is grinding; and this is performed always on a *dry* stone. Most articles of cutlery are usually, in the first place, ground on a dry stone, and afterwards on a wet one. The former is a more expeditious operation than the latter, as will readily be conceived. Fork-grinding is always performed on a dry stone; and in this consists the peculiar destructive character of the branch. In the room in which it is carried on, there are generally from eight to ten individuals at work, and the dust which is created, composed of the fine particles of the dust, stone, and the metal,

## 98 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

risers in clouds, and pervades the atmosphere which is breathed by the artisan, against which evil there is no efficient remedy or protection. The dust which is thus every moment inhaled, gradually undermines the vigour of the constitution, and produces permanent disease of the lungs, difficulty of breathing, cough, and a wasting of the animal frame, often at the early age of twenty-five." The result of his calculations is, that out of 100 so employed, "fifty-six are under thirty, and only eight from thirty to thirty-five; consequently, it is manifest, that the greater part of the fifty-six die before attaining thirty years of age." Governments have the power of *rewarding* (*great ought to be the reward* of the man who should devise) a method of stopping this suffering and mortality. The needle-pointers formerly suffered in the same way. Some one—we are sorry not to be able to give the name of the benefactor—devised the use of magnetised wire masks. The particles of steel were attracted by and adhered to the wire, instead of being inhaled by the workman. We never heard of his receiving any reward or official commendation. However, as Dr. Jenner, for introducing vaccination, and thus saving the lives of millions, had only £5,000 reluctantly doled out to him, other benefactors have no reason to complain. Had the Doctor killed as many of his fellow creatures with great skill and activity in sieges and battles, his reward would have been greatly multiplied, in accordance with the prevailing opinions of his age.

The process of plating with gold or silver was (and, we fear, is yet) performed principally by women. The quantity of mercury used in the preparation, usually destroyed the health of the poor woman in a few months; now, it can be performed by a patented electrical process quite innocuous. Bleaching, by chemical process, is very injurious; and in the bleaching of canvass for naval purposes many suffer from diseases in the throat; and often death ensues if, from the least neglect, the chlorine is inhaled. The canvass would be stronger, and last longer, if not bleached, but left to whiten by the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere. The sufferings of the sempstresses and milliners have lately been printed; and the *second* report of the children's employment commission, adds to the variety of horrors already published. One poor girl, about seventeen years of age, was kept at needlework nine days and nights without being allowed to change her dress. She was allowed to rest for an hour or so on a mattress upon the floor; her food, cut in pieces, was placed by her side, that no time should be wasted! The result was total, incurable blindness. The despotism of power deprived the poor apprentice of her sight. Had an act of violence produced the same result, a criminal court would have found means of punishing the offender; but because a more refined and lingering torture is used, the tyrant is shielded from punishment by the hypocritical cant of the impolicy of inter-



fering between labourer and employer. The unfortunate girl has as much right to personal protection against the slow deprivation of sight, as against violence and passion. The cause of such treatment could only have been the love of gain, unchecked by one kindly feeling. *A sufficient number of workwomen would have cost rather more.* The cases we have given are intended to exemplify the reigning sin of England throughout her whole manufacturing system; the reckless selfishness of obtaining the greatest possible quantity of work at the least expense, regardless of the degradation of women, the destruction and deformity of girls and boys, and the conversion of the men into nurses and housekeepers.

The growing intelligence of the masses has begun to open the eyes of the sufferers, and the education (of which more anon) afforded to the rising generation, will soon second the opinion of the truly enlightened, and with a demand at which their oppressors will tremble, obtain not only a total change, but protection from the legislature, due to them as members of the body politic. They, and the nation, will have the code of moral politics.

The agricultural population, the staple class of every realm, is in no better plight. Their wages are at a minimum for subsistence; their cottages, with few exceptions, unfit for the dwellings of families, and where parents, children of both sexes, and, sometimes, inmates sleep without any or with little separation. Their position is hopeless, whatever be the ability and industry, labourers, on the lowest pittance, they must live and die. As they are not idiots, they know their hopeless lot, and naturally feel no interest about the land or persons of the proprietors. Have they been kindly considered by those above them? Have they been made to see and own that they have been thought of as brethren, all tending to one haven of everlasting rest? Have they or their children been taught the practical ethics of the christian faith? The answer must be in the negative to those and many similar questions. The intercourse between them and their superiors has been, and still is, seldom, and, like angels visits, far between. Can hopeless poverty be expected to be cheerful and grateful, and to look as evenly and pleasedly on another man's land as on his own? It is only lately that our schools have been established for their children—that any inquiry has been made into their condition, that any government report has been made of the state of their dwellings. The knowledge of their condition is becoming more diffused, and their wants are now beginning to be listened to. The first attention paid, we are deeply sorry to say, was by the Sun and other Insurance Offices, who, having lost large sums by incendiarism of agricultural produce, instructed their agents *to make minute inquiries into the characters and conduct of the proprietors who proposed to insure.* A severer admonition could not have been devised. The separation in feeling

of the agricultural labourers from their employers is one of the worst characteristics of the present time, and must be attributed to the neglect of duty of those who, by every law, both divine and human, were called on to cherish, instruct, and protect them. The great wants of the agricultural labourers are—sufficient and steady wages, cottages so constructed that the decencies of life are no longer habitually violated, education founded on the principles of christianity, gardens to their cottages, and to every man an allotment of good land, a loan fund to enable him to bring it into cultivation, and help in sickness and misfortune—not the union with the loss of all he has—and without a hope of ever being able to recover himself. That such a state of the agricultural population should be a characteristic of this advanced period of the *christian era* is lamentable, and must have causes deeply seated, not only in policy, but in private morals. The error in policy has been legislating against crime (and for the purposes of revenue) and neglecting matters leading to melioration, comfort, order, and happiness. The degraded habits of the agricultural classes have had their origin in the carelessness and indifference of the landed proprietors and the tenant employer. Cottages constructed so as to ensure the separation of the sexes must be an obvious want to every landed proprietor; schools, gardens, and allotments, were equally obvious. The indelicate habits contracted from the want of the first requisite have been productive of a deterioration of the female character, which we refrain from repeating or quoting from official reports. If a law could be enacted to compel persons building houses to construct the party walls of a specified thickness for the prevention of fire spreading, one could have been enacted to compel space and divisions to save the agricultural female from degradation and the formation of habits detrimental to public morals. Let the dwellers in palaces, castles, halls, and mansions, in the country, ask themselves, if, in not applying a sufficient remedy to such an evil, they were using or abusing the wealth and influence bestowed on them by Providence? The admitted wants among those who till the ground and reap the harvest are general elevation through sound and practical education; amusements and information provided for them as a remedy against the beer-shop; an extension of the allotment system; systematised means of honourable emigration; and more considerate and friendly intercourse between the possessors and the tenants of the soil and the whole agricultural population.

One fact relative to the working orders of all classes is conclusive of a wide-spread distress, and uncertainty of being able to earn subsistence. 1,800,000 persons received, last year, relief from the poor rate. One sixteenth of the population of this great, wealthy, and highly favoured empire, received parish relief—an appalling truth

—one which the statesman must contemplate with apprehension; for, on the last census, the yearly increase is nearly 300,000 souls, continuing in a known augmenting ratio. If there be not labour for the present population, and one-sixteenth require assistance to preserve life, what must we expect in another ten years, unless the wickedness of party government be abolished, and all the estates of the legislature co-operate in devising and carrying out means to avert the hideous consequences which must ensue as certainly as effect succeeds a cause?

Diffusion of information is one leading characteristic of our age. The great variety of our occupations, commercial intercourse, scientific and mechanical adaptations, increased facility of communication, all tend to this diffusion; to these must be added, greater means of acquiring knowledge through scholastic instruction. The discussion on education has lately attracted general attention. Whatever the late discussions on the subject have elicited, they have only confirmed the views we have often fearlessly expressed. We incidentally observed that "something must be done to reform and purify the manner of educating the rich." The girls of the higher orders are, incontestibly, better educated than the boys—though accomplishments and display are, as yet, made too prominent, both in the schools and at home. The higher class of private governesses are, as a body, among the best informed and best conducted of any part of the community; and we trust that the time is not far distant when their position will be made more positive, and the consideration shown towards them be in proportion to the importance of the trust committed to them—a trust which must have influence not only over the generation whose hearts and minds are to be led and kept in the right paths, but on the children of those very pupils. The education of the boys of the higher classes has been for years in a deplorable condition. The public schools are beneath criticism, and unless Christian precepts and feelings are inculcated at home, there is not much chance of their being inculcated where the internal discipline is left so lax and undefined. The systems and the subjects taught are behind the age. We need not, therefore, wonder at the state of our country, and the degradation of the working population. Had the education of the higher orders been what it might and ought to have been, their care, conduct, and example would have prevented the moral and physical decadence of the peasantry.

The education of the people is a subject of the deepest importance: it comprises the question of national safety. Knowledge is power; properly implanted, and discreetly used, it is an instrument of good; on the contrary, one of irresistible and wide-spreading evil. The public voice has rightly declared that education is necessary for the public safety; the same voice, through all sects, has

admitted that *religious* instruction is indispensable. Dispute and disunion have arisen from the plain distinction between *doctrinal* and *religious* instruction not having been made. With the former, among the young, the schools can have nothing to do; with the latter, all are concerned; to the moral precepts of Christianity no sectarian objects. Surely there could be no difficulty in compiling a system of moral and secular instruction, which all sects would agree to be unobjectionable. After much inquiry among different sects, there has not been found one dissentient voice to so simple a solution of the difficulty which has caused so unfortunate a schism. But we must pass on to another branch of the subject more immediately connected with this paper.

The applications of one-sixteenth of the population for relief, the various parliamentary reports, the experience of every man make known the impoverished state of the working classes. It is now a question *if* education will avail much 'on the masses in such a condition. Sir Charles Shaw, in his important letter of replies to Lord Ashley, distinctly says—

“I consider it an axiom, *that it is next to impossible to give a high moral tone to the character of children or grown-up persons, unless they have a sufficiency of food and clothing.* When the most rigid industry of the parents cannot provide for the real wants of the children, and more especially when, in addition to their physical sufferings, they are exposed to, and experience from those in authority over them, the most harsh and callous treatment, they become subdued, then reckless and desperate, and are no longer susceptible of receiving good impressions. Until these suffering parents and their children are not only physically relieved, but uplifted from their present low condition, the money which the mill-owners subscribe to schools for those starving people, are, under the present system, but as subscriptions to purchase sticks to be used in breaking their own heads; as it is merely educating the younger classes to be able to judge of their own low position. So long as they be young, and not thrown on the wide world on their own resources, the lessons they have been taught, and the subordination to which they have been accustomed under the schoolmaster, will give them an “*appearance*” of being tolerably quiet members of society; but when they attain the age when the motto generally becomes “*Every one for himself*,” the dangers of a knowledge equal, if not superior to those in authority over them, begin to exhibit themselves.”—P. 40.

To trace the sources from which so much misery has flowed, and such imminent danger threatens, would far exceed the prescribed limits of this article. We can only remark that the present state of England has no prototype, consequently her governments have not possessed the experience of other countries, or of former ages, to guide them. Circumstances, not necessary to enumerate, because well known, enabled the capital and industry of the country to

hasten forward the manufacturing mania uncurbed and undirected. Undue facility of obtaining credit increased the power of production beyond precedence and beyond demand; then followed competition, bearing with it reduction of profits and wages; that stimulated ingenuity to the construction of machinery to lower the cost and facilitate the production of manufactures; the improvement of machinery led to the employment of *women and children instead of men*, and that to the exaction of the greatest quantity of labour, and the greatest number of hours of labour for the least amount of wages. The motive was a reckless and selfish love of gain. Unless positive, immediate, and general means are adopted to stop the (natural) effects of such a violation of every law, both divine and human, we must, as sure as darkness follows light, reap retribution, which will be a deep and dreadful punishment.

It has been said, and repeated as an axiom by a great authority, Sir Robert Peel, that the only principle of commerce is to "buy as cheaply as possible, and to sell as dearly as possible." As far as it refers to the mere purchase and sale of the manufactured commodity, the axiom may have some truth, but when applied to the fabrication of the different commodities, it is replete with political danger, financial fallacy, and moral error. The political danger we have dwelt upon, the financial fallacy, is evident, when we reflect that by *the wages of labour* the tenant pays his rent, the landlord disburses his income, and the government receives the taxes; the higher the wages of labour are, the more secure must be every living creature and every kind of property. Reducing wages to the means of subsistence, curtails expenditure in home consumption, and cuts off the means of obtaining comforts and conveniences, and produces general poverty for the gain of a few. Its moral errors are too great to enumerate. The following paragraph from Sir Charles Shaw's letter will illustrate that point in reference to the manufacturing districts:—

"The poor women and children, completely fatigued and overcome with the close atmosphere and with the incessant labour of so many hours, saunter home, totally unequal to fulfil any domestic duty; in short, the heat and fatigue predispose them for drink. Having no convenience for cooking at home, they repair with their food to the beer-house: thus long hours of labour and *low wages* gradually demoralize the whole of this class. While the mothers are in the beer-houses the little children are left in a filthy state at home, and those somewhat older are standing at the corners of the streets hatching mischief, which, as they advance in years, becomes crime; they commit felony and are sent to prison; making it a calculation, whether this system of employing (I should say overworking) mothers is not entailing a heavy expense on the nation, *while their employers alone pocket the profit.*"

Seven hundred and fifty thousand children are yet without in-

struction, which would not be if the poor had the means of paying the pence for the weekly schooling, but the wages being reduced to the lowest sum, precludes the possibility of their so doing.

We are now in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and yet we must admit, with shame, that no country in Europe is yet civilized in the true sense of that word. Morally, the Waldenses are farther advanced than any other community; politically, we should place Norway first: England, to which this article particularly refers, presents curious contradictions. Its government depends on the temporary superiority in parliamentary votes of one of two parties perpetually contending for power and patronage. In seven cases out of ten, one party denies the truth and utility of what the other proposes. No force of reason, no precision of facts and details ever induces the member of one party to vote, from conviction, with the party to which he does not belong. The only utility of debate is to afford materials for more public discussion. In a legislative point of view the votes might as well be taken when the question is proposed, and the members left to debate the subject afterwards when and where they pleased. Yet if danger threatened from foreign powers, or the safety and integrity of the crown, or either of the three estates should be in danger, all would unite to preserve it.

Elective representation, until lately, was peculiar to England, and, in a limited degree, to Norway. The ancients knew of no such system, consequently we had no examples working for periods on which to model our own, and no laws by which to enforce its purity. The electors and elected mutually co-operated to build up such a system of bribery, corruption, intimidation and undue influence as to call for denunciation from both; and yet now the examinations into the purity of a return for a member to sit in parliament are generally made a contemptible mockery depending on to which party the odd member of the committee belongs. So flagrant a violation of the solemn duty is an insult to the nation and to the dignity of men. The corruption must have commenced with the rich candidates: the contemptible mockery alluded to is wholly attributable to members of both parties.

We have judges as free from partiality and influence as men can be in this imperfect state; but practices of courts so senseless, inequitable, harsh, and expensive, as practically amount to delays and, virtually, denials of justice, until the nation has declared the court of equity to be a court of iniquity, and every other court to be full of chicanery, roguery, and uncertainty.

We have associations expending millions of pounds for translating and diffusing the Scriptures throughout the world; while, at home, we have millions in a state of heathenish ignorance and moral degradation.

We consider ourselves as possessing the stronghold of protestantism and pure Christianity, and are divided into schisms and sects with distinctions without differences; and while all admit the necessity, for the general safety, of religious education, refuse to co-operate, lest doctrines which children cannot comprehend should be taught.

One portion of the community declaims against the endowments of the church of the state, which, when averaged, scarcely amounts to £150 a-year to each pastor. The other portion, which supports the church, refuses to increase the number of churches or pastors in fair proportion to the increase of the population. The whole nation grumbles at the amount of the poor's rate, and every nobleman, commoner, trader, manufacturer, employer, lady, or milliner, does his or her utmost to get the greatest possible quantity of labour for the least possible amount of money.

There is, through the nation, a declaration of wanting money, and we deduce from the dreadful but important "*Exposure of the State of Prostitution*,"\* that in Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and London, £5,275,400 are annually spent in that one sin, by persons hardly coming under the denomination of gentlemen: add to those four places, Edinburgh, Glasgow, sea-ports, and other populous places, and a sum exceeding the amount of the poor rate of the country is positively expended in heartless and revolting wickedness. The pseudo-political economist may sncer and reply, those seven or eight millions are, notwithstanding, expended, and not only create the same demand for labour as if expended in domestic life, but equally contribute to the revenue. The doctrines of that weak and short-sighted school of politicians have wrought deep mischief, and made proselytes who propagate their dogmas as truths; which, on being sifted and run down, terminate in the old fallacy, "private vices are public benefits."

It must be evident, from the contents of the preceding pages, that England is threatened by two dangers above all others; the one financial, the other moral. The latter, in a great measure, arising out of, and aggravated by, the former. The facts being admitted, the remedies must be sought for and applied; no half measures now will be of any avail; as the diseases are positive the remedies must be definite, and strike at once at the deepest roots of the maladies. No maudlin sensibility must be palmed off for wisdom and circumspection, and the fears and anxieties of a few set in array against the general good to this and succeeding generations. Does a general postpone a battle, or change an array on the field into a mere demonstration because a few have the tooth or any other ache? It may be asked with which shall we begin.

\* By William Logan, City Missionary.

We answer, "with both." The public wants and the public voice require that a commencement should be made, and that party politicians should yield and co-operate for the public weal. The difficulties are immense and complex, but no disease ever was or ever will be eradicated without some sufferings. Every man acquainted with the subject must admit that one chief source of evil in the manufacturing system has been, and is, *the too great facility of obtaining credit*; by it, factories have been built, thousands of hands factitiously employed, and commodities produced beyond demand, and followed as a necessary consequence by competition, depression, and stagnation. It is evident that if any means are adopted to curtail the facility of obtaining credit, that a diminution of demand for labour would be the immediate consequence; but if, at the same time, it should be enacted that *no woman*, on any pretext, should be employed in any factory, the remedy would anticipate the temporary evil, by calling the men again to their work, and thus a financial evil would be checked and a great moral grievance, which reversed the order of domestic life and the customs of civilization, be put an end to.

The curtailing the right of the subject to give or receive credit can never be made a matter of *positive* legislation, it must be obtained by contingent effects. First, only *one* bank of issue should be allowed, and that under the supervision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, the Governor, and a select committee of the Directory of the Bank of England, with power to request information, if required, from chambers of commerce or other sources. The provincial banks which issue their own notes are constantly, *by that power*, thwarting the regulations of the Bank of England. The next measure is one which has been boldly advocated, and though startling at the first appearance, on examination proves to be sound in financial and moral policy:—the total abolition of all legal interference between debtor and creditor in civil matters of account. From the day that law took effect all undue facility of obtaining credit would cease; credit would be divested of its speculative character, and be reduced to what the reputation and known means of each would justly command; no one is restricted from giving credit, it is only done at personal risk. Security may be given in any way in land, stock, or commodity; but personal security would not be cognizable by law. National economy and provident habits would be an immediate and progressive consequence. Shorter accounts and more frequent profits would be another effect, and a very salutary one. To meet flagrant cases the statute of frauds should be revised and extended. The present modified practice of the law courts between debtor and creditor is productive of injury to all parties excepting the attorney and the sheriff's



officers. The average per centage from the estates of bankrupts is not two shillings in the pound; the average from the Insolvent Debtors' Court is under one penny in the pound, while every insolvent is compelled to take a false oath and spend, at least, ten pounds, in legal expenses, for that miserable farce, and the remanding of a few rogues, imprudent and ignorant persons, and more unfortunate ones, this cumbrous system has been devised and continued, formerly on mesne process,\* now on judgment, and at the *dictum* of a commissioner of the Insolvent Court! Its cruelty and inutility have been proved over and over again, while the conscious power on the part of the creditors has been the main-spring of the undue extension of credit, and all its political and moral mischief. Posterity will look back with wonder and disgust on such judicial encroachments, and ask, "if 14,000 persons (the average only reduced since the arrest on mesne processes was abolished to about half) were all criminals deserving imprisonment for an indefinite period?"—put the rogues down at ten per cent, and there would have been always 12,600 persons in prison without being guilty of crime. The mere statement is a sufficient refutation. The mass of villainy, plunder, degradation, oppression, and demoralization which the abolition of all legal interference between debtor and creditor (excepting in cases of fraud) would sweep away, can only be conceived by those conversant with the subject, the financial and political effects would be most beneficial to every class of the community; and combined, as we have said, with the enactment, that no woman should be employed in either factories or mines, would constitute a great and sound commencement of *moral legislation*.

The same reasoning applies, with very nearly equal force, to the employment of women in agricultural labour. The best evidence is far from being in favour of the general chastity of the young women in the agricultural districts. The habits we have spoken of, as being engendered in early life by the promiscuous mingling of all ages and sexes—from the imperfect arrangements of their cottages—is one primary cause of that national evil; the opportunities and intercourse, when working in the fields, complete what the former had begun. It appears strange, that while society in general is priding itself on its great advance in civilization, that female labour, which in former days was scarcely heard of, should be brought forward as the most powerful instrument, in this age, in the warfare of competition.† This reformation must commence

\* It is curious to think that no man was ever arrested for *debt* by mesne process, but for trespass, breaking in with arms and violence, and *then* kept, perhaps, for life, for the debt. After judgment the same usurpation of power is still practised. Coke declared that "not even the king could imprison his debtor."

† 1. Laws to restrict all females from working in factories; old or young, gay or grave, in no occupation whatever. Her place is at home, to provide a clean

with the great landed proprietors, and with the tenants, and by the agricultural labourer exerting his influence to prevent his wife and daughters from undertaking such avocations. Were the determination general, the demand for the labour of men would be increased, and the wages be higher, or at least steadier, and more constant. Correct estimates of right and wrong, and sound notions of moral propriety, must have their origin in families; they must be inculcated by parents. The example and support of the higher classes are *now* required to give the first impulse. To rescue the women of England from deeper degradation; to stay the moral contagion, is worthy of the female aristocracy of our country. Their influence would be all-powerful, once widely begun;—the men would feel the beneficial effects, the women their advance in social life, and they never again could retrograde. The employment of women in the fields is an injury to the community for the gain of a few. It is unworthy of England;—it is an *unmanly* offering to the golden Moloch. The ladies of the land should inculcate these opinions into all their female dependants; by so doing, they would elevate the characters of the women, and in two generations their present state would be historical.

Lately, the Agricultural Association of England, composed of the *élite* of our nobility, and a long list of the wealthiest and most enlightened of the landed proprietary and agriculturists, has made

and comfortable meal for her husband, and to mend his linen; not as now—she has no time to perform those domestic offices.

“It should run thus: Whereas it has been represented to us, the representatives of the people now assembled, the degraded and immoralized condition of the females of Great Britain, as hereafter mentioned, has been brought on by their working in factories, pent up in a pestilential atmosphere, &c. &c. First, by introducing females of tender age, with all the patterns of vice before them, and corrupting their morals at a time when the tender shoots of nature require the greatest care and protection. Secondly, by encouraging females of a mature age to obtain a livelihood in the same; and should beauty attract the eye of the master, manager, clerk, overlooker, or any other in power, a snare is made to seduce her to his caprice, and she is ultimately forced to yield to his will.

Such has been, and such are now the nefarious practices which are carried on by (more or less of those in power,) in all the factories; nor is it confined to the single young woman, for there are often wives and mothers of children who become the victims. Thirdly, by the immoralizing effect on the rising generation, by the nefarious practice of ———”

SIR C. SHAW TO LORD ASHLEY.

In one town in Yorkshire 700 women are now employed at the same work their husbands performed three years since; their children and houses are left unattended to. The wages of the women are much lower than their husbands earned, consequently the condition of their families far more miserable. “Even in the laborious metallic works of Birmingham, female labour is rapidly superseding that of the men. The cause is quite obvious. A woman may be offered ten or twelve shillings a week, when a male artisan would expect twenty or twenty-four.”—ANONYMOUS. *An Appeal to the Legislature, the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes.*

this most important declaration :—" *That allotments of land should be made to every agricultural labourer.*" No one will presume to contradict that declaration, because it emanates from the highest source, and is the result of the best information extant. We live in hope that from such a body will proceed other general declarations relative to the structure of the cottages, the employment of the women and children, and the sanatory regulations called for in every village and nearly in every cottage.\* The influence of such declarations energetically followed up by practice are of national consequence, and would, collaterally, facilitate and accelerate the improvements they have begun, and help to establish moral legislation. England, possessing all the elements conducive to greatness, has been constrained by the influence of circumstances, for the last eighty years, to follow the increasing impetus given to her people, by scientific discoveries followed by mechanical adaptations, by conquests and extension of territory unparalleled by any other nation; by success in war which placed her the first of countries; by public faith producing unbounded credit. By enterprise and commerce accumulating wealth, in this excited state, absorbing all the attention of her government and of nearly all her population, she finds herself on a fearful elevation, with a threatening declivity beyond. Amidst her career of prosperity she forgot, she neglected *moral legislation*. The undeviating laws which rule with equal certainty the physical and mental worlds, have shown that they have gone on in their destined course, and will continue their progress, which must end in deserved punishment, unless counteracting influences are brought at once to work; at first, to check the apparent danger, and then to turn all the faculties God has given to us, and all the mighty means so lavishly bestowed on us, to those ends which are worthy the destiny and dignity of man, and which will snatch from moral death and degradation the thousands now offered, with reckless cruelty, to the Moloch Mammon, the idol which is trying to smother and hold up to ridicule the heavenly precept—"Do as you would be done unto."

We quote the following from a clear and able report of Dr. Neil Arnott on the fevers which have prevailed in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The principles laid down in that report are universally applicable. The following paragraphs are descriptive of what is common, with some modification, in London, Manchester, and other great towns :—

"In Glasgow, which I first visited, it was found that the great mass of the fever cases occurred in the low wynds and dirty narrow streets and

\* Mr. Chadwick's elaborate digest on the Reports of the Sanatory Commission, and his own sagacious deductions and suggestions are of the greatest value, and only add, if any further probf had been necessary, to the encomium of Sir Robert Peel in his place in Parliament, that "Mr. Chadwick is a most useful public servant."

## 110 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

courts, in which, because lodging was there cheapest, the poorest and most destitute naturally had their abodes. From one such locality, between Argyll-street and the river, 754 of about 5000 cases of fever which occurred in the previous year were carried to the hospitals. In a perambulation on the morning of September 24, with Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Alison, Dr. Cowan (since deceased, who had laboured so meritoriously to alleviate the misery of the poor in Glasgow), the police magistrate, and others, we examined these wynds, and, to give an idea of the whole vicinity, I may state as follows:—

“ We entered a dirty low passage like a house door, which led from the street through the first house to a square court immediately behind. which court, with the exception of a narrow path around it, leading to another long passage through a second house, was occupied entirely as a dung receptacle of the most disgusting kind. Beyond this court the second passage led to a second square court, occupied in the same way by its dunghill; and from this court there was yet a third passage leading to a third court, and third dungheap. There were no privies or drains there, and the dungheaps received all filth which the swarm of wretched inhabitants could give; and we learned that a considerable part of the rent of the houses was paid by the produce of the dungheaps. Thus, worse off than wild animals, many of which withdraw to a distance and conceal their ordure, the dwellers in these courts had converted their shame into a kind of money by which their lodging was to be paid. The interiors of these houses and their inmates corresponded with the exteriors. We saw half-dressed wretches crowding together to be warm; and in one bed, although in the middle of the day, several women were imprisoned under a blanket, because as many others who had on their backs all the articles of dress that belonged to the party were then out of doors in the streets. This picture is so shocking that, without ocular proof, one would be disposed to doubt the possibility of the facts; and yet there is perhaps no old town in Europe that does not furnish parallel examples. London, before the great fire of 1666, had few drains, and had many such scenes, and the consequence was, a pestilence occurring at intervals of about 12 years, each destroying, at an average, about a fourth of the inhabitants.

“ Who can wonder that pestilential disease should originate and spread in such situations ?”

Amid all this deterioration, and while Governments seemed to think only of revenue, war, foreign policy, and penal legislation, individuals, influenced by the noblest motives, have combined and formed institutions, associations, and societies for the advancement of every beneficent object, until their number and excellence exceed those of all other realms, showing that the general happiness is the object of the truly enlightened and the good. They have acted as an example to many, and as some counterbalance to the abuses of commerce and manufacturing—the temptations to chicanery, overreaching, and deception, where buying and selling is the daily occupation, and many deeper crimes, constitute the

abuses. As an example, we mention the fact, that upwards of a thousand dealers were, last year, publicly accused of using false weights;—the deception and chicanery among manufactures, from the use of “devil’s dust,” to mixing cotton and flax, are publicly canvassed; the adulteration of beer; and the mealman’s sack of “sharp whites,” to mix with the flour, are common occurrences, with innumerable other instances; but we were not aware that a *species of Thuggee* existed in our manufacturing districts, which has been detected and exposed by that able magistrate Sir C. Shaw, and which is thus narrated by him in his letter to Lord Ashley, before alluded to:—

“All trades in Manchester are organized and formed into unions; and although I have not before me, at present, the particulars of the unions of those trades *especially* employed in manufactures, I now give the organization and system of the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, as all are formed on similar principles, only more or less tyrannical. I might refer, as a proof of this, to the trials (a few years since) of the Glasgow spinners for murder and conspiracy.

“The \_\_\_\_\_ Union of United \_\_\_\_\_ conduct their affairs in the following manner:—

“Every town in the \_\_\_\_\_ union is governed by one code of laws, each town appointing two stewards, one secretary, and twelve committee men, to carry their orders into effect. One of these towns is called the treasurer town, each town keeping a list of the members’ names, a copy of which is forwarded to what is termed the treasurer town every three months. Here an annual delegate meeting is held in Whitsun week. At this meeting, which is attended by a member in each town of the union, all money matters connected with the union are transacted, and a treasurer town appointed for the ensuing year, which town then elects a secretary, who selects twelve persons out of the whole union, upon whom he can depend, to execute every order he may issue. These thirteen manage all the affairs of the union while in office. At the annual delegate meeting, laws and regulations are made to prevent men who are not members of the union obtaining employment. Money is also voted to screen, and send out of the country, members who have committed legal offences, *in obedience to the orders* of the said thirteen, and sums to pay lawyers for the defence of those who have been apprehended. Cards are also issued to “trampers,” in order to enable them to pass through the different towns of the union free of expense. No one is allowed to become a member without previously paying three guineas, sometimes more; and no man whatsoever is permitted to carry on the trade of a \_\_\_\_\_ without joining the union. £40 was voted at the annual meeting, in 1839, for the defence of . . . , who was arrested at \_\_\_\_\_ in that year, for a murder in \_\_\_\_\_ in 18—. He was tried and convicted.

“An annual delegate meeting was held at \_\_\_\_\_ in 184—, after some atrocious murders at \_\_\_\_\_. The following resolutions

## 112 *Characteristics and Wants of England in the present Age.*

were agreed to, after the sum of upwards of £150 had been collected from the different towns of the union.

"1st. That every person in the union bear a proportionate part of the expense of the 'Turn out at \_\_\_\_\_,'

"2nd. That . . . . . receive five shillings per day for fifteen weeks, amounting to 22*l.* 10*s.* for half a year's salary as union secretary, the same to be paid out of the union funds; he . . . . . being concealed at present in Ireland.

"3rd. That the sum of 4*l.* 6*s.* be allowed to . . . . ., (alias) . . . . . for his support and lodging; also 4*l.* 10*s.* for boat hire and wages to . . . . ., for endeavouring to embark . . . . . on board a vessel bound for America, but in which he did not succeed. A further sum of 3*l.* 3*s.* to . . . . . and . . . . . for preventing . . . . . from being arrested; the total expense incurred by the union on account of . . . . ., including passage to America, amounting to the sum of 31*l.* 3*s.*; 16*l.* of which was received from his friends.

"4th. That 13*l.* 4*s.* be allowed to . . . . . for passage money to America, after having murdered . . . . .

"5th. That 16*s.* be allowed to . . . . . for concealing . . . . . (alias) . . . . ., together with the sum of 10*l.* passage-money to America.

"6th. That 10*l.* be given to . . . . . for outfit and passage-money to America, after the murder of . . . . .

"7th. That 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* be paid to . . . . . for concealing . . . . . and others, after murdering . . . . .

"8th. That the sum of 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* paid by . . . . . to . . . . . and others for the purpose of facilitating their escape, after the murder of . . . . . be allowed.

"9th. That the following sums of 3*l.* 12*s.*, 2*l.*, and 1*l.* 10*s.*, be paid to . . . . . and others, as remuneration to them for facilitating the escape of . . . . . and others, after the murder of . . . . .

"The following are the Rules and Regulations which govern the united \_\_\_\_\_ of England, Ireland, and Wales:—

"The grand lodge is held at \_\_\_\_\_, from which emanate all rules and regulations.

"The kingdom is divided into districts and lodges, each district having a corresponding secretary, who reports every occurrence connected with the union to the grand lodge at \_\_\_\_\_.

"Each lodge has a president, two vice-presidents, two supporters, one conductor, and one tyler.

"No town shall strike without communicating with the grand lodge, and the weekly allowance to the men who strike varies from 10*s.* to 18*s.*

"No master shall take an apprentice unless the said master have been one year in business, and have regularly employed two \_\_\_\_\_s during that period.

"The united \_\_\_\_\_s pledge themselves to support any trade which strike for wages.

"Such unions as these prove that the working classes have lost confidence in the local authorities, *i. e.* their employers, who, in many cases,

are the rulers placed over them by law. They have thus become reckless and desperate, which forces me into the conclusion, that the moral progress of the working classes, from Oct. 1839 to Oct. 1842, in Manchester, has, from these *local* circumstances, been *downward*.

The moral feelings of men who combine and subscribe to screen the murderer and ruffian from the penalties of the law, must be of the lowest description. They are public enemies, and should be treated as such. The Thuggee of Burke and Hare was not lower in the scale of villany. We blushed when we read the extract. Let moral philosophers determine the number of degrees of difference in turpitude between the men who combine to screen the murderer, and those who see with indifference the infant, the woman, the child, gradually tortured into deformity, and perishing over the machines by which they are enriched. How far governments who have not exerted their power to protect the oppressed, participate in the crimes, must be left to a terrible hereafter to reveal. What the national punishments will be, unless the victims of Mammon are rescued, we may guess from what have been the deeds of anarchy and despair.

Having stated our views on the necessity of curtailing the undue facility of credit, and how the consequent decrease for the demand for labour might be obviated, we may proceed briefly to state, that simultaneously a steadily increasing stream of emigration should be established to every colony, under the direction of naval-engineering and other officers of known integrity and ability, and that every facility and encouragement should be given to the building of cities, and the promotion of agriculture, so that new markets for our industry may be daily progressing. The new cities and colonies would prove a safer and more profitable investment of capital than we have found either in North or South America, Spain, Portugal, or Greece.

Scientific agriculture is opening a wider field for enterprise and employment, and probably the time is at hand, when spade cultivation will be generally introduced, and require a great increase of manual labour to be followed by an equivalent return of produce.

All the empires which have passed away, declined from a want of moral legislation, having its foundation and support from the moral tone and habits engendered among the people. We have their example, by which to avoid their errors, the additional experience of many centuries, and, above all, the light of christianity to direct us. The voice of the present age is decidedly averse to any farther accession of territory, as extending the executive powers of the government beyond the limits of safety, and requiring an expenditure, which the urgency of our present condition could disburse with greater utility in consolidating our vast possessions,

and rendering them subservient to her safety. England has reached the termination of an era, carrying with it the elements of renovation and of destruction. We have the power of so adapting the highest knowledge and the soundest principles as to ensure, with the blessing of God, the renovation and reformation of our country, or the irresistible and unchangeable laws, which have already roused and warned us, will pursue their undeviating course, and leave us, as the empires of the east and of the west, to "point a moral or adorn a tale."

*New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church.* By O. A. BROWNSON. Monroe : Boston, U. S.

THE author of this little volume has established himself in New England as the head of a Christian sect, called "The Society for Christian Union and Progress." His labours in behalf of this society have given him a name throughout the United States, and his original thinking has drawn around him a host of admirers and disputants. Several years ago he entered the literary and polemical fields as the editor of the *Boston Quarterly Review*, to the pages of which he was the principal contributor. The periodical is still in existence under his control, and usually attracts attention by its peculiar views, the beauty, warmth, and force of its style, and its liberal spirit towards other sects in religion. We have often read this *Quarterly* with pleasure and with profit. Its moral and intellectual philosophy have excited our admiration, and the genius displayed in it must generally excite the attention of the intelligent.

We have, however, never thought Mr. Brownson, till now, a cautious ally to the Puseyites in this country; and, from this writer it is evident that they will, hereafter, draw some pabulum for their arguments; for who can be so favourable to them as one who is generally esteemed to be a republican, and who is not only a strong supporter of their doctrines, but goes a step beyond them in boldness of declaration and firmness of purpose.

In his preface, Mr. Brownson says that he has aimed to set an example of free thought and free speech. He asks no thanks for this, deems it his duty so to do, and has not the daring, he continues, to do otherwise. Theology, he declares, can never rise to the rank and certainty of a science, till it be submitted to the free and independent action of the human mind. To be rigidly criticised is his hope; and he who helps him to correct his errors will be his friend.

Among the works named as having furnished keys to his thoughts, are Benjamin Constant's celebrated work "*De la Reli-*"



gion Considérée dans sa Source, ses Formes et ses Developpements;" "Religion and the Church," by Dr. Follen, of Harvard University, Cambridge (N. E.), and the celebrated work that made a great sensation in Germany when it first appeared, called "Ueber die Religion: Reden an die Gebildeten unter ihren Verächtern," or "Discourses on Religion, addressed to the Cultivated among its Despisers," written by Schleiermacher. There is no question that these works have been faithfully read by Mr. Brownson, and it is also evident that he has devoted years of thought to the formation of his religious doctrines.

The author opens his book with an introduction, in which he defines the nature of religion. There is nothing startling or original in the chapter. It is simple and intelligible. The next chapter, however, defines Christianity, and here Mr. Brownson condemns the present state of the church, and adds, that either Jesus did not embrace in his mind the whole of truth, or else the church has at best only partially realized his conception. The latter is declared to be the case, and, after a series of logical propositions and deductions, the author says:—

"If the age in which Jesus appeared could not comprehend him, it is obvious that it could not fully embody him in its institutions. It could embody no more of him than it could receive; and, as it could receive only a part of him, we must admit that the church has never been more than partially Christian. Never has it been the real body of Christ. Never has it reflected the God-man perfectly. Never has it been a true mirror of the Holy. Always has the Holy, in the sense of the church, been a very inferior thing to what it was in the mind, and heart, and life of Jesus.

"But we must use measured terms in our condemnation of the church. We must not ask the man in the child. The church did what it could. It did its best to 'form Christ' within itself, 'the hope of glory,' and was, up to the period of its downfall, as truly Christian as the progress made by the human race admitted. It aided the growth of the human mind; enabled us to take in more truth than it had itself received; furnished us the light by which we discovered its defects; and by no means should its memory be cursed. Nobly and perseveringly did it discharge its duty; useful was it in its day and generation; and now that it has given up the ghost, we should pay it the rites of honourable burial, plant flowers over its resting-place, and sometimes repair thither to bedew them with our tears."

Mr. Brownson proceeds to discuss Spirit and Matter, asserting and arguing that, when spirit and matter are given as antagonist principles, we are obliged to admit antagonism between all the terms into which they are respectively convertible; therefore, to place them in opposition is to make an antithesis between God and man, the priesthood and the state, faith and reason, heaven and earth, and time and

eternity. To unite these, he proposes to conceive Jesus as standing between spirit and matter, the representative of both—*God-man*—(a term used above)—a point where both meet and lose their antithesis, laying a hand on each, and saying, “Be one, as I and my Father are one.” This is termed the true idea of Christianity.

The next chapter is devoted to the church. The absolute deity of Christ is insisted upon. This is the reasoning of Mr. Brownson:—If man died, as he deserved, in Jesus, his death was eternal. Symbolically, then, he cannot rise. The body of Jesus, after his resurrection, is not material in the opinion of the church. He does not rise *God-man*, but *God*. We shall not pause to examine this result, or to inquire where, according to Mr. Brownson, the *God-man* ends, or whether it ended when Jesus became the absolute deity, but take the rather peculiar views of this republican, in continuation of his subject.

“God has indeed died to ransom sinners from the grave of the body, to redeem them from the flesh, to break the chains of the bound, and to set the captive free; but the effects of the ransom must be secured; agents must be appointed to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, to bid the prisoner hope, and the captive rejoice that the hour of release will come. Hence, the church. Hence too, the authority of the church to preach salvation—to save sinners. And, as the church is composed of all who have this authority, and of none other, therefore the dogma “out of the church there is no salvation.”

“The church is commissioned; it is God’s agent in saving sinners. It is then his representative. If the representative of God, then of Spirit. In its representative character, that is, as a church, it is then spiritual, and if spiritual, holy; and if holy, infallible. Hence the infallibility of the church.

“The holy should undoubtedly govern the unholy; spirit then should govern matter. Spirit then is supreme; and the church as the representative of spirit must also be supreme. Hence the supremacy of the church.

“The church is a vast body composed of many members. It needs a head. It should also be modelled after the church above. The church above has a supreme head, Jesus Christ; the church below should then have a head, who may be its centre; its unity, the personification of its wisdom and its authority. Hence the pope, the supreme head of the church, vicar of Jesus, and representative of God.

“The church is a spiritual body. Its supremacy, then, is a spiritual supremacy. A spiritual supremacy extends to thought and conscience. Hence, on the one hand, the confessional designed to solve cases of conscience, and on the other creeds, expurgatory indexes, inquisitions, pains and penalties against heretics.

“The spiritual order in heaven is absolute; the church, then, as the representative of that order, must also be absolute. As a representative, it speaks not in its own name, but in the name of the power it represents. Since that power may command, the church may command; and as it

may command in the name of an absolute sovereign, its commands must be implicitly obeyed. An absolute sovereign may command to any extent he pleases—what shall be believed as well as what shall be done. Hence implicit faith, the authority which the church has alleged for the basis of belief. Hence, too, prohibitions against reason and reasoning, which have marked the church under all its forms, in all its phases, and divisions, and subdivisions.

“Reason, too, is human; then it is material; to set it up against faith were to set up the material against the spiritual; the human against the divine; man against God; for the church being God by proxy, by representation, it has, of course, the right to consider whatever is set up against the faith it enjoins, as set up against God.

“The civil order, if it be anything more than a function of the church, belongs to the category of matter. It is then inferior to the church. It is then bound to obey the church. Hence, the claims of the church over civil institutions, its right to bestow the crowns of kings, to place kingdoms under ban, to absolve subjects from their allegiance, and all the wars and antagonism between church and state.

“The spiritual order alone is holy. Its interests are, then, the only interests it is not sinful to labour to promote. In labouring to promote them, the church was under the necessity of labouring for itself: hence its justification to itself of its selfishness, its rapacity, its untiring efforts to aggrandize itself at the expense of individuals and of states.

“As the interests of the church alone were holy, it was, of course, sinful to be devoted to any other. All the interests of the material order, that is, all temporal interests, were sinful, and the church never ceased to call them so: hence its perpetual denunciation of wealth, place, and renown, and the obstacles it always placed in the way of all direct efforts for the promotion of well-being on earth. This is the reason why it has discouraged—indeed, unchurched, anathematized—all efforts to gain civil and political liberty, and always regarded, with an evil eye, all industry not directly or indirectly in its own interests.

“This same exclusive spiritualism, borrowed from Asia, striking matter with the curse of being unclean in its nature, was the reason for enjoining celibacy upon the clergy. An idea of sanctity was attached to the ministerial office, which it was supposed any contact with the flesh would sully. It also led devotees—those who desired to lead lives strictly holy—to renounce the flesh, as well as the world and the devil; to take vows of perpetual celibacy, and to shut themselves up in monasteries and nunneries. It is the origin of all those self-inflicted tortures, mortifications of the body, penances, fastings, and that neglect of this world for another, which fill so large a space in the history of the church, during what are commonly called the “dark ages.” The church, in its theory, looked always with horror upon all sensual indulgences. Marriage was sinful till purified by holy church. The song and the dance, innocent amusements, and wholesome recreations, though sometimes conceded to the incessant importunities of matter, were of the devil. Even the gay dress, and blithesome song of nature were offensive. A dark, silent, friar's frock was the only befitting garb for nature or for man. The *beau idéal* of a good Christian was one

who renounced all his connections with the world, became deaf to the voice of kindred and friends, insensible to the sweetest and holiest emotions of humanity, immured himself in a cave or cell, and did nothing the life-long day but count his beads and kiss the crucifix.

"Exceptions there were; but this was the idea, the dominant tendency of the church. Thanks, however, to the stubbornness of matter, and to the superintending care of Providence, its dominant tendency always found powerful resistance, and its idea was never able to realize itself.

Mr. Brownson's views of Protestantism, in the third chapter, are brief, but exceedingly determined. He defines Protestantism to be "the rebellion of Materialism, of the material order against the spiritual." The church, he says, abused, degraded, villified matter, but could not annihilate it. It existed in spite of the church. It increased in power, and, at length, arose against spiritualism, and demanded the restoration of its rights.

The subject is continued by an historical summary of its progress; and the author takes pains to give satisfactory verification of his notions. An analysis of his opinions allows us to declare—adopting, for convenience, the spirit of the author—that one of the most immediate causes of Protestantism was the revival of Greek and Roman literature. The classics were studied and appealed to as authority paramount to the church. The scholars of the fifteenth century were enchanted; they had found the ideal of their dreams; they were disgusted with the present; they repelled the civilization effected by the church, and sighed to reproduce Athens. This epoch must have been predisposed to materialism, or else it could not have been pleased with the classics, and the influence of the classics must have been to increase that predisposition; and as Protestantism was a result of both, it could be nothing but materialism. Religion is valued by the protestant world as a subsidiary to the state—as a mere matter of police. Pontifex Maximus was never anything more than a master of police. From such a state of things sprang materialism, mysticism, and then sensualism—and, lastly, Atheism. Protestantism has no religious character, properly speaking. Its religion is a reminiscence. The church of the middle ages is still perceptible at the bottom of all. Materialism modifies the rites of that church merely. Hence commentaries, expositions, and defences without number. Faith in railways is much stronger than in ideas. In governments, the tendency is the same. All forms verge towards the democratic. The king and the church are exchanged for the constitution and the people. Liberty, not order, is the national cry. Indeed, Protestantism is a new and much improved edition of the classics. Its civilization belongs to the same order as that of Greece and Rome. Right yields to expediency, and duty is measured by utility. The result to which Protestantism must come, if fully developed, may be seen by looking at what

France was at the close of the last century. The church was a pantheon, God was a symbol of human reason, and man a man-machine. Spiritualism fell, and the revolution marked the complete triumph of materialism.

Now this, it must be admitted, is not only a curious view of Protestantism, but an illustration of its effects that must attract notice by its originality, if nothing more. We have only given a skeleton view of the author's ideas, or thoughts, but it will suffice to direct the mind of the speculative or studious.

"The Reaction of Spiritualism" is the title of the next chapter. It opens with the declaration, that what has been declared of Protestantism cannot be applied to the present century without some important qualifications. Of course, there is a reaction now in favour of spiritualism.

"Protestantism, since the commencement of the present century, in what it has peculiar to itself, has ceased to gain ground. Rationalism, in Germany, retreats before the evangelical party; the Genevan church makes few proselytes; English and American unitarianism, on the plan of Priestley and Belsham, avowedly material, and being, as it were, the jumping off place from the church to absolute infidelity, is evidently on the decline. There is probably not a man in this country (United States of America) however much and justly he may esteem Priestley and Belsham, as bold and untiring advocates of reason, and of humanity, who would be willing to assume the defence of all their opinions. On the other hand, catholicism has revived, offered some able apologies for itself, made some eminent proselytes, and alarmed many protestants, even among ourselves. Men go out from our midst to Europe, and come back half catholics, sighing to introduce the architecture, the superstition, the rites, and the sacred symbols of the middle ages.

"Protestant America cannot be aroused against the catholics. A mob may burn a convent from momentary excitement; but the most protestant of the protestants among us will petition the legislature to indemnify the owners."

From all this, Mr. Brownson argues that the age sighs for repose, that it is tired of controversy, and that spiritual communion is desired. Hence, we suppose, he nerves himself with hope that his society will work wonders and obtain many proselytes. Believing that materialism cannot exist, that pure spiritualism cannot be revived, divided from matter, he has faith in *the mission of the present*, as he styles it, which is treated of in the sixth chapter of the work, where he proposes to build a new church free from the imperfections of the churches which have been. He condemns Unitarianism, but flatters that sect of Christians by some remarks which savour of sophisms, and though it does appear that he would give progress to a kind of reformed Unitarianism, it is still evident that he is in favour of a church and state religion. We shall not

be surprised to hear that he is recognised as the head of the Unitarians in America, and that Unitarianism will then become Trinitarianism under a new form, with great respect for the Roman Catholic mode of worship. We are led to no other prophecy from the volume before us. The tendency of the "new views" is to re-establish in substance the "old views" existing before the time of Henry VIII. It is possible that Mr. Brownson may never reach the goal that he seeks, but still we cannot help feeling, if his life be spared, that his great talents will be directed into those channels which will diverge into this sea;—the see of Rome. Unitarianism as it is, or as it has been, is no part of his creed; like the late Dr. Channing, he does not know what it is; for it is next to no creed at all. All sorts of philosophy and systems of morals enter into its ground-work, and the superstructure exists variously in the minds of various individuals who pronounce themselves its disciples. Being nothing, therefore, it allows scope for an ambitious polemical writer to seize and wrest it to his purposes, and there is no one in America more capable than Mr. Brownson of doing this, and doing it effectually. The reverend gentlemen, Mr. Palfrey, Mr. Gannett, Mr. Dewey, and some of the lesser lights of the Harvard Divinity School, including Mr. Waldo Emerson, may, for a time, sustain themselves without such aid as Mr. Brownson's, but not one of them has the genius, talent, or force, in our humble opinion, to sustain the Unitarian church, without some extraneous aid. The whole body of these great lights, as they are evidently esteemed to be in New England, exhibit in their writings little religion and less philosophy, although there are evident attempts to display much of the latter. They are all imitations of the short sentences and style of the late Dr. Channing, and seldom rise, even in their most laboured efforts, above indifferent conceits and prettinesses. The body of divinity used by them is not thoroughly understood, even so far as it is possible to conceive it, and their moral code is not particularly remarkable for anything beyond that of other systems of morals generally accepted by mankind.

Unitarian, then, Mr. Brownson, we believe, is not; and the day must come, if it come to prove anything, to justify our opinion. We may refer again to the book to prove any apparent denial to our belief of its character and tendency. Space, now, is denied us.

**ART. XIII.—***Traditions of the Covenanters ; or Gleanings among the Mountains.* By the Rev. ROBT. SIMPSON, Sanquhar. Edinb. Johnstone.

IN the number of the *Monthly Review* for last month, notice was taken of Mr. Stephen's "History of the Church of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Present Time." The work was pronounced, judging by the first volume—the only portion that had appeared—to be strongly and decidedly in favour of episcopacy, and of the prelatical church government that was set up, north of the Tweed, during the ascendancy of the restored titular bishops, especially in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. We now think it right to let a writer in the Presbyterian interest be heard for a few moments, without, however, inveigling ourselves in a defence and support of any of the communions, but merely with the view of endeavouring to exhibit some proofs of the relative as well as comparative strength and merits of each,—of indicating on which side the most steadfastness, consistency, patriotism, piety, learning, and literature had their being.

We believe that on the southern side of the Border preat ignorance, and indeed till recently apathy, existed relative not merely to the true principles and character of the Kirk, but of her actual and linked history. Nor are we less firmly convinced that her enemies have availed themselves of this want of knowledge and of this indifference, to misrepresent her past conduct, and to calumniate the characters of her martyrs. Not merely, in short, are we firmly persuaded that multitudes are at present neutral and hostile in reference to Presbytery, but that a goodly portion of these cold and adverse thinkers would become the Kirk's cordial defenders, were they sufficiently possessed of a knowledge of her merits,—that is,—of her history.

We are perfectly aware that it is difficult for a writer, who has been bred up in Scotland, especially in the *covenanting* districts, and still more of a minister who adheres warmly to the Presbyterian creed, to maintain a calm and impartial tone, only intent on discovering and delivering the truth as it comes fairly developed before him, in spite of every partiality and heart-burning, when engaged on the history of the church of Scotland during the struggles and privations of those who adhered constantly to the Covenant, from the period of the Restoration of Charles II. to the Revolution of 1688. What, for instance, can be more irritating than to listen to recent authors, who would have one to believe that there was hardly any persecution of Presbyterians for conscience' sake, during the period mentioned, but yet raise a terrible cry of severity and cruelties exercised upon the episcopal clery? We should answer that nothing can

rightly excite deeper indignation, unless it were the undergoing similar oppressions and barbarities to those that disgraced the authorities when they let their fury loose upon the peasantry and really religious members of the Scottish community at the period indicated.

Were it necessary, the most triumphant and heart-stirring proofs might be deduced to establish the representations of the Covenanters. When James the First of England ascended the throne of Elizabeth, not only the vast majority of the Scottish people were Protestant Presbyterians, but he himself countenanced them in their faith and beloved system of ecclesiastical government. The King, in the General Assembly at Edinburgh, August 1590, with uplifted hands and uncovered, thus gave utterance to his feeling:—"I praise God I was born in such a time as in the time of the light of the gospel; to such a place as to be king of such a kirk, *the sincerest kirk in the world*. The kirk of Geneva keep pasche and yule. What have they for them? They have no constitution. As for our neighbour kirk of England, their service is an ill said masse in English; they want nothing of the masse but the *listings*. I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, nobles, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your purity, and to exhort the people to do the same. And I, forsooth, so long as I breuk my life and crown, shall remain the same against all deadly."

There can be no more question that the Presbyterian establishment was settled with the consent of the great body of the people, than that the immense majority are attached to it at this day. The weak-head James, however, had hardly removed to the southern division of the island than he became fascinated by the splendour of the English church, and by the temptations which that communion and its dignitaries held out to him; at the same time that he was alarmed by the democracy of the kirk, and by the plain speaking of its ministers. We are not venturing to utter a syllable about the merits of either establishment abstractedly, but only stating notorious facts. We are, in fact, willing to cherish the belief that each is most fitting in the place where it has obtained an ascendancy. But the facts;—the kirk began to experience deep uneasiness in consequence of James's attempt to put her under the dominion of bishops, and considerable oppression was exercised towards individuals, even to the imprisonment and banishment of some of the most eminent adherents to their early creed. Such also was the unrelaxed policy of Charles the First.

It was not, however, until the times of the second Charles and the second James, that the Scottish people were driven by unsurpassed injustice, violence, and wrong, to measures which one party has designated as rebellion and treason, and another as self-defence and rightful resistance. At first they were loyal, some have maintained,



to an absurd degree, and this not merely in reliance upon Charles's good faith and leniency, but as a matter of conscience. Indeed, it was not until six years' endurance of fiery, unrelenting persecution, that a portion of the people manifested a hostile front to the government. This was at Pentland; and it was twelve years longer before the rising at Bothwell.

Nor was it, we contend, because the king imposed bishops upon them, that the Presbyterians took up arms; not because three hundred and fifty of their most faithful ministers were cast out of the churches, and forbidden, upon pain of condign punishment, to preach in the fields. But it was because, when they preached as they had opportunity, as they believed in obedience to God, and in accordance with the desires of affectionate and pious inoffensive flocks, not only they, but all who heard them were liable to military execution. Bands of soldiers scoured the country in search of those who took refuge in caves, mosses, and moors, or to worship their Maker in the most sequestered spots; and when discovered they were either shot on the spot, or carried away to undergo a mock trial, being often previously put to the torture to make them accuse themselves or others, and then led out to an ignominious death; a death too which might generally have been avoided by some compliance or denial which the unprincipled persecutors considered unworthy of founding a scruple.

Frequently it would have been sufficient if the strong-minded but tender-hearted covenanters had repaired Sabbath after Sabbath to their several parish churches, and listened to the curates, many of whom were active agents of the persecutors, by informing against those who either attended conventicles, or refused to submit to their ministry, things held to be pretty much the same in respect of offence. And then the treacherous blood-thirsty Archbishop of St. Andrews directed these proceedings for many years. And what was the character of a number of the men who had been intruded into the pulpits of the beloved and eminently pious ministers of the people? Listen to Bishop Burnet, who a prelate himself, was not very likely to cherish an undue liking for Presbyters or Covenanters.

He says, when speaking of a certain Act which was passed at Glasgow in 1662:—"There was a sort of an invitation sent over the kingdom, like a hue and cry, to all persons to accept of benefices in the West. The livings were generally well endowed, and the parsonage houses were well built and in good repair. And this drew many very worthless persons thither, who had little learning, less piety, and no sort of discretion. The new incumbents who were put in the place of the ejected preachers, were generally very mean and despicable in all respects. They were the worst preachers I ever heard; they were ignorant to a reproach; and many of them were openly vicious. They were a disgrace to their order and the sacred

functions, and were indeed the dregs and refuse of the northern parts. Those of them who rose above contempt or scandal were men of such violent tempers that they were as much hated as the others were despised." Burnet next proceeds to compare these worthless incompetent creatures, drawn from the less enlightened and religiously affected districts of the wild Highlands, with the pious, grave, and laborious Presbyterian incumbents, who he says, "were related to the chief families in the country either by blood or marriage." The contrast is exceedingly striking, but we prefer quoting a few words from Sir Walter Scott's "*Tales of a Grandfather*," who was as unlikely to lavish praise upon the Presbyterians and Covenanters as any prelate of character who ever wrote. He thus expresses himself with regard to the people's beloved clergy:—They were endeared to them "by the purity of their lives, by the depth of learning possessed by some, and the powerful talents exhibited by others; above all, perhaps, by the willingness with which they submitted to poverty, penalties, and banishment, rather than betray the cause they considered so sacred." Scott repeats similar and accordant sentiments in various parts of his works, and must be held as an unimpeachable, if not a reluctant witness.

We are only reiterating what has been thousands of times stated, and what is familiar to every unprejudiced general reader. But still it is wholesome to have the historical truths so closely connected with the attempt to establish episcopacy in Scotland firmly and clearly impressed upon the mind of all. There is a great point of patriotism inseparable from the facts referred to. There is this important truth also, that the independency and ascendancy of Presbytery were brought about *by the people*, instead, as in England, the monarch having a strong hand in it and a deep secular purpose. And hence the churches in the two kingdoms received different, and in sundry respects, opposite impressions and constitutions; that in the north being austere and denuded of many ceremonies and forms which found favour in the south. Something too was owing to the clime and to the souls which are naturally bred there.

It must have been the unrelenting, ay, and the many refined cruelties practised by the intemperate and impolitic advocates of Episcopacy in the times of which we speak, that caused the Presbyterians of Scotland to abhor that form of church government, and to be jealous of its ministers quite as much as ever they did or had been in reference to the practices and professors of the Romish Church. To this day, in the districts of covenanting, the stories of prelate persecution are rife and indelibly imprinted, very unjustly to the prejudice of the living generation of adherents of Episcopacy, which in Scotland is quite as harmless as any other form or mode of dissent. Indeed, to quote the observation of W. M'Gavin, "there is nothing in the nature of Episcopacy more intolerant or bloodthirsty than in

that of Presbytery;" although unhappily for the good name of the former, it was considered a stepping-stone to Popery, being, in fact, by some of the house of Stuart, more or less covertly used for this purpose.

Allusion has been made to the refined cruelties practised by the persecutors in the desolating period spoken of; *letters of intercommuning* being one of the forms adopted by the detestable and tyrannical government. Scott, speaking of this horrible system, says:—"The nearest relations were prohibited from assisting each other, the wife the husband, the brother the brother, and the parent the son, if the sufferers had been intercommuned. The government of this cruel time applied the ancient and barbarous laws to the outlawed Presbyterians of the period, and thus drove them altogether from human society." "They suffered," says another writer, "extremities that tongue cannot deescribe, and which heart can hardly conceive of, from the dismal circumstances of hunger, nakedness, and the severity of the climate; lying in damp caves, and in hollow clefts of the naked rocks, without shelter, covering, fire, or wood; none durst harbour, entertain, relieve, or speak to them upon pain of death." "The ties and obligations of the laws of nature were no defence, but it was made death to perform natural duties, and many suffered death for acts of piety and charity, in cases where human nature could not bear the thoughts of suffering." And what was the character of the soldiery that was for a time let loose upon the Lowlanders? Why the *Highland host*, as they were denominated and are still spoken of with dread and fearful back-lookings. This was nothing less than an irruption of savages, to the number of about ten thousand, armed, besides their accustomed weapons, with spades shovels, and mattocks, as M'Gavin forcibly describes them; with daggers and dirks, iron shackles for binding their victims, and thumb-screws to oblige them to answer the questions that were proposed to them, and to discover their concealed treasure. Monstrous and indiscriminating were the rapine and outrage which they committed: even so revolting as to cause the tyrannical rulers to have them ordered home, to be replaced by more regular and more civilized troops.

But how strong in its faith, how proud in its trophies did Scotland become as she waxed firmer and more zealous in defence of the principles so dear to her people, to such at least as have a right to be called the salt of the earth! To this day, as we ourselves can testify from familiar observation, the seed that was sown during the fiery prelatie persecution grew into a stately, a broad-branched, and deeply rooted tree; and that, not to lean unseasonably in a literary journal to sacred things, the very persons and families that grew out of the covenanting plant, supplied Robbie Burns with his models for man,—*for a man's a man for a' that*, and many other stout and sterling humanities.

The seed that was sown :—yes, it groweth, flourisheth, and bringeth forth substantial fruit to this very day. To be sure the march of utilitarianism and of steam, with their many beautiful, yet sundry questionable and painful results, has disunited and dissevered tender and strongly bounden links of affection and association. The time was, as Mr. Simpson observes, when households were much more stationary, especially in the country localities, than they are now. Many of them were fixtures in a district, occupying the same spot from age to age, and clinging with pertinacity to all the habits and customs of their forefathers. Removals from one province to another were rare, and emigrations were unknown: This, however, is speaking of the people who followed agricultural pursuits; for in towns of any magnitude, and where commerce finds an outlet, there must necessarily be changes and enterprizes which break in upon the primitive manners of the keepers of sheep and cattle, and the tillers of the ground.

But be the removal and vicissitudes of the descendants of the Covenanters wide and extraordinary, or not, there has been the lasting and health-giving spring-time and harvest-time of which we speak, in all the Western counties, at least, of *auld Scotland*. And many there are in these districts who count it better than the loftiest title in Heraldry, to be the descendants of those, who for a conscientious profession of religion were exposed to prescription and ruin. Yet how different the circumstances. “We have no fear,” to quote the Rev. Mr. Gilmour in his ‘Voice of Warning’ to the inhabitants of Greenock, “of the stake, or the tree, or the scaffold, because we openly avow our attachment to civil and religious liberty.” “The days of ecclesiastical domination and of arbitrary political power, are no more. Tyrants and tyranny are equally an abomination in our land.” How different! The day was when—

They dared not, in the face of day,  
To worship God, nor even at the dead of night,  
Save when the wintry storm raved fierce,  
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood  
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly  
The scattered few would meet in some deep dell,  
By rocks o’er-canopied, to hear the voice,  
Their faithful pastor’s voice, who, by the glare  
Of sheeted lightning, oped the sacred book,  
And words of comfort spoke.

And the patriots,—the pious triumphed :—

Thy persecuted children Scotia, foiled  
A tyrant and a bigot’s bloody laws,  
There, leaning on his spear,  
The lyart veteran heard the Word of God,

By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured  
In gentle streams ; then rose the long, the loud  
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased  
His plaint, the solitary place was glad,  
And on the distant cairn the watchers' ear  
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note."

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the literature to which the history and sufferings of the Covenanters have given birth. Woodrow's minute and carefully, honestly collected annals, have become a standard and irrefragable authority, and might elicit a review contrasting the rhetorician's with the truthful painstaking chronicler's services. The reader, however, cannot do better than recur to the edition of the homely work by Dr. Burns of Paisley, and for all that is necessary to be known relative to its writer and the period comprised by his volumes. A still more unique, although less authenticative book was published by a comparatively illiterate man, viz. Howie of Lochgoin, concerning whom and his family, Mr. Simpson has given the interesting particulars now to be quoted.

There is perhaps no place in the west of Scotland, the bare mention of whose name recalls so many associations of covenanting interest as Lochgoin. Situated in the very heart of the moors of Fenwick, in Ayrshire, it afforded an asylum to the wanderers, who expelled from their homes for their adherence to the cause of religion, sought a refuge in the wilds and solitudes of their native land. The farm-house of Lochgoin occupies an elevated situation in the bleak moorland, and commands a prospect of great extent over many miles of heath and moss that were traversed by the feet of many a lonely sufferer in the dark times of persecution. In the far distance the eye roams in the direction of Drumclog, the memorable scene of the defeat of the redoubted Claverhouse, by a company of covenanters who met in the wilderness to worship God. And further on appear the dusky heights and trackless wastes around Muirkirk, in the bosom of which was shed the blood of many an honoured martyr, the most illustrious of whom perhaps was the saintly Priesthill, who fell before his own door, by the hand of one of the most reckless and remorseless men who at that time acted a part so dastardly and impious in the scene of Scotland's tragedy. The parish of Fenwick, of which Lochgoin forms a point so celebrated, abounded, in the times of Prelatic oppression, with many a trusty covenant-ter and leal-hearted patriot. A goodly company of Christian men were reared under the ministry of the famous William Guthrie, who was the first incumbent of this parish, and whose labours in the Gospel were attended with a success so great, that his little glebe was studded with houses built by those who wished to enjoy the preaching of a man whose ministrations were attended with so much power from on high. He was one of the worthies who suffered in those times, although his life was not taken away by violence ; for he was permitted to die in his own bed. The church in which he preached the everlasting Gospel, to the conversion and edification

of so many souls, still stands, and the pulpit from which he addressed great crowds, in strains so sweet and heavenly, still occupies its place. In the churchyard are the graves of several martyrs, whose hallowed dust, there at rest, awaits the quickening of the general resurrection.

In the house of Lochgoin are sundry relics of the covenanting times, to see which, and to visit the residence of the renowned author of the Scots Worthies, hundreds of strangers annually come from afar. Among the curiosities at Lochgoin are the flag of the covenant, which waved on the standard of the men of Fenwick; the drum, the sound of which convened the party, and which they followed to the field of conflict; the rusty sword of the brave Captain Paton, one of the leading patriots in the west, together with his Bible, a little dingy volume, well thumbed and worn with constant perusal, the identical volume which he handed down to his wife from the scaffold, the moment before he was turned over by the executioner, when he ended his life as an honoured witness to the Truth, and sealed his testimony with his blood,—and of whom it has been said, that, “he lived a hero and died a martyr.”

Lochgoin possesses a well-furnished library, containing many volumes of antiquity and of interest; and also some beautiful manuscripts of large notes of sermons, preached by some of the worthies who held conventicles in that desert. The family of Lochgoin has subsisted on the spot for about 700 years, and came originally as refugees from some of the Waldensian or Piedmontese valleys, in the times of the early continental persecutions. No fewer than nine-and-twenty persons of the name of John Howie or Hoy have occupied the place in their successive generations. The father of the present occupant was the compiler of the Scots Worthies; and the bower in the little garden, in the front of the house, is still pointed out as the place where on the fine days of summer, he used to sit in retirement, and arrange and write the materials of that work which has found a place in almost every cottage in Scotland. This worthy man, besides other works, wrote a history of his own religious experience in a small volume, and which affords the fullest evidence that he was a man who lived with God, and walked in the steps of a pious ancestry.

Again,—

But though the house of Lochgoin was often visited by the soldiers, this did not prevent the frequent keeping of the conventicles there. On another occasion we find Captain Paton, John Kirkland, George Woodburn, with James Howie, and two other persons whose names are not mentioned, convened at Lochgoin for the purpose of spending the night in prayer. The night happened to be very stormy, and the friends considering the circumstance as contributing to their security, thought it probable that they might be permitted to spend their time without interruption. They prayed and conversed together, and when the morning dawned they went by turns to look from the rising ground in the vicinity of the dwelling, lest the enemy should even on such a stormy night, venture abroad. By this time the persecutors had learned that the most likely occasions on which to find the wanderers within doors was during tempestuous weather; and with this

idea a party was commissioned on this same evening to visit Lochgoin. Accordingly, a company of soldiers came unawares to the spot, conducted it would appear by one Sergeant Rae, who, having stationed the men without, boldly entered the house, thinking to secure those within without any interruption. As he advanced in the bustling way of a trooper, along the inner passage, Isabel Howie met him, and seizing him by the shoulders, pushed him backwards till she thrust him without the door, where he fell with violence and the musket flew out of his hand. He instantly regained his feet, and ran to the west end of the house for the purpose of calling in his soldiers. In the mean time the persons in hiding, who were now sufficiently aware of their situation, made their escape by the cow-house, which was attached to the dwelling on the east end. When Rae observed this he fired, while John Kirkland, one of the fugitives, turned and discharged his musket at the assailant, and then fled with the rest. Kirkland's shot had very nearly proved fatal, for it passed so close to the sergeant's head as to carry away the pendant knot of hair from the one side. The soldiers always found it a dangerous matter to engage with the covenanters, however few in numbers, and therefore they were for the most part wary in their advances, especially in the dark. As the party in flight proceeded over the bent, a Highland sergeant, whose name is not mentioned, pursued with great eagerness and impetuosity, in the full expectation of seizing one of them. John Kirkland, who saw the danger in which their worthy leader, Captain Paton, was placed, who, being old and breathless, was not able to run so as to secure his safety by flight, stood still for the purpose of retarding the pursuers until the captain should escape. When the enemy was within a short distance of them, John Kirkland and his friends discharged their pieces, and the Highland sergeant fell, shot with a ball through the thigh. As he lay sprawling on the heath, his companions came up, who thinking that it was one of the fugitives that had fallen, cried out that they had now gotten one of the dogs, as they termed them; but they soon found that it was their own Highland sergeant who had received the injury; and so little friendship is there among the wicked, that one of them, on learning the circumstance, exclaimed that he wished the ball had passed through his heart. By this time the fleeing party had gained ground, and in a brief space they got beyond view of their pursuers; but it was not till they had fled three or four miles that they got fairly out of their reach.

James Howie and his son John went out at another door, and took a different direction and escaped. Next day the dragoons visited Lochgoin, and drove all the cattle from the farm to Dean castle, and shut them up in a close at the end of the building, where they were kept for eight days. The calves which they left behind, and which they found inconvenient to take along with them, were fed with milk by the friendly neighbours till the cows were brought back. Sir William Muir of Rowallan sent fodder to the cattle during the time they were retained at the castle, and at last bought the whole from Captain Inglis for 600 merks, and restored them to Lochgoin, by what was then called steelbow, so that the troopers when they revisited Lochgoin had no power to touch them. Before the Revolution James Nowie had them all relieved in a private way, and Rowallan paid.

These particulars bear not merely upon the Covenanting literature, but the sufferings and privations of the persecuted in the times of prelatie domination in Scotland. The names of some of those who hunted the Presbyterians like partridges upon the mountains, have been accursed, just as the remembrance of the martyrs has been embalmed in a grateful posterity's heart. For instance, Dalzell of Glenae is to this day a byeword in many a mouth in the Southern and Western borders of Scotia. Numerous are the anecdotes related concerning him, some of which are not half so flattering as the following. He was passing through Gavin Moor feebly, or not attended.

Gavin Moor is a wild district, in the parish of Closeburn, and was often resorted to in the times of the Covenant by the wanderers, who found a retreat in its solitudes. As he was proceeding along the waste, wending his way towards his own residence, on the water of Ae, he came upon a man fast asleep among the brakens, or the long grass, close by the footh-path. The horse on which Dalzell rode started, and snorted so loudly that the man awoke, and springing to his feet, found himself in the presence of an enemy. Dalzell recognised him as a fugitive who had sought concealment in the moor. On his being commanded to surrender himself a prisoner, the man stood on the defensive. Dalzell, unwilling to brook the insult, sprang from his steed, and seizing his ponderous glaive, advanced on the covenanter, not doubting that he would speedily settle the matter by his single arm. In the braggart style of a swaggering dragoon, he exclaimed that he would either make him his captive, or lay his body lifeless on the heath. But he reckoned without his host; for the covenanter was a powerful man, and one whose arm could wield a sword as dexterously as his vaunting opponent; and this the assailant soon found to his cost. A man who is obliged to stand up suddenly in defence of his life, finds himself inspired with a determination, and armed with a courage, of which, in his calmer moments, he might think himself incapable. At first the contest seemed to be equal, and the issue doubtful; but the covenanter at a happy moment, with a brawny arm and a skilful movement, twirled the sword from Dalzell's right hand, and bending forward, lifted the glittering blade from the ground, and encountered the foe with his own weapon. Dalzell, outwitted by this movement, and fully aware of his danger, implored mercy at the hand of the man whose hostility he had unrighteously provoked. The victorious combatant, having no desire to take the life of his persecutor, said that he would spare him on one condition. "I will accede to any condition," said Dalzell, "you may see fit to propose." "The condition is a very simple one," replied the covenanter, "and one that imposes no hard exaction; it is merely this,—that when in pursuit of any of the covenanters, or when you come to surprise any conventicle, you see a white flag elevated upon a staff, you cease from the pursuit, and refuse to invade the conventicle." This seemed to Dalzell a trifling imposition when laid in balance with his life; and he agreed to the condition without remonstrance.



On the truce being thus concluded, the brave and humane covenanter repaired to the hiding-places of his friends to communicate the intelligence. The news of the rencontre, and the terms to which Dalyell had acceded, were published far and wide among the friends, that any party when attacked by this commander, might know to exhibit the flag, and thereby escape the threatened mischief. This circumstance, however, was not contemplated by Dalyell at the time; he imagined that this covenanter only was likely to employ the signal agreed on, and that he, in all likelihood, would be rarely met with. The plan, however, was turned to a general use, and was found productive of much good.

The success of the scheme was soon tested. A conventicle was held at Mitchellstacks, in Closeburn, at which our heroic covenanter happened to be present. A detachment of soldiers was sent to surprise the meeting, and the commander of the party happened to be Dalyell himself. When the troopers were in sight, a white handkerchief tied to the end of a shepherd's crook was seen streaming in the wind. The signal was presented peradventure, for the worshippers did not know whether Dalyell might be with the soldiers or not; but the attempt was made to prove the matter, and the result was favourable, for the commander, when he saw the meeting disperse, withheld his men from running on the people, and marched off in another direction. It is not likely that the secret of the signal was ever made known by Dalyell to any of his own party, as this might have been detrimental to him, and the circumstances in which the agreement was made would not have excused him in the jealous eyes of the faction to which he belonged; nor is it likely that the matter was ever divulged by the covenanter, beyond the circle of his friends who lived within the locality over which Daylell's power extended. Things in those days were worked with great caution, because much, either for good or ill, depended on judicious management.

Often was this commander defeated in his designs by the display of the white flag; for though the individual to whom the promise was made did not happen to be present, others instructed in the secret did it for him. So frequently was Dalyell encountered with the handkerchief, that in the irritation of his spirit, he bitterly expressed his disappointment, and declared that the covenanter to whom he plighted his faith was like the devil, so fleet and variable in his movements, that he was to be found in every place where a conventicle was kept,—not knowing that the secret was communicated to others whose interests it equally served. It is affirmed that in no one instance did Dalyell ever infringe his promise, but kept it most religiously in every case. Though he was a persecutor, he was honourable in this matter, and imitated the conduct of the man who had his life completely in his power, but spared him with a generous clemency. It was never the intention of the covenanters to shed blood, nor to lift the arm of resistance against the righteously constituted authorities of the land,—they were men driven to desperation by a wicked misrule; and if, on any occasion, blood was shed by them in self-defence, are they, therefore, to be stigmatized as rebels?

Which of the Covenanters or of their Sympathising offspring can ever have recognized the chivalry of the Viscount of Dundee—the *blindy Claverse*!

The names of Lagg and Claverhouse are to this day almost as familiar in the cottages of the south of Scotland as in the times in which they lived; and this shows the dreadful notoriety as persecutors to which these men had attained. Not only were they and the rest of their order feared by the non-conformists,—they were equally dreaded by those of their own party. The farmers and little lairds, of whatever religious profession, were, in common with others, frequently subjected to their pillagings and unceremonious intrusions, whenever it served their purpose. These two companions in sin emboldened each other in their wickedness and proceeded from bad to worse, till they reached such proficiency in iniquity as to leave far behind them many of their competitors in the career of crime. No deed of ruffianism was too daring for these men, and no atrocity too revolting and fierce. Their names have been transmitted with indelible infamy to posterity. It will be long before the south of Scotland forget that such men shed profusely, and without remorse, the blood of a pious ancestry, whose only fault was “non-compliance with a wicked time.”

In their ramblings through the country they brought terror and ruin to many a heart, dragging the parents from the children, and the children from the parents. These associates in crime came one day, in their raids, to a place called the Glen of Dunscore, for the purpose of visiting a family who was suspected of harbouring the outcasts, to see what might be acquired by way of pillage; for they were mean men, and guilty of low acts of theft, infinitely beneath the dignity of gentlemen;—gentlemen! that title never befitted them. It was on a fine day in harvest, and all belonging to the house were in the field, gathering the yellow treasures of autumn. The field, it would appear, in which the reapers were employed, was not in sight of the troopers, otherwise it is likely they would have visited it first, for the purpose of apprehending those whom they wished to secure, or at least to interrogate them respecting the wanderers. When they arrived at the house, no person was within but a little girl of ten or twelve years of age. Claverhouse was artful, and could easily assume a great deal of apparent gentleness of manner, and by this means he could throw unsuspecting people off their guard, and expiscate all he wished to know; but Lagg was blustering and imperious, and attempted to gain his object by frowns and threatenings. He accosted the child, and asked some questions respecting the sort of people that frequented the house, and if she ever carried food to people in the fields,—to which questions no satisfactory answers were returned, further than that she carried porridge to the herd-boy, when he could not leave the cows in the fields, and that as to the night lodgers she knew nothing, because she went early to bed, and slept soundly till the morning. Lagg considered this as an evasion, and began to storm at the child, and threatened to shoot her on the spot. On this she burst into tears, and cried vehemently. “You have spoiled the play entirely,” said Claverhouse, “she will not say anything, be it right or wrong, to save her life.” When they were gone, the girl ran to the harvest-field to tell what had happened. The reapers were alarmed, and dreading a second visit from the party, betook themselves to their hiding-places. The chief place of resort in cases of alarm, was an old kiln at the end of the barn, which had been fitted up for the reception of a number of persons at a time, and was considered as a place of great safety by the family. Here they concealed themselves till they thought all danger was

over. In such painful and precarious circumstances were our ancestors placed!—they could not pursue their occupations in the house nor in the field with safety, because strolling military bands, like plundering and murdering banditti, had spread themselves over the whole land.

We have only to express our thanks to Mr. Simpson for having gleaned so many traditions of the Covenanters, ere they have been lost in utter oblivion, and of which there was no accessible record, except by such an earnest and competent collector. He has proved himself to be a mild as well as a faithful gatherer, a simple and yet an effective writer, an ardent and yet a liberal reporter. His Traditions, no doubt, are listened to at thousands of Scottish firesides in the valleys and upon the mountains of the North, but they will also ever have a touching interest and an instructive power where the English language is understood, or national independence is appreciated.

#### ART. XIV.

1. *The Brothers: a Tale of the Fronde; and other Stories.* By the Author of "Oliver Cromwell," "Marmaduke Wyvil, &c. 3 vols. Colburn.
2. *The Laurringtons; or Superior People.* By FRANCES TROLLOPE. Longman and Co
3. *Men and Women; or Manorial Rights.* By the Author of the "Adventures of Susan Hoply." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.
4. *The Grumbler.* By the late Miss ELLEN PICKERING. 3 vols. Newby.

Mr. W. H. HERBERT, the Author of the first-named work, is an Englishman residing in America, where we believe he enjoys a reputation second to no novelist of the present day, who has made history the groundwork of his romances. "The Brothers" was the first work that Mr. Herbert placed before the American public, and is the one that gave an earnest of that reputation which the Author not only enjoys in the country of his adoption, but also throughout Great Britain. It is not surprising that this romance was so highly esteemed as to raise its Author to the highest station in the literary circles of the new world, for there is a freshness and finish in its style not quite so palpable in the later productions of the same author, who has been more intent upon his characters and incidents than upon the formation of his phrases and periods,—not that the tale of the *Fronde* is wanting either in the portraiture of character or in the narration of incident—not at all! On the contrary, there is a warmth of colouring, an earnestness and force in the subject, and a full appreciation of the spirit of the *Fronde*, that a

thorough study of history alone could have given. Mr. Herbert seizes, in this story, incidents which might be deemed out of place in our time, and depicts them fearlessly as the effects of the political atmosphere in which his imagination revels. This is not only well, but exhibits a fine knowledge of the novelist's art. It is this that renders such an author as Mr. Herbert superior to the weak scribbler that could perpetrate the history of the Lauringtons—a mass of irredeemable trash and common-place dialogues.

It is no praise, however, to evelate Mr. Herbert by Mrs. Trollope's deterioration, for his merit is of an order never to be obtained by one whose chief skill consists in being able to sketch scenes of real life with a caricaturist's pencil, and who cannot possibly invent or combine with the slightest degree of harmony consistent with the lofty principles of art. Mr. Herbert's genius, as displayed in "The Brothers," and his other works is so powerful in its aim, and so successful in its effects, that no individual who has the capacity to form a judgment of the requirements of a romance, can fail to discern that this writer is not only equal to any novelist of the present day who may be ranked beside him, but in this species of composition, above all—far, far beyond all, he stands forth the master of his art. His genius sublimates the very ground on which he condescends to tread, and he carries his reader along with his subject, making him feel that he is a participant in the scenes discribed. His knowledge of architecture, arms, and all the details of the mode of warfare in elder times, his complete appreciation of the scenery, manner of living, and the minute historical data affecting the past, render him at home upon any historical subject that claims his notice—whether it be in the remote ages, when Rome and Greece flourished, when Egypt dazzled the earth with its glory, or in those later times when barbarous England and the heathen nations of Northern Europe, began to change beneath the light of advancing civilization. Mr. Herbert's knowledge, however, never overbalances or weighs down his genius—that is above all, that encircles all, that enriches all, draws out character, reveals it in such lights and shades that it must tell upon the mind, and with a power resistless. The newspapers have declared that Mr. Herbert is almost equal to Sir Walter Scott in his historical subjects. This is the decision of those who have not the boldness to be heretics in their opinions. Sir Walter Scott never could write as Mr. Herbert does. He never had the organization that could permit him to do so. He never *dared* to write as the author of "The Brothers" always can, and always takes care to do. Sir Walter Scott was a wizard in many things—Mr. Herbert is a magician in everything, and it will go hard if the world think not so, too, ere long. Sir Walter Scott was too timid in expressing opinions ever really to extort the sincere praise of men—hence he never did justice to his historical subjects—hence

he never wrote to make the world any wiser or better, save where he touched men's imaginations—hence he never advanced the cause of civilization and the cause of the human soul. Not so is Mr. Herbert. He speaks right on—truth before him. His genius holds forth continually a warning to the future—the oracle by which he speaks is the past. Sir Walter Scott might have been the amanuensis of a diplomatist—Mr. Herbert might be the diplomatist himself—Nay, he might be something beyond this, a philanthropist, a statesman of the highest rank, for he understands government as he understands how to excite the imagination.—He is bold, manly, and free from a mask. We know where to find him, and we rejoice that so sound a thinker should be coupled with so supreme a novelist.

We have read "The Brothers," with a lofty pride of ourself, not from a vain self-esteem, but from what he teaches us that the species is; and we have thrown down the work, unsatisfied—unsatisfied that we were not blessed with more of it. It is a tale too short, there is so much positive merit in it—so much exalted thought and such experience running under the west of the narrative, to give the whole texture value. We must, however, in commending it to our readers, not forget to state that the third volume is comprised of a series of tales which will substantiate our opinions. Let the sceptic read the "Eve of St. Bartholomew," and then turn to "Haco, the Sea-King," to test a portion of our assertions, the whole of which, we believe, will be entertained, when these are read in connection with "The Brothers."

Having incidentally noticed the production by Mrs. Trollope, we shall only express our decided conviction that such works are too vulgar to be tolerated. They appear to emanate from a mind incapable of perceiving anything in society beyond the bare surface. The characters receive at the author's hands such broad and disgusting features as to be obnoxious to refined taste, and, we do trust that if Mrs. Trollope continues to assume the garb of authorship that she will have some respect for the cloth. Her talents have only to be directed with proper discretion to be of use to herself and mankind.

"Men and Women" is of a higher order—but we fear a model too exalted for Mrs. Trollope. It is a work far superior to most of the fictions of its class. The interest is well sustained from the commencement to the conclusion and there is a certain mystery so well carried through the entire plot that the reader cannot resist the temptation to pursue the subject.

The mother and her daughter Lucy are exceedingly well drawn characters, and the incidents are so cleverly handled as to give us an opinion of the most complimentary kind towards its author.

In drawing a comparison between the *Illiad* and *Odyssey* of Pope, some writer observes that the former was like the glorious burst of

the morning sun, whilst the latter, though less bright and dazzling, might be likened to the setting of that same luminary after a day of splendour, less dazzling, but retaining all its beauties to the last.

In adverting to the works of the late Miss Ellen Pickering we may reverse the simile; for though her rise above the horizon of literature as the author of "*The Heiress*" gave promise of the bright career which followed, all must acknowledge that the sunset of her fame has far outshone the brilliancy of its shining. We have so long been accustomed to speak of Miss Ellen Pickering's works in terms of praise, and to look for their publication as to the appearance of old friends, that it is with feelings of deep regret we set about our task of noticing her last novel. We cannot bear to think we shall see no more of those pure, touching, feeling delineations from her pen,—to feel that the imagination which has so often called forth our sympathy by its simple pathos, or caused a laugh by its piquant satire, is at rest for ever. There is something peculiarly melancholy in reviewing the effusions of departed genius—genius, which has only used its power to lead us to virtue by flowery paths, keeping the mind free from taint by teaching us to shun its knowledge. Such has ever been the aim of Miss Ellen Pickering; and whilst she is gone to receive a reward above worldly fame, her memory as a writer will be cherished by all. Having given this just tribute to her worth, we proceed to our duty.

The Grumbler contains all the beauties of natural portraiture of life so conspicuous in every one of Miss Pickering's novels; possessing one great advantage over many of its predecessors, the sketches of the young men being more pleasing. We have often thought Miss Ellen Pickering deficient in this part of her delineations, but in "*The Grumbler*" she has fully retrieved herself, and we pronounce Reginald Ainslie faultless as a model; his virtues are not extravagant, he never comes forward to act the hero, but he is what every young man may be if he pleases. The Grumbler (Courtenay) is capital, making us laugh and angry alternately; but his conduct offers us a fine warning against indulging hatred,—shows us how often in the midst of plenty we lose our fulness of thankfulness, and teaches us in what spirit to bear adversity. Blanche St. Aubyn, is charming (we will not call her the heroine, for she is too much of the artless child of nature for that) yet she acts with a self denial and energy of purpose worthy any heroine, but her character is so beautifully drawn that though the principal female she seldom stands apart from the group, though ever distinguishable for gaiety and goodness. She is what every father would be proud to see in a daughter, and offers as beautiful a model to *her* sex, as Reginald Ainslie does to the other. Isabel Courtenay bursts upon us as a lovely vision, the delicate touches of whose character are not the least talented parts of the book. There are many Harry Wilmots, frank, generous, somewhat thoughtless young men, but who when tried gain our hearts

by their goodness, and many a cheerful kind of old bachelors like Knyvett, whose friendship for his youthful companion is a good example in our times, when most are all for themselves. Cecily Milwood too, the timid, good Cecily, with her well regulated and contented spirit, is quite an old acquaintance; whilst those who remember Flinter in the "Quiet Husband," will welcome with a smile young John the attached servant of a grumbling master. In these days of disagreeable utilitarianism, it is delightful to meet with one who hands us into the region of fancy; and we thank Miss Pickering for often taking us into the path of imagination, and allowing us for a while to linger in fairy lands.

After these general notices we find it a most difficult task to vindicate our opinion by means of extract, so skilfully and cunningly has the gifted and lamented authoress dovetailed and hinged the story. Such being the circumstances, we think it better both in respect of writer and reader that we leave the work to its own sure and high career of success when examined thoroughly and honestly, as it requires to be in order to have its merits appreciated with a discriminating nicety. We therefore close the volumes with a sense of deep bereavement, but at the same time with a perfect persuasion that the *Grumbler* will not merely abide the severe test which Miss Pickering's former works have erected for her trial, but send many an eager eye to her earlier tales with the anxiety to discover the full nature and the entire history of the development of her genius, from first to last,—from the opening of her promise to the crowning of her triumphs. The series of her fictions ought to form a handsome and uniform edition at some period not far distant; and this in respect of beauty and worth as imaginative creations, as well as illustrations of mental phenomena, and feminine gifts.

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ART. XV.—*A Popular Companion to the Study of the Holy Scriptures.* By the Rev. JAMES COGHLAN, M.A. Hamilton and Adams.

It seems proper at the commencement of a new year, and of another series of the "Monthly Review," that some reiterated promise and evidence should be afforded that the journal shall persevere to regard the religion of Christianity as the one thing that is needful—the doctrine of the Bible as the sure and sufficient word of God, for man's direction and hope while on earth and for the questionless description and guarantee of the state that is to be hereafter. Perhaps, for our present purpose, there could not be selected a more fitting text than that which is furnished by Mr. Coghlan's volume, being pointedly intended to counteract the moral poison, with which a portion of the press of this country is now teeming, and which is

industriously circulated amongst the poor and ignorant classes of the community, by the agents of infidelity and licentiousness, so as to sap the very foundations of religious faith and to prepare the "uninstructed to give up even their natural predilections for morality and virtue." The author is perfectly aware that every objection which the subtlety of the most acute free-thinker or self-styled philosophic inquirer could muster, has again and again, and whenever put forward with any degree of commanding talent, been most completely and satisfactorily answered and refuted. But he is at the same time sensible that the antidote has not been exhibited to those who are most apt to imbibe it, and who are continually most in danger from the infection; neither is it given in the most accessible form, nor in the plainest dress. "If," says Mr. Coghlan, "among the classes of persons to whom reference is here made, the wicked insinuations of doubts against the divine origin of Christianity be practised, how few shall we find capable of answering the tempter! How few have ever read anything concerning the evidences of our faith, or been adequately furnished with weapons to repel their spiritual enemies."

Very recently there appeared in our Review, copious extracts from a work with the title of "Studies of the New Testament, by a Layman," which has been since that time looked into with more care than circumstances at first permitted. The book, we find, is totally unworthy—whether regarded as a literary effort in the region of correct writing, as a skilfully conducted argument, or as a bold and splendid theory, either of refutation or observation. But it may serve as a hinge for a remark rapidly thrown off. Well then, let the general reader take a hint for the correction of superficial scepticism from the following solution of the genealogical difficulty created by St. Matthew and St. Luke's Gospels:

Much learned labour has been used to reconcile St. Matthew's genealogy with St. Luke's, and there are several ways of doing it. We find one of them to be this—St. Matthew deduces the genealogy of Christ in the line of his mother's husband; whereas St. Luke traces the genealogy in the line of Mary his Mother. Although Jesus was not the natural son, he was the adopted son of Joseph; and an adopted son was entitled to all the family privileges, and to have his name inserted in the genealogical rolls. Hence the genealogy is thus given by Matthew; but it is not without reason that the maternal line is given by Luke, since, as both lines pass through David, we are thus supplied with evidence that Jesus was, by a two-fold claim, naturally and adoptively, "the son of David." This was a most important point of evidence to the Jews, and not less to Christians, since it was foretold by the prophets that the expected Messiah should proceed from the house of David. As the Jews were particularly careful about their genealogical registers, of which, it appears, that besides those which were kept by private families, there



were copies or originals preserved in public offices and repositories; there is much reason to conclude that the registers of Matthew and Luke were extracted from these sources of information, the authority of which was unquestionable, and which were open to public inspection. Hence the Jews could easily satisfy themselves of the claim of Jesus to be the son of David; and of this it does appear that they were satisfied, for we find him frequently addressed as "the son of David," and the knowledge of this fact affords one reason for the circumstance that the people would have taken him by force and made him king. To which may be added, that the Talmud assigns his having been "nigh to the kingdom," as a reason for his having been put to death.

There is not, we believe Dr. Chalmers to have remarked, an unexcepted submission of the understanding to the authority of the Bible, on the part of many professing Christians. The question with such is not what the Lardners and Lelands have demonstrated, —not what readest thou, but what thinkest thou? People appear totally to have forgotten these awful words—"Whosoever addeth to, or taketh from, the words of this book is accursed," for such is the absolute language in which the Bible delivers itself. Having said this much, we cite from the volume before us, something for the instruction of the Layman and all who, like him, take their faith from human and self-constituted authority,—the subject being the Apocalypse:—

There is one circumstance relative to this book which is not only remarkable, but peculiar; viz., that after being received as of Divine authority during the whole of the first two centuries, it came in the third to be disputed; and was therefore placed by Eusebius among the disputed or contradicted writings. \* \* \* The cause of the question, whether the Book of Revelation was an inspired production, was, that in the third century some very absurd opinions, on the subject of the Millenium, were entertained by some persons, pious probably, but injudicious; and hence fanciful in their interpretations of some of the portions of this writing. \* \* \* The doubts entertained relative to the genuineness and inspiration of this book, and the peculiarity of the circumstances under which they were suggested, has, of course, subjected this portion of the sacred volume to a severe ordeal of criticism; but the friends of truth have little cause to regret it: for there is no part of the New Testament which has stronger, and more undoubted claims to our confidence than this; and none which was commented upon, as a portion of inspired writing, at so early a date. Dr. Priestley has said, that he thinks it impossible for an intelligent and candid person to peruse it, without being forcibly struck with the peculiar sublimity of its composition, so as to be convinced that, considering the age in which it appeared, it could only have been written by a person divinely inspired. The value of this testimony will be immediately admitted by any one who knows the eminence of Dr. Priestley as a biblical critic, except when his own theological opinions were concerned. \* \* \* We have abundance

of external evidence of the same character as that upon which others of the sacred books are received, to the genuineness of the book of Revelation. Hermas has several expressions so closely resembling those in the book before us, that it is nearly impossible not to suppose them designed for imitations of it: and the only reason why it was not expressly cited, was, that such citation was not in accordance with this father's design. Ignatius has three passages, as Dr. Woodhouse has shewn, in which the verbal resemblances are so exact, that the father must have read the book of Revelation. Polycarp has cited this book, in the only epistle of his which has descended to our times; and when he suffered martyrdom, he began his expiring prayer with the very words of the elders, in Rev. xi. 17. To these may be added the name of Papias, whom Drs. Woodhouse and Lardner have shewn to have received it. These all were contemporary with the Apostle St. John; and, of course, great weight must attach to their testimony, as they had special advantages for knowing that, respecting which their testimony was given. In the age next succeeding the apostolical one, numerous confirmatory testimonies are found. Justin Martyr, A. D. 140, knew and received the Apocalypse, as the production of the Apostle St. John; and also Jerome, who is reported to have commented on it, though the commentary is now lost. Melito, Bishop of Sardis, A. D. 177, wrote a commentary on this book: it is quoted, also, most obviously, in the Epistle of the churches of Lyons and Vienne, A. D. 177, and also by Irenæus, A. D. 178, who designates it as "The Revelation of John the disciple of the Lord." To these may be added the unequivocal testimonies of Athenagoras and Theophilus, bishops of Antioch, A. D. 181; Apollonius, A. D. 186 or 187. Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian, which last defends the authority of the book against Mercion. From his writings it is plain that this book was generally received by the Asiatic, and also by the African churches.

In the third century its genuineness is attested by Hippolytus Portuensis (A. D. 220), who was a disciple of Irenæus, and who wrote two books in its defence; and by Origen (A. D. 239), who most explicitly acknowledges it in his works. Lower than this we need not descend, because the opponents of its genuineness descend no lower; yet we might add no inconsiderable catalogue of other illustrious names in this century who received it, but we forbear. So far as external evidence can establish the genuineness of any work, we are fully sustained in the declaration, that *this book is to be received as a portion of "Scriptures given by inspiration of God."*

Then with regard to the *internal evidence*, Mr. Coghlan gives the following condensed report:

First, its correspondence in doctrine and imagery with other books which are confessedly of Divine origin. Doctrine is not, indeed, a principal subject in this book; yet a work of this length can scarcely be found without making some developments of doctrine; and those herein developed are in perfect congruity with such as are delivered in other apostolical writings.

Secondly, *the sublimity* of the ideas and imagery is another internal evidence of the genuineness and divine origin of the Apocalypse. These ideas and imagery are such as are to be found only in the inspired writings. It

is *grandeur of thought*, independent of language, which is here insisted on ; inspired writers often neglect the graces of language, relying on the *subjects* of their discourses to secure for their writings the regard which is their due.

Thirdly, the coincidence of style between this book and the undisputed writings of St. John, is another evidence that the Apocalypse is his work. The proof of this, however, cannot be fully exhibited to a mere English reader, inasmuch that it is in the Greek that it is principally remarkable ; and as these remarks are principally intended for the benefit of such readers, we shall pass over it in silence ; observing only, that such of our readers as may desire to see the evidences of coincidence in the original, may consult Horne's Introduction, vol. iv. pp. 478, 9.

After offering some more observations relative to the date of the Book of Revelations, a subject which has much engaged the learned, and stating that it is judged to have been published about A.D. 97, Mr. Coghlan goes on to say that it divides itself into two principal portions, treating of the things "which are," and the things "that shall be hereafter."

I. "The things which are," describe the then state of the general church ; or, particularly, of the Asiatic churches, which are individually addressed in short epistles.

II. "The things which shall be hereafter," contains a prophecy of the church, through succeeding ages, from the time when the Apostle beheld the Apocalyptic visions to the grand consummation of all things.

In the study of these prophecies, we must be extremely careful to exercise a sober and chastened judgment, and apply, at every step, the most approved rules of interpretation, applicable to such writings.

1st. We must compare the language, symbols, and predictions with those of former Revelations, and admit only such interpretation as appears to have the sanction of Divine authority.

2ndly. Unless necessity evidently require another course in particular, the predictions are to be interpreted of the progressive Church of Christ.

3dly. The predictions relative to the progress of the Church are to be spiritually, and not literally, interpreted. The affairs of the kingdoms of this world are not the subjects of Apocalyptic prophecy, except in cases in which they have a remarkable bearing on the advance, or impediment of the Saviour's kingdom.

4thly. We are not to attempt particular interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy. The Book of Revelation is not designed as a foundation for schemes and theories ; nor for the gratification of curiosity, but for the exercise of faith and patience ; inasmuch that "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

No book has ever been more commented on, or has given rise to a greater variety of interpretations than the Apocalypse, which has ever been accounted the most difficult portion of the New Testament. The, figurative language in which the visions are delivered ; the variety of symbols under

which the several events are shadowed forth; the 'extent of the prophetic information embodied, and which appears to embrace all the future ages of the Christian church, afford little hope of its *perfect* elucidations, till a farther lapse of time shall have ripened more of the events foretold in it, and thus afforded safe scope to investigation. Although many parts of the Apocalypse are necessarily obscure to us, because they contain prediction of events still future, yet enough is clearly seen to impart to us valuable instruction. It is precisely to us, what the prophecies of the Old Testament were to the Jews; nor is it in any degree more inexplicable. "No prophecies in the Revelation," says Gilpin, "can be more clouded with obscurity than that a child should be born of a pure Virgin;—that a mortal should not see corruption;—that a person despised and numbered among malefactors, should be established for ever on the throne of David. Yet, still, the *pious Jew* preserved his faith entire, amidst all these wonderful, and, in appearance, contradictory intimations. He looked into the holy books in which they were contained with reverence; and, with an eye of patient expectation, 'waited for the consolation of Israel.' We, in the same manner look up to the prophecies of the Apocalypse, for the full consummation of the great scheme of the Gospel; when Christianity shall finally prevail over all the corruptions of the world, and be universally established in its utmost purity."

ART. XVI.—*Life in the Sick Room.* Essays by an Invalid. Moxon.

ALTHOUGH this work is not of a character to arrest the attention of the "working-day world," we have not formed so harsh an opinion of mankind as to believe that it will be passed by totally unheeded. There are, nevertheless, so many tears shed by many over fictitious woe and suffering, that very little active sympathy can be expected in this sphere, and the author of the work will necessarily find that few will be induced to regard very deeply the information which it contains. They who are willing to attend to a duty that belongs to us all as brothers and sisters of the same family may here discover the lessons of experience, and be profited by a study of them. No matter how busily occupied we may seem to be both by ourselves and others, there is a certainty that if we had the will there would be a way for meliorating the condition of poor invalids and the suffering.

We shall not enter into any analysis of the author's work, but by citing a few passages will enable the reader to judge of the style of the production.

The first extract that we shall make represents the effect of pain, and how far suffering contributes to make one inclined to solitude

In pictures of the sick-room, drawn by those who are at ease and happy, the group is always of the sufferer supported and soothed by some loving hand and tender voice, and every pain shared by sympathy. This may be an approach to truth in a sharp short illness, where the sufferer is taken by surprise, and has his whole lesson to learn; but a very different account would often be given by an invalid whose burden is for life, and who has learned the truths of the condition. We, of that class, find it best and happiest to admit our friends only in our easiest hours, when we can enjoy their society, and feel ourselves least of a burden; and it is indispensable to our peace of mind to be alone when in pain.

The appearance and situation of the world without, as viewed by the prisoner in the sick chamber, is thus portrayed:

We see that large principles are more extensively agreed upon than any ever before—more manifest to all eyes, from the very absence of a hero to work them, since they are every hour showing how irresistibly they are making their own way. We see that the tale of the multitude is told as it never was told before—their health, their minds and morals, pleaded for in a tone perfectly new in the world. We see that the dreadful sins and woes of society are the results of old causes.

To the invalid for life, birth-days are represented as influencing the feelings thus:

One's mind goes back to the festivals of the day in one's childhood, and to the mantling feelings of one's youth, when each birthday brought us a step further in the world which lay in its gay charms all before us; and we find the grey hairs and thin hands of to-day form an ugly contrast with the images conjured up. But, in another view,—a view which can be enjoyed only in silence and alone,—what a sanctity belongs to these gray hairs and other tokens of decay! They and the day are each tokens (how dear!) seals (how distinct!) of promise of our selection for a not distant admittance to a station whence we may review life and the world to a better advantage than even now. If, with every year of contemplation, the world appears a more astonishing fact, and life a more noble mystery, we cannot but be re-animated by the recurrence of every birthday which draws us up higher into the region of contemplation, and nearer to the gate within which lies the disclosure of all mysteries which worthily occupy us now, and doubtless a new series of others adapted to our then ennobled powers.

That a cleverer person might not have written a better book in a similar style, we are not prepared to declare—but there are many pages which are of an exceedingly every-day kind, and only as a book calculated to give inspiration to a philanthropic spirit can it be of service.

ART. XVII.—*The Correspondence of Burns and Clarinda.* Edinburgh : Tait.

THIS correspondence will not exalt Burns, neither effect an admiration of woman through the enthusiastic Clarinda. Alas! how similar are the histories of sensitive, gifted creatures of the tender sex. It would be a monstrous falsehood to say, that they are to be paralleled with the destinies which fall in the way of man. But Burns! that soul so swollen with the simplicities and the strong hold of passion, should here lavish the rhetoric of bombast about his exultations—and for a married person too, is disgusting to a high degree. It would not be difficult to illustrate and enforce this groundwork of argument, but we rather wish to inculcate the benefit of being sensible and moral,—of prudence before sentiment, *albeit* that of platonic pretension.

It would appear that Clarinda, *alias* Mrs. M'Lehose was a charming but ill-used creature. She fell in the path of an unworthy being, who neither knew how to prize the jewel that was sent him, nor how to pay proper deference to principles and capabilities inborn within himself. But one cares not to inquire into his destinies. It is to the reckless ardour of the Ayrshire *Ploughman*, and the dangers of the married one, standing as she did on the brink of ruin, that we invite attention. It is hardly safe to trust ourselves in the path of remark. However, a few fragments and dislocated extracts must tell their own story, and urge their appropriate moral.

This concerns the *introduction*—

Towards the end of the year 1787, Robert Burns was introduced to Mrs. M'Lehose, in the house of a mutual friend, Miss Nimmo. They spent the evening together; and we have the sentiments recorded by both parties of the impressions reciprocally produced. The poet declared in one of his letters to her "Of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of friendship, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, the most permanent impression." While she wrote: "Miss Nimmo can tell you how earnestly I had long pressed her to make us acquainted. I had a presentiment that we would derive pleasure from the society of each other." The poet was at this time preparing to depart from Edinburgh: and under these circumstances, could only regret that he had not possessed the opportunity of cultivating the lady's acquaintance earlier; but a severe accident which happened a day or two later, when he was engaged to spend the evening with her, delayed his departure for some time, and led to a correspondence, in which Mrs. M'Lehose fancifully adopted the name of "Clarinda," and Burns followed up the idea by signing "Sylvander." As soon as he recovered from his accident, the poet visited the lady, and they enjoyed much of each other's society for several months, till he left Edinburgh. They met only once afterwards, in the year 1791,—but occasionally corresponded till within a short period of his death.

This of the *personal* and *social*:

The Editor's personal recollection does not extend beyond her middle life. She was short in stature; her hands and feet small and delicate; her skin fair with a ruddy colour in her cheeks, which she retained to the end of her life: her eyes were lively, and evinced great vivacity; her teeth well formed, and beautifully white; her voice was soft and pleasing. Mrs. M'Lehose's perceptive talents were not so good as her powers of reflection. Her judgment was often misled by her imagination, or biassed by the keenness of her feelings; but she read much; and having an excellent memory, and exercising sound reflection, she made the knowledge thus acquired her own.

Her observation on the world around her was constant and acute, and she formed a true appreciation of her own position. But her sensitiveness was too great; her natural vivacity was strong, and when she gave full play to it in society next day's reflection made her construe slight deviations, on her own part especially, and sometimes in others, into grave offences, for which she felt undue regret. She was very fond of society, and took a lead in it from her vivacity and ready wit; but when there were many strangers, she kept it in the background. It seemed to require the fostering encouragement of those who had already shown an appreciation of her conversational powers to excite her to the exercise of them. For thirty or forty years, it is believed she was in company five days out of seven; and when later years thinned the ranks of her friends, and diminished the number of her invitations, it was with great difficulty she became reconciled to a more retired mode of life. As her feelings were naturally strong, so were her attachments. She always considered ingratitude as one of the basest of sins. She would have been a devoted wife, had it not been her misfortune to be united to a man utterly incapable of appreciating her, or of affording her happiness.

Thus speaketh the passionate Sylvander in one of his letters:

To meet with an unfortunate woman amiable and young, deserted and widowed by those who were bound by every tie of duty, nature, and gratitude to protect, comfort, and cherish her; add to all, when she is perhaps one of the first of lovely forms and noble minds, the mind, too, that hits one's taste as the joys of Heaven do a saint—should a vague infant idea, the natural child of imagination, thoughtlessly peep over the fence—were you, my friend to sit in judgment, and the poor, airy straggler brought before you, trembling, self-condemned, with artless eyes, brimful of contrition, looking wistfully on its judge,—you could not, my dear Madam, condemn the hapless wretch to death without benefit of clergy?

And again we have this pleading:

I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence with an amiable woman, much less a gloriously-amiable fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have, more than once, had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he

must run his head against an intrigue! Take a little of the tender witchcraft of love, and add it to the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship, and I know but one more delightful morsel which few, few in an any rank ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries: it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own.

Was there not peril in the argument? Witness Clarinda's remarks:

You say, "there is no corresponding with an agreeable woman without a mixture of the tender passion." I believe there is no friendship between people of sentiment and of different sexes, without a little softness; but when kept within proper bounds, it only serves to give a higher relish to such intercourse. Love and Friendship are names in every one's mouth; but few, extremely few, understand the meaning. Love (or affection) cannot be genuine if it hesitate a moment to sacrifice every selfish gratification to the happiness of its object. On the contrary, when it would purchase that at the expense of this, it deserves to be styled, not love, but by a name too gross to mention. Therefore, I contend, that an honest man may have a friendly prepossession for a woman whose soul would abhor the idea of an intrigue with her.

Here is the lady's poetry:

Talk not of Love! it gives me pain—  
For Love has been my foe;  
He bound me in an iron chain!  
And plunged me deep in woe!

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys  
My heart was form'd to prove—  
The worthy object be of those,  
But never talk of Love.

The "Hand of Friendship" I accept—  
May Honour be our guard!  
Virtue our intercourse direct,  
Her smiles our dear reward!

This is the discussion on Calvinism:

One thing alone hurt me, though I regretted many—your avowal of being an enemy to Calvinism. I guessed it was so by some of your pieces; but the confirmation of it gave me a shock I could only have felt for one I was interested in. You will not wonder at this, when I inform you that I am a strict Calvinist, *one or two* dark tenets excepted, which I never meddle with. Like many others, you are so, either from never having examined it with candour and impartiality, or from having unfortunately met with weak professors, who did not understand it; and hypocritical ones, who made it a cloak for their knavery. Both of these, I am aware, abound in country life;



nor am I surprised at their having had this effect upon your more enlightened understanding. I fear your friend, the captain of the ship, was of no advantage to you in this and many other respects.

Robbie answers :

I am delighted, charming Clarinda, with your honest enthusiasm for religion. Those of either sex, but particularly the female, who are lukewarm in that most important of all things, "O my soul, come not thou into their secrets!" I feel myself deeply interested in your good opinion, and will lay before you the outlines of my belief:—He who is our Author and Preserver, and will one day be our Judge, must be,—not for his sake, in the way of duty, but from the native impulse of our hearts,—the object of our reverential awe and grateful adoration. He is almighty and all-bounteous; we are weak and dependent: hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. "He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life:" consequently it must be in every one's power to embrace His offer of "everlasting life;" otherwise he could not in justice condemn those who did not. A mind pervaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does not merit heaven, yet it is an absolutely-necessary prerequisite, without which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by Divine promise, such a mind shall never fail of attaining "everlasting life;" hence the impure, the deceiving, and the uncharitable exclude themselves from eternal bliss, by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the immediate administration of all this—for wise and good ends known to himself—into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great Personage, whose relation to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a Guide and Saviour; and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring us all, through various ways and various means, to bliss at last.

"The Correspondence" may be of use in the development of Burns's history and character; but we look upon it as being discreditably to his literary taste, infectious as a moral specimen, and ill-judged in the matter of editorship, coming as it does through the hands of the grandson of Clarinda.

## NOTICES.

### ART. XVIII.—*Poems of Girlhood.* By ANN GARTON.

THESE poems appear to be the effusions of a farmer or countryman's daughter. But be she *gentle or simple* the are very creditable to the sex, and much more than ordinarily honourable to Miss Garton; seeing that not only is this her first and youthful attempt, but that there is really mind, imagination and feeling in each of the pieces. The subjects are generally well chosen, nor are they less happily handled; the manner being earnest and unaffected, the sentiments warm and natural, and the very versification which adopts many measures fluent and musical. Rarely is there to be met with a more promising beginning. We cull two or three stanzas. And first from "A Lay of my Heart."

" My pleasures I would ne'er forego,  
     To own a highly honoured name,  
 The love of luxury to know,  
     And be a child of wealth and fame.  
 Each season its own pleasure yields,  
     Its own deep source of sweet content,  
 From the fair produce of those fields  
     Within whose bounds my life is spent.

•                      •                      •  
 My father tills his native soil  
     Our peaceful village home beside,  
 And glories in his honest toil,  
     With strong and independent pride.  
 Aye! and my lowly birth is dear  
     To my young heart and spirit free!  
 Then never shall the proud one's sneer  
     Win a desponding sigh from me."

Miss Garton cherishes piety, loyalty, and a strong admiration of real greatness. She thus patriotically invokes blessings on The Duke :

"And O! 'tis well that Britain's matchless son  
     Should hold her thousands in devotion's thrall,  
 And meet that he should be the cherished one  
     Of her great family—' the loved of all !'  
 Aye! they should blush to own a British home,  
 From whom sincerely this might never come—  
     God bless the Duke;

•                      •                      •  
 Yet one more prayer with our loved hero's name—  
     All other prayers and blessings far above  
 Breathed from that censer of the bosom's flame,  
     Where holiest burns its fervency of love.  
 With that bright crown by souls made perfect borne,  
 And in high heaven through endless ages worn—  
     God bless the Duke."

ART.XIX—*Records of Scenery, and other Poems.* By the Hon. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

FLUENT and graceful, amiable and sentimental are these pieces. But the poetry is not of a high order. The lady is most successful when her themes are simple and slight. Her sketches of scenery are pleasant.

ART. XX.—*Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1844.* Certainly equal to any of its predecessors. Not to speak in particulars of the embellishments, we are sure that Mrs. Ellis never acquitted herself to better purpose or with more winning effect.

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ART. XXI.—*The Comic Annual.* Whether it be that Punch has really a richer humour, or that the famed men of the Comic have this year been unjust to themselves, need not be conjectured. But we have not been so fully entertained with the present as with some of the earlier members of the series.

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ART. XXII.—*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book.* This Annual takes to itself the title of "Favourite," and appears to merit the distinction if one is to judge of the permanency of its popularity. It promises to live and thrive when scarcely one of the old race of the same name will be able to struggle on; or at least so long as the refined, the feminine, but yet the deeply sensible spirit animates the book, which for this and several past years has maintained its character. Mrs. Ellis's sympathies are pure and ardent, being not less remarkable for their compass than is her knowledge of life and of the human heart. She therefore cannot fail to strike many strong as well as tender cords, and thus she preserves her most welcome hold of principle, affection, and feeling. In regard to the exterior the volume is as elegant and charming as ever; and although some of the engravings have been admired in other publications, yet the variety is so great and the suitableness so obvious, that we regard the repetition as in no respect objectionable.

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ART. XXIII.—*The Power of Association; a Poem, in three Parts.* By the Rev. J. T. CAMPBELL, M. A. Rector of Tilston.

To win favour and celebrity as a Poet, is a task of far greater difficulty now than it once was; for not only is the stock of good poetry constantly on the increase, but it is only the very best of the good which obtains currency, so that the standard of taste is insensibly raised to the abstract disadvantage of the aspirant. Every year sends forth some volumes of decided merit, although not of the very highest, nor of the mightiest pretensions. The time perhaps, has gone for ever by, for the loftier epic or the drama that is to vie with the creations of the Elizabethan era. But still, not a few instances might be cited of poetic productions which have appeared within these late years, that were marked by originality, and sometimes depth of thought, truth, and dignity of sentiment, refinement of feeling, and grace as well as sweetness of expression. How then can we otherwise speak than to say that the authors of these recent works have been born too late, having fallen upon a generation that has either become unreasonably fastidious in

regard to poetical food, or has had its heart closed in coldness to its claims, and deafened by the turmoil and noise of the secular, the utilitarian, and the material.

"The Power of Association," for example, would have less than fifty years ago, made some noise in the world, and assuredly appeared in more editions than either one or two. There are some decided proofs in it of better than versifying skill, a wide acquaintance with the best models, a scholarly taste, and an elegant elevated sentiment; for, contrary to the opinion of some of our contemporary reviewers, we think the accomplished author is imbued with real poetic feeling and fancy. And yet the piece is not likely to be remembered nor even read by many beyond the sphere of his immediate friends and that of the professional critic. We must not neglect to state however, that in all probability *The Power of Association* would not have been heard of even within the narrow fields mentioned, had not Campbell and Rogers 'gone before; a persuasion that must operate to the disadvantage of the Reverend versifier.

#### ART. XXIV.

1. *The British Almanack of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the Year of our Lord 1844.*
2. *The Companion to the Almanack; or Year Book of General Information.* Knight.

THE *Almanack* fully sustains a former reputation, while the *Companion* greatly extends its value and interest; for it not only contains the usual amount and kinds of information on matters and in departments that have a constantly pressing importance, but a wider range has been taken, and a more anxious exercise of talent and of choice is exhibited than heretofore, in the same well known work; bearing indeed a due relation to the number and the magnitude of the subjects that have recently occupied an unwonted share of public attention. China and its trade, for instance, occupy a due space in the pages of the book. Still it is worthy of observation that the best article of the whole, having the most permanent worth, although upon an old and belaboured theme, is De Morgan's—the Professor of Mathematics—on Arithmetical Computation. There is a very remarkable supply of originality as well as of condensed and long-established accuracy, brought to the merits of this utilitarian subject; the author's purpose being to inculcate and explain "habits which will both shorten the work and alleviate the pain" of computation. There is not only a luminous view presented of the history and literature of arithmetic, and of many points belonging to the common sense methods of training, but to the principles upon which the art is grounded. And, what old jog-trot, merely routine workers have never dreamt of, the Professor illustrates as well as fixes his rules by means of a clear and convincing reference to the practices of the drill serjeant and the dancing master. And hence it is that the article is both entertaining and instructive, novel and substantial. *The Companion* for 1844 is a sterling genuine volume, and much of it for all time.

THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1844.

ART. I.—*Prize Essay on the Evils which are produced by Late Hours of Business, and on the Benefits which would attend Abridgement.* By THOMAS DAVIES. Nisbet.

A FEATURE of the existing state of social manners and moral sentiment in this country is the hard-hearted worldliness and the intense pursuit of gain, so manifest in manufacturing districts, and in all our large towns where business is the chief pursuit. Nor can the blame be laid to the charge of any one class of the community alone, to any one institution, or even to the neglectfulness of our law-makers. The pervading evil, in a great measure, naturally arises from the pressures of the time, from the superabundance of competitors, and the consequent necessity to be contented with the smallest profits, to insist on the largest possible amount of labour in a given time that can be obtained. Nevertheless is it true that the strivings and strugglings to which rivalry and the stern requisitions of life subject the majority of the middling as well as of the working classes, have begotten and entailed a coldness and a harshness of feeling, a cruelly exacting spirit, a crawling worship of mammon, which are widely at variance not only with real and general enjoyment in this life,—but in regard to preparation for that which is to come,—mournfully hostile to intellectual advancement and to moral progress. The material takes place of the purely spiritual, the physical of the rational, the sensual of the heavenly.

These and similar opinions, however, form daily the utterances of numbers of reflecting as well as of observing people. And good that it is so,—for there is promise in the fact, inasmuch as we all know

that when the seat of a malady is discovered, when its soreness commands the attention of multitudes, we are in a fair way of ascertaining the precise nature, and origin of the ill, as well as of being enabled to persevere until we can effect a radical cure.

Of late years the public mind has from time to time been startled, and the imagination alarmed at the discoveries that have been made in various localities, and in sundry departments of our social and economical condition. Need mention be particularly made of the factory children, of the miners, of the dressmakers, and of other large classes of our teeming population, who are the victims of the iron exigences that have in recent times developed themselves, and to the production of which most, if not all, have, in some one sense been the promoters? And now the community, by the Essay before us, as well as through other channels, have the evils laid open, which to an enormous and far-spread amount are begotten by late hours of business in other departments than those to which pointed reference has been made; although on due reflection it will be found that most of our social maladies and direful sufferings are closely combined and curiously ramified, intersecting with a keenness and dovetailing with such a nicety and firmness of accommodation, that renders it next to impossible in disturbing one long-endured mischief to avoid loosening the entire frame that has been so remorselessly hampering and crushing the soul. While, therefore, the publication before us treats more especially of the evils which the present protracted hours of business inflict on the Drapers of the "Great Metropolis," and as these evils affect the *physical*, the *moral*, and the *intellectual* condition of the class specified, it fails not to direct the attention both to our entire system of trade and throughout all its branches generally, but to set the mind on a train of anxious reflection regarding the grand source of the gigantic mischief, the actual extent of its perversion of means which should minister to our best interests, and to the miseries of the future if its career be not arrested.

It is certainly a highly encouraging circumstance that when one comes to consider closely the origin, as well as the existence of the vast amount of evil in the system of business and the economical manners that have grown up to such a formidable strength amongst us, the difficulties begin to vanish with respect to the possibility of a remedy; because there really appear to be so many advantages inseparable from the *abridgement* so earnestly required, whether the interests of the *employed*, the *employer*, or the *community* be regarded, that it might reasonably be expected, every one would with alacrity lay hold of them, relinquishing even the most inveterate habits, and ceasing to act thoughtlessly in what so nearly concerns him. The important preliminary is to get people to think on the subject,—to impress on as many members of society as possible, that it is the interest of each individual as well as his pressing duty, to lend

an assisting hand to the work of reform, and this by deed, whether in the shape of acting or refraining, as well as of verbal advocacy.

The publication by Mr. Davies, together with the "Preface by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel,"—one of the adjudicators of the prize of *twenty guineas* offered by the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, for the best practical essay on the subject, is exceedingly well calculated to circulate information, and to leave lasting conviction with regard to the evils he exposes and the advantages he so clearly foresees.

The pamphlet impresses us with two things which we beg to notice before proceeding to accompany its author throughout his *exposé* and argument. First, it is by means of the Press alone that the Association of Assistant-Drapers can make their case be known, while by no other engine can they rationally look for relief. It is most gratifying, therefore, to perceive that this oppressed body have earnestly set to work, and have been taking their firm and deliberate stand upon enlightened grounds. We learn from a circular issued by the Committee of Management, that for the prize offered, and which has been adjudged to Mr. Davies, fifty essays were presented; and that several of those which were unsuccessful, are nevertheless deemed so highly meritorious, as to be in course of publication by their respective authors. This is as it ought to be; and thus they will keep the subject alive, and constantly be prompting the periodicals, upon which the Committee build much of their hope of success. But secondly, the publication before us, and other facts which have come to our knowledge, prove that a growing desire for studies and amusements of a more refined and intellectual character, is manifesting itself among the Assistant-Drapers, with, of course, a corresponding loathing of those frivolous or pernicious pursuits, that heedless dissipation, which hitherto so frequently marked their career. Truly, therefore, it may be said, if a new field be not offering to open itself for the cultivation of literature, at least there is a new and additional host of labourers for its improvement and richer adornings.

The Essay itself is a very remarkable production, as we shall be enabled to show in some degree. In the language of the Preface,—its general style would do credit to an author of liberal education and considerable experience in writing. But the most important of its features, are the startling pictures which it draws, the simple and touching eloquence of its arguments, and the modest, unexaggerated tone of its sentiments. Seldom have we met with a better illustration of the power of practical good faith, earnest thought, sterling truth, and real experience than these pages exhibit. They contain awakening facts, without a doubt, and these are with the best taste and in the most effective way pressed home.

The opening of the Essay is calculated to arrest the giddiest, and

to direct attention to sorrows and sufferings which thousands of those who daily parade the pavements have never imagined.

Of all the various objects which strike the attention, and excite the wonder, of a stranger upon his first arrival in the "Great Metropolis," there are few more prominent than the many glittering shops which meet his gaze in every direction. While passing along the principal streets, you meet with a succession of plate-glass fronts constructed in a costly manner, and often displaying a high degree of architectural skill. Within the windows, and separated from the gazer by enormous squares of glass, the transparency of which seems to mock the foggy atmosphere without, are displayed, in the most skilful manner, all the rich variety of woman's dress. It is as if at the bidding of some magic power, the silk of the East, the cottons of the West, and the furs of the North, after having been wrought into a thousand various forms and patterns, had been collected into one gorgeous exhibition, to illustrate the triumphs of art in ministering to the adornment of the human form. The interior of these shops is not less worthy of attention than the exterior. Some of them, from the profusion of glass-reflectors which they exhibit, might be called "halls of mirrors;" while others, with their stately columns and luxurious carpets, seem to rival the palaces of princes.

Perhaps few of the fair purchasers who admire these shops and their contents ever bestow a thought upon the condition of the young men who so blandly and politely serve in them. Yet it is a mournful fact, that there exists in connexion with all this bright display much of *positive evil*,—not to say of *misery*.

Mr. Davies proceeds to point out what is the cause of this positive evil, of this real misery; viz. that the young men who act as assistant drapers (there are other kinds of shops which are kept open quite as long as those with the plate-glass fronts; then what think you of the pawnbrokers' lads, and their dreary time?) are engaged for such a number of hours, generally speaking, as is wofully at variance with humanity. They "are engaged in business variously from the hours of six, seven, or eight o'clock in the morning, to nine, ten, eleven, or twelve o'clock in the evening; these variations being according to the season, the character of the shop, and the custom of the neighbourhood."

There is no release from the engagements of the shop, when once commenced, "excepting for those wonderfully short periods of time in which assistant drapers manage to consume the necessary quantity of food at meals, until the whole business of the day is over; and every article, from a piece of silk to a roll of riband or a paper of pins, has been carefully put into its appointed place." On Saturdays the time of closing is in all cases later than on other nights. The time occupied in all shops is more protracted in summer than in winter. And who are the weary toilers in these splendidly dressed-out prison-houses? Why, young men, who for the most part are born of respectable parents, have received a tolerably good education,



and have been brought up with a degree of tenderness, very frequently in the country,—in happy healthy homes; from which, however, they are obliged to travel in order to obtain a livelihood, while the competition in a business having so much exteriorly to recommend it, enables employers to procure assistants at almost any terms that they choose to offer.

But what of the effects of the system? First, with regard to the bodily health of a host of young men, estimated to amount in the metropolis alone, from between 15,000 to 20,000. Now it cannot be difficult to conceive the results, if the inquirer will admit Dr. Hodgkin's opinion to be sound, who says that twelve hours, including the necessary intervals for refreshment and rest, are, in ordinary cases, as long a term of human labour as is consistent with the preservation of health. Still less difficulty will be experienced on the question, if the value of *fresh air* be taken into the account, and, on the other hand, that the assistant-draper, during much of his time breathes an atmosphere which has been rendered impure both by the exhalations of human bodies, by the carbonic acid given out by expiration, and by the burning of gas, which latter, to quote Dr. Hodgkin again, when undiluted, is one of the most active poisons with which we are acquainted.

It cannot then be a matter of wonder that shopkeepers (in the words of Mr. Thackrah, who writes on the effects of trades and professions on health) are pale, dyspeptic, and subject to affections of the head,—that they drag on a sickly existence,—die before the proper end of life,—and leave a progeny like themselves. There are no hours for the assistant-drapers to walk in park or field, no outdoor relaxation but on the Sabbath, unless you except his going to and from his place of toil and confinement at an unseasonably early or late period of the day for him to experience the enjoyment of refreshing exercise, or other than the untimely strollings at a period of the night when the streets can present to him few healthful opportunities and still fewer innocent attractions. His labour too participates deeply of the mental as well as of the physical; the former, besides, being of an agitating nature. Says Mr. Davies,—

It involves a great deal of anxiety about matters, which indeed to a mere spectator, may seem very trivial, but which are to the person whom they concern really important. The nature of this anxiety may be best understood by an example: A lady enters a shop, and desires to look at some dresses or shawls. Now it would be supposed that the assistant-draper has merely to exhibit these articles in the most advantageous manner, and that it makes little difference to *him*, whether she happen to like one of them or not. Far otherwise, in some cases it is at the peril of losing his situation that he fails to persuade the lady to buy; in nearly all cases, the frequent repetition of such failures is sure to produce such a catastrophe. It will be obvious that from this cause alone the mind of the young man must be alternately moved

and agitated by fear and hope; by fear of losing his situation, and by the hope, that by means of success as a salesman, he may render his services more valuable, and thus obtain a larger salary.

But secondly, what are the evils of the present system as these affect the intellectual condition of the drapers? This is part of what is sensibly said of the late-hour practice:

Young men are engaged from *seven* o'clock in the morning until *ten* or *eleven* at night; during the whole of which time they are expected to attend exclusively to business. However few may be the number of customers, however little the amount of work to be done, the assistant or apprentice *must never have recourse to a book in the shop*. We say nothing about the reasonableness or unreasonableness of this practice, we merely state the fact, because some persons might suppose it would be otherwise. How can a young man in such circumstances find time for intellectual pursuits? He may, possibly, read a few paragraphs in a newspaper, or a few pages of a magazine, but for any thing like the regular study of any branch of science or literature, it is quite clear he has *no time*.

But not only is the time which remains after business *too little* to be of any real use, the young man himself is in a condition which renders him wholly unfit to employ even this small portion of time as he otherwise might. We all know how much the mind is dependent upon the body. It is impossible to use the one in a vigorous and successful manner, while the other is oppressed with fatigue. The reason of this dependence and its nature will be obvious when we consider that, according to the general opinion of physiologists, the brain is the material organ by means of which the mind acts in the present life. Now the brain is of course subject to the same general laws as the other parts of the body, and therefore shares in the general lassitude of the whole physical system.

Let us apply this principle to the present case. The young man has been engaged for *fifteen* or *sixteen* hours in an occupation involving both bodily exertion and mental anxiety. The consequence is, that when the time comes for him to leave the shop, he is so worn out with fatigue, as to be utterly unfit for any active exercise either of body or mind. Accordingly very few young men attempt to read any thing but the news of the day; many not even that. They who have the strongest taste for literature have recourse only to the lighter kinds; and even while thus engaged, they often fall asleep with the book in their hands. The writer has repeatedly seen this, even in the tolerably well furnished libraries of some of the large houses of business.

There is no opportunity and little preparation in the late-hour system, for attending any of the literary and scientific institutions which abound in the metropolis, any more than for healthful walking in the parks. No British Museum, no Polytechnic Institution, no Adelaide Gallery for the immured and exhausted assistants. It is a remarkable fact, if it be as Mr. Davies represents the matter,—that out of nearly 700 members at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings, there is *only one linen-draper*.

How in such a condition and amid the privations physical and intellectual of which we have now been hearing, can there be acquisition of knowledge, healthful nutriment to the strengthening of the mental faculties, genial and generous exercise to the powers of the mind, or a continued enlargement of its views and habits of thought? And the effects have been, Mr. Davies declares, such as it is natural to look for in the given circumstances. We cite some of his words:—

We hope none will be offended, if we say that these results are not only what might be expected, but that they *are actually produced*, by the present mode of conducting business. We appeal for confirmation of the statement to the candour of those who have thus suffered from their unfortunate situation, and to the conclusions of those who have had the best opportunities for observation. We believe it will be found that, excepting as they have benefited by improved modes of education in schools, this class of persons have shared least of all in that advancement of knowledge which distinguishes the present age; and it is impossible for them to occupy the position which they ought to occupy in this respect, until the alteration which we are now seeking is effected.

And now what of the *moral* results of the late-hour system, including by the term the *religious*? Alas! the picture becomes darker and darker still,—the prospect the more forbidding and ominous. One natural consequence is the promotion of vice; recourse being had, in obedience to the strong craving which is in young men for recreation and amusement, aggravated by protracted unvarying toil and unyielding confinement, to such excitements as readily offer themselves towards a midnight hour—such as the tavern or worse places still. Another general result is the temptation to misuse the Sabbath, to incur the neglect of the public duties of religion: All this must be obvious from what has been said above.

It is customary to keep shops open to a later hour on Saturday night than on any other; consequently, the Sabbath morning is used as a period of rest in bed, to a much later hour than any other; and thus its first hours are misemployed, and afford fit preparation for a corresponding mode of spending the remainder.

Late hours during the week prevent taking exercise in the open air, and therefore the young man uses the Sabbath for going into the Parks or suburbs; for skating in the winter, and for bathing or boating in the summer. *They* prevent reading on other days, and therefore *he* reads the newspaper or a novel on the Sabbath. *They* prevent taking rational recreation at proper times, and therefore *he* takes compensation by visiting the tavern, or worse places, on that day which we are commanded to "*keep holy*." And that very day which should bring with it to his spirit only "*airs from heaven*," does in reality bring only "*blasts from hell*."

True, it is not *necessary* that they should spend the day in this manner; true, also, that many who are placed in precisely the same circumstances

spend it far otherwise. But no credit is due to the system for these exceptions; they exist only in connexion with strong moral or religious principles. The individuals who compose them are as strong swimmers breasting the rapid tide, whose waters sweep away every thing which offers less opposition.

Of course this desecration of the Sabbath is attended with the almost entire neglect of the public services of religion. The young men say that, after having been so closely confined, and so incessantly engaged, during the week, they need all Sunday for relaxation, and cannot spare any of its hours to being confined in church or chapel. It is lamentable to think how seldom the voice of the preacher can reach these persons, who so much need his counsels, and whom every Christian man must feel most desirous to see brought under the influence of the *truth*. The writer has known houses of business in which out of forty or fifty young men not more than five or six have attended a place of worship during the Sunday. And it is morally certain that this state of things will not be effectually remedied until the grand parent evil of which we complain is removed.

It is monstrously unjust and cruel that a system should be upheld that necessarily denies multitudes of young men who might be examples to society, the ordinary enjoyments of the farm labourer and the mechanic, and drives them to the violation of the Lord's day. It is fearful to think that the great body of *employers* in the drapery line, for instance, remain still unawakened to the enormous wrongs they are perpetrating, and to the evils to the community which their example serves to propagate. Hardly less injurious would be their conduct were they, as has been often done by members of various professions, to stipulate in written articles that their apprentices should devote part of the Sabbath to the posting of books. There seems to be only one step more dangerous and direful beyond this, in the treatment of the tender youth who fresh from the country, and religiously bred, betakes himself to the crowded town, to have his bosom wrung, his conscience crushed, and his spirit utterly depraved. The case now supposed is that of a lad being on some sacred day, perchance, *honoured* with an invitation to sit at the same table with his employer and then to have his ears first stunned and then his imagination polluted by the foul language, the licentious speech of a gay, it may be a grey-headed master, who glories in the practice of gross initiation, and who strives to train others up to be tenfold worse than himself. Oh! what can arrest the tide of iniquity that may thus be made to cover sections of society? Still, how very little removed must the results of the system we are impugning be in its immediate or more remote workings!

But we must hasten to notice some of the things which are said relative to the practicability and the advantages of an abridgement of the hours of business. It will not be needful that we recur to the effects of such a change upon the *assistants* themselves; but

what of the interests of the *masters*? The following are striking suggestions on this branch of the subject:—

It might indeed be argued that since the present system is found to be attended with the worst results to those whom they employ, they ought at once, and apart from every consideration of self-interest, to consent to an alteration. Gladly do we admit that there are many good and generous men among this class who have shewn that with them this consideration is sufficient. But there may be others of whom this cannot be said, and there certainly *are* many, who, by reason of the difficulties with which they have already to contend, feel that they cannot afford to make any sacrifice, however much they may approve of the object. Happily they are not required to do so, for it may easily be shewn that the proposed change would be more *favourable* to their interests than otherwise.

It is hoped that this change will be universal, at least that all the shops of the same trade, in any particular neighbourhood, will be closed at the same hour. It is clear that by such an arrangement, no one could possibly suffer any loss. The public would not require to buy a smaller quantity of goods than before, and there would be no reason whatever why they should not buy them at the same shops as before. The only difference would be, that these purchases would be made within a shorter time, and completed by an earlier hour. But even if, in any given neighbourhood, there should be some employers who would refuse to accede to such an arrangement, the more enlightened and benevolent might yet carry out their views without any danger of thereby incurring loss. For, in the first place, they would have the exclusive benefit of those advantages which will presently be pointed out—would secure the services of the most valuable assistants, and be served by them with more than ordinary assiduity, because of the peculiar advantages connected with their shops; and, in the next place, they might expect to receive a marked degree of support from the public, as an approval of their praiseworthy conduct. This last end might be legitimately furthered, by placing in their shop-windows some such notice as the following, "*This shop is closed at seven o'clock, from motives of justice and humanity to the assistants.*" It cannot be doubted that by such a notice, a large number of our countrywomen would be materially influenced in choosing the shops at which they would deal; and *they* would be the first to be so influenced whose custom would be most valuable.

Lastly, how does the question bear upon the *public*, taking the term first in relation to *customers*, and secondly to society at large. Let Mr. Davies explain himself:—

1. It may be said that some degree of inconvenience will be felt by those persons who have been accustomed to make their purchases in the evening. Be it observed in answer to this, that the persons who chiefly frequent shops at night are *servants* and *dressmakers*. By this practice these young women are brought into the streets at an hour when it would be far safer and better for them to be at home; so that to them the earlier closing of shops would be a benefit. With these exceptions, the persons who make purchases at night are but few. Some of them do so occasionally, under the influence of trivial

circumstances ; others do it more regularly merely because they have acquired a groundless habit. Now certainly it cannot be thought a great inconvenience for the one class to exercise a little forethought about their wants, and the other to abandon a habit which is productive of nothing but evil even to themselves. For it is well known that they are often deceived in the quality and colour of the goods which they buy at night, and find them in the morning to be very different from what they had supposed and desired. Besides, even if some little inconvenience should be felt, where is there a *woman* who would not gladly endure it, rather than continue to sanction and uphold a system which is fraught with the worst consequences to the bodies and souls of her fellow-creatures ? Surely the voice of every woman in England, be she of high or low degree, will answer—*where ?* “ Women may be thoughtless and inconsiderate, but they are not inhuman.”

2. The effects of this change would be beneficial to society at large.

We have seen that its tendency would be to cause a great improvement in the health, intellect, and morals of a large number of persons of the middle classes, each one of whom will hereafter be householders and employers. Now, by securing their improvement as individuals, we increase the probability that their influence will be exerted for *good* and not for *evil*. As they will become wiser and better men they will be more competent to discharge the responsibilities of a father and master ; and thus the best interests of their children and servants will be promoted. They will become more fit to perform the duties of the several municipal or parochial offices which they may be called to sustain ; and thus their townsmen and fellow-parishioners will be benefited. They will be better qualified to use their privileges as citizens and electors, and will therefore be more likely to use their votes and influence for the support of good government and the enactment of wise laws ; and thus the welfare of a whole nation will be advanced. In short, the direct effect of this change would be to thin the ranks of ignorance and vice, and bring a reinforcement to those of knowledge and virtue. In this manner society would be benefited, and would receive new life-blood into its veins.

A variety of other encouraging and convincing considerations are urged, which we have not room to notice. But in conclusion we must observe, that while it is highly gratifying to find a young man, as we understand Mr. Davies to be, who, until a recent period, had to endure all the disadvantages from the employment immediately under notice coming forward with such ability and right feeling, the presumption is strong that his Essay will both stimulate many other *assistants* to cultivate habits and sentiments having a like tendency, and also impress the public with a deep feeling of the injuries it is thoughtlessly inflicting by the unnecessarily late shopping practice.

Let it be borne in mind, besides, that the arguments now put forth do not solely concern the drapers, but many other trades and professions more or less intimately related to that numerous class of shop keepers. We thoroughly believe that there are great multitudes

who are suffering from the same evils that have been indicated above, who would share in the advantages contemplated; while thousands more in other trades, and in other towns of the kingdom, are anxiously awaiting the successful issue of the movement made by the Metropolitan Association. We close with a few words taken from the Preface to the Essay. The Reverend writer says,—“ Let them, (the employers) give to their assistants wages proportionate to their services; provide them with well-aired beds; allow them, in turns, when there is not a pressure of business in the shop, to seek recreation on the river or in the parks; encourage them to energy as soon as they can earn enough to support a family; and call them together every day for religious instruction and for prayer; and we might be quite sure that they would dread to lose such advantages, would thankfully acquiesce in the proposed regulations, and would generally be much more virtuous and happy than the recklessness of despair permits them to be under the oppressive system of late hours.”

But these are requisitions which are not likely to be soon and extensively attended to, suggestions which many may be inclined to sneer at. We therefore invite notice to a more hopeful idea, a more promising source of reform and a rarer security against the physical, the intellectual, and the moral havoc that is at present wrought by a vile and unreasonable system. “ If,” says the Reverend gentleman, “ every one into whose hands the following Essay may fall, and who may have occasion to buy goods in a draper’s shop, will, for the sake of humanity and justice to the young men who labour in those shops, resolve henceforth to shop by daylight alone, and to prefer those shops which, being otherwise equal to their competitors, do likewise close the earliest, almost all the shops would soon find their interest and their duty to be identified.”

## ART. II.

1. *Theresa, the Maid of the Tyrol. A Tragedy.* By WILLIAM LEWIS THOMAS. Watt.
2. *Griselda.* Translated from the German of Friedrich Halm, by Q. E. D. Smith and Co.

CERTAINLY of all insanities the “Cacoethes Scribendi” is the worst, and we grieve to see that at present this dreadful mental disease is completely epidemic. *Natio poeta est*; and where the *reading public* comes from, we cannot imagine. We are rapidly approximating to the condition of the United States, where, being successively introduced to every one he met as “*Perhaps* the most remarkable man

in the country" poor Charles Dickens fell into such ludicrous perplexity as to the chance of his ever really seeing *the* "most remarkable man." In the same way with us, every one is a poet, and being of course the Magnus Apollo of his own infinitesimal circle, is to them "*perhaps* the most original writer of the day." Intoxicated with their praise he rushes to the printing-press, and—as everything is liable to perversion—makes use of the noblest human invention to deluge the land with—as the case may be—nonsense, scandal, or puerility.

But even this is far from being the worst or most extraordinary feature of the national malady.

" Nil mortalibus arduum est :  
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia."

It is not alone that every one *will* be a poet, but it is only in the highest and most difficult walks of poetry, tragedy and the epic, that "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" will actually *condescend* to exhibit their superlative excellence! As for difficulty; Pooh! Pooh!! the word was all very well, in the time of Shakespeare and Milton and their old-fashioned musty competitors, but it is out of date, now that the schoolmaster is abroad and the march of intellect has commenced. The difficulty of a branch of literature is of as little importance as the distance of a place in these days of aerial machines and high-pressure. "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" We expect shortly to have a quarto dissertation on the origin of evil among the usual holyday-tasks for boarding-school misses in their teens: while their brothers of the mature ages of twelve or thirteen will be amusing themselves at the desire of their enlightened preceptor with an epic on the creation, or a disquisition on the respective merits of the Undulatory Theory and Theory of Emission in optical science, —or some such trifle—just by way of avoiding ennui during the vacation.

In the meantime, and in earnest, it is rather difficult for us to determine what to do. It is our office to regulate as far as in us lies the literary diet of the public. To recommend to its notice the really meritorious dishes, and to order the immediate removal, or at least total neglect of the inferior provisions. But how is this best to be done? Every one is at full liberty to offer towards the repast anything he can bring that he may think worth eating—of course at the risk of being considered presumptuous and impertinent if his dish turn out only fit for the pigs. And here comes the awkwardness—the worthy public, we fear, is rather given to indiscriminate gorging, —not but that her taste is right enough in its final decision—but she is too apt to swallow instantaneously whatever is placed before her at first, and requires, therefore, great watchfulness on our part. Thus then, while every puppy—myriads of them—brings forward his mess



of offal and ditch water as if he were presenting nectar and ambrosia, how are we to manage? To serve but a tithe of their number as they every one deserve—to kick, that is, themselves and their vile preparations into the street together—would occupy our whole time and leave us not a minute for the pleasant duty of handing to our demus the components of a pleasant and nutritious meal, and thanking in his name the kind purveyors of the various courses.

Silent contempt is of no use, for each insignificant bardling will forthwith take it as an admission of merit; and in every unseemly attitude of impish exultation proceed about the room careering in delight, looking like an ape in a tulip-bed, and waving over his head his hideous farrago of filth, till its pestilential fumes are ready to poison the company. What then, again, are we to do? The only course that we can pursue is to take one of them occasionally, tell him in plain terms his deserts, and with a hint to the rest that they ought to take his fate as a warning, drop him into Lethe.

To come to the present offender, Mr. William Lewis Thomas, of Shawfield Street, Chelsea,—what reason or pretext had you for fancying yourself a poet? What made you fancy that anything of your writing would be worthy to be bought by her Majesty's liege subjects (most of whom have to work hard enough for their money before they get it) at the price of three shillings and sixpence, or at any price at all? Whence came your inspiration "*ut repente sic poeta prodires*?" Now listen to the simple truth:—There is not in the whole of what you have given us for our three shillings and sixpence, one grain—one jot—one atom—one particle—of sense or truth—of imagination or fancy—of wit or wisdom—of nature or pathos—of anything which is in any way an element of poetic power. There is not, in the entire conception or in the detailed execution, one single feature, one solitary line, thought, or expression, which might not with perfect propriety have been the production of the dullest schoolboy of twelve that ever attempted an English theme. Kind reader, ought not a reviewer to be the sweetest tempered of human beings? Think for a moment on the case. We have been forced to devote a whole long evening to a careful perusal of this—*play*, we suppose we must call it. We have been compelled to consume several hours of valuable time turning over page after page of the baldest trash, the most perfect inanity of writing that we ever encountered. We might as well have been reading one of the entertaining lessons in nursery books—"I have a large dog"—"That is a pretty cat."—We should have acquired exactly the same number of new ideas. In fact we should have been infinitely more benefited had we had one of the modern infant books with their profuse and elegant illuminations. To say nothing of the annoyance of endeavouring to fix our attention on what was incapable of commanding it; the time for all intellectual purposes is as completely lost as if

we had been in a lethargy—and not half so pleasantly spent. And from this occupation we are to rise with all possible good humour and placidity of disposition to give an opinion on the performance, without allowing our remarks to be for a moment embittered by the state of our feelings! Need not they from whom this is exacted be something more or less than men?

The plot,—or ghost of a plot rather, is not worth noticing. Theresa, the maid of the Tyrol, and heroine of the piece, is the daughter of an exiled Austrian nobleman. There are two suitors for her hand; Basil Affland, a wealthy villain, and Sebastian Freilitz a Tyrolese youth, whose affection for her she cordially returns. Affland by stratagem endeavours to take away the life of his rival, but only succeeds so far as to get him severely wounded and detained from his native village of Landek for a short time, during which time he is believed by the villagers to have become a traitor. On his return the first person he meets is Affland, whom he immediately kills; and the second is Theresa, who instantly dies in his arms,—*why*, we cannot tell, except to give some cause for calling the piece a tragedy rather than a farce.

We found ourselves for some time a good deal at fault in our attempts to understand the principles of the versification. At last we seemed to have caught a clue to the mystery, and forthwith took credit to ourselves for seeing as far into a millstone as most people. The fact is we take the whole book to be one lengthened *misprint*. It was written as prose—(rascally *bad* prose, certainly, but still *prose* in contradistinction to *verse*) and has been printed (except one scene) as poetry—that is to say so far as to begin each line with a capital letter, for that is the only point of resemblance to cause any mistake on the subject. The kind of versification we mean is as follows. Some of the passages and expressions are rather curious:—

“He is not a man of mighty promises  
And deceitful in performance o’them;  
His words hang on his lips with caution,  
But in his actions he is prompt and faithful.  
His mind’s a truthful sanctuary  
Wherein is treasured up a retrospect  
In lasting remembrance of his contracts.”

“To me it seems of first importance  
That two of our friends should keep watch at night,  
Lest our foes should come upon us by surprise.”

“Shall I call back thy sire, and whisper fear?  
Proclaim myself a coward to the world,  
And imitate the man you loathe?  
Rather let me die a *torturous* death,

Tho' ev'ry joint were *crush'd* upon the rack,  
Than live a recreant and ignoble thing  
For men to point at, as in hateful scorn,  
Such a one *propos'd* and *dispropos'd* :  
He promis'd, but did not perform :"—

" Foul treachery hath play'd a cruel part,  
And robb'd me of the *guerdon of my hopes*.

" There is a latent pride in adverse times  
More nobly cherish'd than when fortune smiles,  
Though not conventional with the fashion  
Of this world for profitable suffrance."

The next is the account of Hofer's murder—for such—and a most cold-blooded one—it really was :—

THERESA. All news hath been conceal'd from me,  
Save that the war hath had a fatal end.  
Hofer was the friend of poor Sebastian.  
Relate the manner of his death.

AFFLAND. Alas ! he was betray'd and captur'd,  
And taken forthwith to Mantua,  
Where, a court-martial being held,  
A telegraph from Milan soon appear'd,  
Ordering his speedy execution.

THERESA. Oh, horrible cruelty !  
What right had France to take his life ?

AFFLAND. When the sentence was conveyed to Hofer,  
His wonted firmness did not desert him ;  
He received the intelligence like a man ;  
And, with a calm and steady mind, desired  
To be allow'd attendance of a priest,  
To minister to him in his last moments.  
As he pass'd forward to the place of death,  
Some Tyrolean pris'ners, by the road side,  
Fell on their knees and implor'd his blessing :  
And at the fatal place of sacrifice,  
He cast, with indignation, from him  
The handkerchief propos'd to bind his eyes,  
And peremptorily refus'd to bend his knee—  
Saying he was us'd to stand upright  
Before his Omnipotent Creator,  
And in that posture would deliver up  
His spirit to him.  
A volley of musketry soon completed  
This foul, atrocious murder.

Of what an extraordinary hallucination must he have been the victim, who on the faith of having written these and similar paragraphs imagined himself a poet! The chief feeling excited in our mind, is that of simple wonder—pure, actual, *surprise*. That one who does not know, even in point of mere scansion, whether a line is capable or not of standing as an iambic verse, should set seriously about writing a tragedy. It is altogether past our comprehension. To make the joke still more exquisite, he tells us at the commencement that he “cannot object to the expression of a candid opinion on his performance, as he admires a spirit of liberal criticism.” This is fortunate, as of course no one ever thinks of expressing an opinion on any printed and published book, without first obtaining the author’s leave to do so. But he is much safer from criticism on another score, the difficulty of attacking a nonentity,—i.e., his tragedy. Breaking a butterfly on the wheel would be nothing to it. Can any man tell us what is to be said, in the way of reasonable criticism, to a writer who confounds together a sanctuary and a treasury? Or to one who, having put down,

“That two of our friends should keep watch at night,”

Thinks he has written a line of poetry? Or to one who talks of dying a “*torturous death*,” and of being “*crush’d*,” by way of a change, instead of *stretch’d* “upon the rack,” and of “*proposing and disproposing*?” If this be either English or poetry, we were not before aware of it, and must yield our office of critics into other hands for we are no longer fit for it.

“And robb’d me of the guerdon of my hopes.”

This is one of those very—*very* few lines, that *will* stand the fiery ordeal of being scanned,—by some mistake, apparently, it really does consist of the proper number of syllables, with the accents in the proper places, to stand as a verse. How unlucky, then, that it should be deficient both in sense and grammar! If Mr. William Lewis Thomas would consult for a moment that antiquated and cruelly-neglected book,—the English Dictionary,—he would there find that “*guerdon*” means a reward; and a deep study of another rare and valuable work (we believe he may obtain access to a copy in the Bodleian) by one Lindley Murray, on the science of English Grammar, might also enable him to discover that men *labour for a reward* (or ‘*guerdon*’), but are seldom *rewarded for hoping*, though they generally *hope for the reward of their labour*: and at last he may perhaps find out that he has been writing nonsense.

We are pretty well tired of Mr. Thomas, but we have just a line or two to extract, to shew that his moral sayings and opinions are in their depth and orthodoxy every way worthy of being embodied in

his own exquisite melody of speech; borne aloft by his amazing poetical spirit; and illustrated and enforced by his boundless versatility of fancy.

THERESA. Poverty is allied to greatness!  
 The struggle to achieve is greater far  
 Than the possessions gain'd by others for us!  
 In the right *use* of wealth consists its value!  
 If Sebastian be poor, he's brave and good!

AFFLAND. Beshrew me but his valour's much extoll'd  
 Beyond desert. Had I an opportunity  
 I'd put to shame his boasted courage.

THERESA. If lack of opportunity hath hitherto  
 Debarr'd thy wish for glory—go seek it now:  
 The times are rife to give thee ample chance  
 In the protection of thy native land.  
 It is no proof of valour to traduce the brave,  
 Or lessen their achievements.

Ill natured, indeed, must be the mind that would suggest these beautiful sentiments of Theresa to be awkwardly worded truisms. Yet we fear most people will be of that opinion. What follows places the morality of suicide in rather a novel light;—

OSNABERG. Since chance hath plac'd thee safe within my power,  
 I will perforce command thy guidance  
 Through the pass of Finstermüng.

SEBASTIAN. I'll promise no fidelity to thee,  
 If thou'lt constrain me to thy services.  
 May Providence decide my destiny—  
 Send me deliv'rance from such cruel state,  
 Or bid me fall a martyr to the cause  
 Of justice, liberty, and patriotism.  
 Thy pity I despise, and bid defiance  
 To thy power to make me traitor.

OSNABERG. Enough has passed in futile parleying:  
 I'll prove my power 'gainst thy defiance.

*[Makes a signal, and RYSWICK and a soldier suddenly seize  
 SEBASTIAN as he is about to draw his sword to kill himself.]*

Now, Ryswick, take his sword, and force him on.

SEBASTIAN. One resource is gone—self-power o'er life;  
 But still thou hast not power o'er my soul.  
 Force may subdue the frail corporeal frame;  
 But there's that within which nought can conquer.  
 Yes! thou may'st press me forward,

But can'st not force me to impart perception.  
 My eyes may see, but not for Bavaria :  
 My ears shall not obey Bavaria's orders,  
 Nor shall my tongue disclose whate'er I know  
 Against my own supreme self-will.

So, then, the proper ultimate resource of a patriot is suicide ; a new discovery in ethics, for which, though rather opposed to the doctrines of the Bible, we humbly thank the immortal bard—of Chelsea : and at the same time beg to be excused from allowing him any further space in our pages ; having already given him exactly ten times as much as he is worth at the very lowest calculation of the value of a printed page.

One word of advice to the deluded body of poetasters in general. We beseech you not to expose yourselves. Why need you write ? Cannot a man live happily, have a quiet conscience and a good digestion, without being an author ? If you would but attend to your domestic affairs, and “do your duty in that station of life unto which it hath pleased God to call you,” you would be useful and honourable members of society. Keep then within your proper sphere and be respected ; instead of gibbeting yourselves for ridicule in a printed volume. But if any one of you *must* have his name in print, let him get it there in some more feasible manner. Let him have some standard author printed in a handsome type and on good paper, put his name to it as editor, and be called a literary character ; or take a topographical history and from it write an account of the parish he lives in, and he is an author at once, with little trouble and no fear of disgrace, for if he be not an idiot he *can* do that. But oh ! oh ! *do* not think about poetry ! We beseech you take old and good advice ; and if you do not understand the language it is expressed in, so much the better, for in endeavouring to find out you may learn the use of a dictionary :—

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
 Viribus ; et versate diu quid fene recusent,  
 Quid voleant humeri.

That is to say, for the sake of all that you hold dear, do not think of attempting poetry. You have no idea what the poetic talent is. You have no conception of it. It is the nearest approach to inspiration of any faculty now exhibited on earth. It is the possession of all others that gives to the mind of one man the greatest possible influence over those of his fellow creatures ; which makes its possessor be almost regarded as something more than ordinary humanity. It is the one ray of Divine light emanating from the Eternal mind which in its earthward passage seems to have been least shorn of its original brightness. It is, in short, (conjunctly with pure reason, and

they are never separated) the most *Godlike* attribute of mind that our Creator has ever yet thought fit to bestow on an earthly creature. In one word, perhaps the greatest intellectual marvel the world has ever yet seen is a—*POET*. Now remember that from Dr. Johnson downwards all capable of having an opinion on the subject have agreed that *no poetry but the very best is worth reading*; and then say, is not our advice good? We are firmly persuaded that real poetry is either *irrepressible* or *unattainable*. We should like every man to make a firm determination never to write a line of poetry, and we feel sure that if such were the case we should not have one *poet* the less. It might relieve us from being annoyed by so many foolish volumes of unmeaning verse, but they who felt the pure poetic oestrus,—they whose visions the God of song had really inspired—they would no more be held by their resolution than “the Danite strong, Herculean Sampson” by the seven green withs that were never dried; but they would awake, on fitting occasion, from their sleep, and go forth like the hero of Israel, conquering and to conquer. They *could* not keep their resolution. We feel certain that the true answer to the well-known question whether Milton would have written *Paradise Lost* on a desert island where he was sure no eye would ever see it, is in the affirmative. We do not mean that he necessarily would, even if he had the materials, have actually written it down, but he would most assuredly have composed it. His own feelings would have been a fully sufficing reward. To produce it would have been the delight of his manhood, and to dwell upon the soul-subduing beauty or supernatural sublimity of various portions would have been the solace of his age; while not a tree, or rock, or crag, on the island would be unacquainted with the history of man’s first disobedience as it dropped in strains fit for angel utterance from the poet’s heaven-inspired lips.

Hence it is, as we said, we have no fear of real poets not writing. We only hope to deter a few of our countrymen from attempting tasks for which they are not qualified, and thus making themselves ridiculous. It is with this philanthropic view that our remarks are made;—if any are so perverse as to take them amiss we cannot help it.

“*Griselda*,” in the form under which it is presented to us, does really great credit both to author and translator: The later gentleman mentions in a very modest advertisement, that he has “paid more attention to the literal meaning of the German Dramatist than to elegances of language,” and that “the latter has therefore sometimes been sacrificed, in order to convey the exact meaning of the original.” We are well pleased to have this guarantee for the all-important requisite of fidelity in the translation; for to its elegance and animation, we can ourselves bear testimony. We have not for a long time met with any thing of the kind from which we have derived more satisfaction.

The German dramatists have, as a body, latterly made great advances. So lately as in 1809, when A. W. Schlegel published his lectures on dramatic literature, that accomplished critic was constrained to speak of the dramatic authors of his country, in such disparaging terms as these:—"The repertory of our stage exhibits, in its miserable wealth, a motley assemblage of chivalrous pieces, family pictures, and sentimental dramas, which are occasionally, though seldom, varied by works in a grander and more cultivated style by Shakspeare and Schiller. In this state of things translations and imitations of foreign novelties, and especially of the French after-pieces and operettes are indispensable. From the worthlessness of the separate works, the fleeting charm of novelty is alone sought for in theatrical entertainmant, to the great injury of the histrionic art, as a number of insignificant parts must be got by heart, and in the most hurried manner, to be immediately forgotten. The efforts of the poets who do not labour immediately for the theatre, take every variety of direction; in this as in other departments may be observed the fermentation of ideas, that has brought on our literature in foreign countries, the reproach of a chaotic anarchy, in which however the striving after a higher aim, never yet reached, is sufficiently visible. The most profound investigation of *Æsthetics* has, among the Germans, by nature more a speculative than a practical people, led to this consequence, that works of art, and tragedies more especially, have been executed on abstract theories, more or less misunderstood. It was natural that these tragedies should produce no effect on the theatre; nay, they are in general unsusceptible of representation, and possess no inward life." (Black's Translation, vol. ii. lect. 15.)

For a considerable time past however they have been rapidly and nobly redeeming themselves from any such imputation, and cultivating the drama as well as all other departments of science and literature, with a success and energy, proving them by the sterling character of their productions, to be the genuine offspring of the ancient Teutonic stock, from which both they and we are proud to be descended. They bid fair indeed shortly to have to boast of a native literature, not to be ashamed of competition with that of any other modern language. The present subject of notice, for instance, *Griselda*, is worth twenty of such futile productions as generally claim our attention under the name of new plays. It is very properly called a dramatic poem, for it is in no respect really a drama. There is in it no action, or plot. It is nothing but a simple exhibition, in a dramatic form, of two characters, (we say *two*, because all the others are merely nominal *dramatis personæ*;) acting upon each other under such a combination of circumstances as necessarily elicits from each a display of its chief feature; and by the contrast forcibly points the moral intended by the poet.



Percival of Wales, surnamed the giant-slayer, one of king Arthur's knights of the round table, after an absence from court of three years, during which he has taken a wife, but of what lineage unknown to his fellow nobles, attends in the opening scene a royal banquet at Arthur's city of Caerleon. Ginevra, the beautiful but faithless queen of the hero of the round table, questions Percival as to his bride, and discovers that she is the daughter of a collier. The declaration of her birth is followed by a volley of sneers and jests from the queen and her circle; till Percival, maddened with rage, insults the queen so far as to tell her that if rank on earth were always apportioned to merit, she, Ginevra, would kneel before the collier's child. The king and court interfere, but Percival refuses to recall or apologize for his words, and at last a proposition of the queen's to determine whether she or Percival shall make an acknowledgment of error, is accepted.

**PERCIVAL.** She loves her child, loves it with all her heart,  
But me she loves yet more! She'd give her life,  
She'd give her child for me! Recall my words?  
What farther, Queen?

GINEVRA. And farther, Sir, I ask,  
That in the sight of your assembled vassals,  
In open presence, you cast out your wife,  
And send her from you—poor, forlorn, and naked;  
As poor, forlorn, and naked, you received her.

PERCIVAL. And farther, Queen?

GINEVRA. But she, how deep soe'er  
The blows you strike may sink into her heart,  
She in her bosom shall retain for you  
The same affection, nor exchange her love  
For hate, her patient sweetness of endurance  
For bitterness, but in her deepest grief,  
Shall cling to you with more devoted love  
Than when you first embraced her as a bride.

PERCIVAL. And then?

GINEVRA. Then kneels Ginevra to Griselda!  
But if she fail, if from the fiery trial  
She come not forth unchanged as purest gold,  
Then at my feet Sir Percival must kneel!

PERCIVAL. Sooner the north pole shall the south pole kiss!

KING ARTHUR. Bend your proud spirit, Percival! What then?  
Is one retracting word more terrible  
Or more disgraceful, than the torturing rack  
Of trials such as these?

GINEVRA. Why hesitate?  
Decide, Sir Percival!

PERCIVAL. You think perhaps,  
The proofs you ask appal me? My Griselda  
Will come triumphant from the dreadful struggle;  
I am as sure as if the deed were done!  
For know, her father—Cedric is his name,  
He's a poor collier, blind, advanced in years,  
But stern, determined, of unbending spirit,  
Resisting even my power and sway—enraged,  
I showed him o'er the threshold of my house,  
Because his stubborn temper had denied me  
The fitting reverence. Queen, Griselda wept;  
She wept, but she was silent! Would you more?  
'Tis now about a year since I was stretched  
Upon my couch, with deep and dangerous wounds'

And near to death. Her mother too fell sick,  
And wished to bless her, ere she closed her eyes ;  
But she, though grieving, inconsolable,  
Ne'er stirred a foot's-breadth from beside my bed  
Till I was cured. Her mother died meanwhile,  
And saw her child no more ! And shall I waver ?  
Queen, I can venture boldly on the strife,  
I am her all, the victory is mine.

The second act opens upon an apartment in Percival's feudal castle of Pendennys, where his wife Griselda is awaiting his return in solitude. He enters accompanied by Gawin and Tristan, two knights of the round table sent to witness the trial, before the arrival of Arthur and his court, who are to come to Pendennys the next day. The joy of his wife upon his return is soon clouded by the cruel infliction of the agreed-upon trial. When told by the attending knights that she must give up her only child to the king's pleasure, or expose her husband to outlawry, she stifles a mother's feelings in silence, and obeys without a murmur. On the following morning she learns that by the king's command, she is to be expelled from her husband's house and society, and before all his vassals, deprived of his name and all conjugal rights, to return to her father's cottage and her former obscurity. Percival now begins to repent of his rash and wicked undertaking; but still his pride bears him onward, and supplies his thoughts with such sophistical defence of his conduct as this :

(PERCIVAL sits in an arm-chair in front of the stage, sunk in deep thought.)

PERCIVAL (*springing up*). Right, or not right? Ah!—there,  
there lies the knot!

To use my right can surely not be wrong.  
What is not wrong should cheerfully be done.

I am not cheerful :—wherefore am I not?

(*He walks restlessly up and down, then again standing still, proceeds*)

In truth, it is a nothing which torments me!  
So many a day the wish has harassed me,—  
Urging me on, not to believe, but know,  
See with mine eye, hear with my ear, and grasp  
Bodily with my hand, the living proof;  
For all things are believed—even madness' self!  
Long have I thirsted after proofs, have sighed  
For destiny's stern test, to show the truth;  
And now shrink trembling back at its approach,  
Its very shadow?—

I try my charger, ere I trust to him,  
I try my buckler's weight, my weapon's temper,  
And never tried my wife?—

Shall then a phantom thus disturb the joy  
 Of gazing down into her spirit's depths,  
 Seeing my image in its spotless mirror,  
 My image only, and no other near it,  
 Her mind so wholly unto me devoted,  
 That my breath moves it and my glances shake,  
 That at the bending of my brows it trembles,  
 That in my will alone it feels and lives,  
 That I'm indeed its all upon this earth,  
 Its lord, its king, its destiny, its god !  
 For there can be in love nor means nor bounds,  
 Nor more nor less ; 'tis indivisible ;  
 And is one grain to the full measure wanting,  
 One atom only, it is love no longer !  
 Shall I cling weakly to the Possible,  
 When by this trial I shall grasp the Real ?  
 When I could revel in full certainty,  
 Shall empty confidence alone content me ?  
 Truly it is a nothing which torments me !

Even this also she encounters with uncomplaining resignation, and Percival imagines the victory is now his. But the haughty and vindictive queen arrives at the castle as Griselda is leaving it, and before owning herself in the wrong, requires proof that after all her sufferings the love of the "Collier's daughter," for her cruel husband remains unabated. The knight deeply regrets his pledge, and is urged by all around to desist, but his infernal—his most diabolical pride still goads him to destruction, and he perseveres. In the fourth act he seeks Griselda alone in the forest, tells her that he is persecuted by the king, and, on her offering him a hiding place, that her own life will be the forfeit. She answers:—

Would it were true ! Would that I this poor life  
 For thine might give, and for thy welfare die !  
 The band is rent which bound us once together,  
 But this heart still is thine ! Upon thy heart  
 No more with ecstasy may it repose ;  
 No more upon thy breast o'erflow with joy ;  
 No more lay bare its inmost depths before thee ;  
 But *break*, my lord, it still may *break* for thee !

Percival makes towards the hiding place she mentions, and the queen and retinue immediately enter as if in pursuit of Percival as a traitor. She is seized and threatened with instant death for concealing an outlaw, while the neighbouring hut is searched and her aged father Cedric brought forth a prisoner. This circumstance enables Ginevra to give the last refinement to her cruelty.

GAWIN. Thy mandate, royal mistress, is performed ;  
Yon hut held no one but this blind old man ;

Him, lady, thou canst question for thyself.

GRISELDA. My father ! Holy God ! It is my father !

GINEVRA. Her father ? All is not yet wholly lost !—

(To GRISELDA).

Look ! And delay not longer to confess !

He shares thy fate ! Wouldst thou behold him die ?

GRISELDA. Spare his grey hairs O Queen ! Oh grant to him

The short remainder of his fleeting years,

Until God's angel touch his sealed eyes,

And bear him upwards to eternal light.

LANCELOT. No longer torture her ! Forbear, Ginevra !

GRISELDA (*with convulsive energy*). Oh let soft, pitying mercy  
sway thy breast !

Threaten no more this frail and faded life

Lead me to death ; but him, oh ! him forgive !

GINEVRA. Speak, and he lives ! Thy silence 'tis that kills  
him.

GRISELDA (*after a violent internal struggle, shrieks out*). Ye  
angels shield him then ! I must be silent.

(*She sinks down fainting*).

GAWIN. She sinks !

Griselda's trials are all now finished ; she has passed unscathed through the seven-times heated furnace of temptation and affliction, and Percival is wild with joy at the result. The vassals are again assembled ; the castle is decked out with regal splendour ; and with every circumstance of pomp Griselda is brought forward to be told that all her sufferings have been inflicted—in sport !!

[ (*PERCIVAL presses forward from the crowd, and throws himself at GRISELDA's feet.*)

PERCIVAL. Griselda, blam'st thou me ? Forgive, beloved !

Wipe from the tablets of thy memory

All traces of thy sufferings ; let thy glance

Beam pardon down ; bury my faults' remembrance

In the abyss of ne'er exhausted love.

GRISELDA (*draws back ; her gaze is fixed for a time vacantly upon PERCIVAL ; then she speaks, as if awaking from a dream*).

A carnival-pastime ! Speak thou ! Let me hear it

From thine own lips, my Percival ! Speak truth !

Was't but a trial ?—was it but a sport ?

PERCIVAL (*after a short pause*). A trial was it, as thou say'st !  
'Tis past !

Thine infant is secure, the father free,

And all thy happiness restored to thee !

[ Forgive, too, thou ! Think no more of the sport

Which all thy worth has proved ! 'Tis over now ;

Let it be then forgotten and forgiven.

GRISELDA. A sport, and I!—

(*She presses her hand for a moment firmly on her heart, then suddenly places both hands before her eyes, stands for some moments in silence, half turning away, then speaks*).

It was a cruel and a tearful sport!

Ginevra at this period redeems her character in some slight measure, by shewing that, though proud and unbending, she is still honourable and queen-like in her nature. She replies at once and chivalrously to the king's reminder of her plighted word:

My lord and husband!

A royal promise have I pledged to him,

And royally Ginevra will redeem it!

and she fulfils it by kneeling to Griselda in public, and owning with dignified humility that victory has crowned the brow of the collier's daughter, while repentance is the portion of the queen. The uncontrollable joy of that incarnation of pride, Percival, instantly breaks forth in an exclamation of triumph,—but now comes the moral. We will take out what we want as shortly as possible.

GRISELDA. O Queen arise! Oh, listen to my prayer!

You shall not kneel before the collier's child!

The victory's mine; let me disdain the prize

Earned by the pangs of such a sad deception!

You think to wreath the laurel round my brow;

It is a crown of thorns which I have won;

For all the deadly pangs I have endured,

Were far less bitter than what now I bear.

My *trust* went with me in the woollen gown,

When I, deceived, departed from these halls;

Now the deception flies, but my *trust* too.

PERCIVAL. What, then! and has thine eye no glance of love?

Had thy mouth no smile more for Percival?

The injuries of pride love will repair;

Cast then unto the winds thy needless cares,

Darkness is past, and brightly beams the morn.

If to thy lips I held the cup of gall,

Now will I mix thee the sweet draught of joy;

Life shall be unto thee a wreath of flowers;

The wish most deeply hidden in thy breast

I will convert to glad reality;

I will fulfil the longings of thy dreams;

Still each desire ere it half awake;

Wish and Fulfilment shall to thee be one;

As round this island flow the ocean-waves,

So shall a sea of bliss encompass thee;

Thou shalt forget what 'tis to wish in vain.

GRISELDA (*in a half-broken voice*). What thou hast promised  
thou canst not perform!

Joy never more will teach this breast to heave,  
Rapture will never more inspire my gaze!  
Can power and splendour this poor life adorn?  
Not rank and pomp, but only love can bless!  
Oh! Thou hast wagered all my bliss away!  
A plaything has this true heart been to thee;  
Thou'st chained me to the pillory of contempt,  
Heaped heavier woe, and heavier, on my head!  
Thou hadst no dread that I might sink beneath it;  
Thy only fear was, they might conquer thee;  
May God forgive thee, even as I forgive!  
But thou, my father, speak; the heavy crime  
For which thou blam'dst me, is it now absolved?  
If sinfully my overweening love  
Raised him, the son of dust, to Deity,  
Have I made expiation with my tears,  
With the deep grief of my deluded heart?  
May this arm fondly now encircle thee?  
May I now sink upon my father's heart,  
From which love tore me, not the wish to shine—  
The impulse of the soul, no sinful aim?

One more, and we have done;—it is the close.

GRISELDA. O Percival! mine eye seeks thine with tears,  
And the lip quivers that would wish to greet thee,  
Yet I must speak, for it must be decided:  
Plain must it be; in plainness dwelleth Peace!—  
My heart was thine, thou ne'er hast understood it;  
In thy hand is it broken! Thou couldst sport  
With its pure tenderness, could make a boast  
Of its fidelity and its devotion!  
No, thou hast never loved me!—Passed away  
Is now the blissful vision of my life,  
Sunk into ruins in my paradise,  
A joyless desert stares me in the face!  
I cannot now go with thee, hand-in-hand,  
When from thy heart my heart turns chilled away;  
I cannot, Percival! My life hangs on it,  
My self-esteem, my latest aspiration  
Towards the godlike image of my dreams,  
Towards thine image! Oh let me preserve it,  
As clear and brilliant it now fills my soul!

PERCIVAL. What mean'st thou, woman—what is thine intent?

GRISELDA. Though born in lowliness, was I then born  
The sport of obstinacy, of caprice,  
A ball, which by one throw is lost and won?  
Thou ne'er hast loved me, and without that love

Was I e'er worthy to be called thy wife,  
 If I remain so? Percival, thou know'st  
 That I to thee, to thee alone, have clung!  
 Back to the hut of poverty, which bore me,  
 Will I return—back to my forest-shades;  
 And as their murmurs were my cradle-song,  
 So shall they sound the dirge above my grave.

PERCIVAL. Thou wilt forsake me, thou wilt flee from me?  
 Mine art thou, mine! Who dares deprive me of thee?  
 I hold thee, who dares tear thee from my arms?  
 Who loose the oath which thou hast sworn to me?

GRISELDA (*with suppressed tears*). Thyself! 'Tis thou hast  
 rent the bond of love!—

Now we must separate! Percival, we must!—  
 Permit me to retain my child, until  
 The short remainder of my life be done;  
 For well do I perceive my time draws nigh;  
 And as the parting swallow southward flies,  
 So homeward strives the sorrow-wearied soul.  
 Thou mayst receive him then as my bequest;  
 Conduct him through the paths of knightly honour;  
 Atone to him for all thy faults to me!—  
 But stand thou radiant in the glow of life,  
 A lofty stem, encircled with renown;  
 And if the conquering power of prosperous love  
 Should bind thee with fresh ties, oh then beware!  
 Be not persuaded then, by evil power,  
 To spread for *her* the dangerous snares of trial:  
 For Love is given but for Love alone!—

PERCIVAL (*endeavouring to stop her*). Griselda, leave me!  
 Never! Thou shalt not!

Remain, Griselda!

KING ARTHUR (*waving him back*). Back, Sir Percival!  
 Henceforth will I protect her; thou thyself  
 Hast forfeited the right to call her thine,  
 And without hindrance shall she seek her home.  
 Love may bear all for Love; but she shall not  
 Be subject longer to his wayward will  
 Who roughly stamps his foot upon her head.  
 Thy house is empty, happiness departed,  
 Fallen is thy victory's triumphal arch!  
 Pass in thy desert halls thy lonely life,  
 Sufficing to thyself, and with thyself at strife.

(*The King withdraws with his train and the Vassals of PERCIVAL, who, covering his face with his hands, remains alone in the front of the stage*).

We would willingly, had we time and space, devote some labour  
 to the consideration of this work, for, small as it is, we consider it



by no means unimportant; but we are necessitated to confine ourselves to a few brief words. The character of Percival is beautifully drawn and admirably sustained throughout. He is *pride itself*. There is not a deed he does, nor a word he says, that is not to be traced to this one predominant cause. At his first appearance at the festival at Arthur's court, he is displeased and out of humour, because in the banquet-hall of his sovereign he does not command the unlimited respect and deference to which he has been accustomed in his own feudal domain. It is not on account of *Griselda* herself that he brooks so ill the petulant jests of the courtly assembly;—it is for his own sake;—it is because she is *his* wife,—the woman whom *he* has condescended to marry—that he so proudly hurls back a defiance, and guarantees her merit to be equal even to that of the Queen of England. The portrait, of course, is disagreeable, but its consistency, its vigour, and the moral so inevitably drawn from the consequence of its peculiarities, that “pride was not made for man,” render it, as a work of art, almost perfect.

As for *Griselda*, she is the ideal of a woman. Her name, and an outline of the story, are taken from Boccacio, but the filling-up, in fact all the valuable parts, are the author's own. There are not many writers at the present day who would have ventured to produce a dramatic effect by placing in opposition the duty of a child to her parent, and that of a wife to her husband. It has been here boldly ventured and most successfully accomplished, and the result is a scene of the truest and most heart-rending pathos that we have ever read. We have now done; we have not said half that we could have wished; but yet, we hope, enough to cause many of our readers to give the book an attentive perusal.

ART. III.—*New Sketches of Every-day Life. A Diary. Together with Strife and Peace.* By FREDERIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. Longmans. 1844.

EVERYBODY reads Miss Bremer's works. This is one of the current facts of the day. On the other hand, that nobody reads prefaces is an axiom of and for all times:—true in its general sense as applicable to the great body of the public, though not to be predicated of reviewers, whose hard doom it is to read everything. These things being so, we will for the enlightenment of a curious, but toil-shunning public, devote a part of our space to the preface Mrs. Howitt has prefixed to the above-named volumes.

In her own behalf, and “for the interests of translated literature,” Mrs. Howitt bitterly protests against the conduct of those London publishers who have forestalled some of her translations from Miss

Bremer, by issuing cheap reprints of American editions *which cost them nothing for copyright*. She complains, and with reason, as we think, that after she had, at a serious cost of time, labour, and money, introduced into England works scarcely known there before even by name, after she had "tested the risk, and in fact created a public," others should take advantage of her hazardous experiment, speculate securely and at their ease on the popularity she had laboriously and adventurously achieved, and sweep off a portion of her just profits, by deluging the market they had not made, with spurious goods they had not bought. This is a case of great hardship, and an instance of a standing evil, the suppression of which is called for no less by the interests of the public than by those of the literary profession.

The American reprints have been defended on the specious plea of "the public good;" but the plea is a rotten one. The public good can never flow from private wrong. It is manifest that superior skill and conscientious labour will not be continually and systematically put forth in any calling, the remuneration of which is neither secure nor proportionate in its possible amount to the degree of its insecurity. The best translator can in no case reckon on very large gains, for his profits must always be liable to be kept down by the efforts of legitimate competition: if his obtaining any adequate compensation for the labours be rendered very precarious, he will retire in disgust from the field, and that which Goethe justly calls "one of the most important and dignified occupations in the great intellectual traffic of the human race," will be abandoned to incompetent hands. Really good translators are rarer things than many persons seem to believe: of bad ones there is no need, and they are amongst the worst plagues of literature. To this class assuredly belong the reprints before us. The dishonesty with which these paltry "Brummagem" goods are palmed upon unwary purchasers, and warranted "town made" of the first quality, is deserving of the severest censure. They come to us grand in title-page and preface, with a lie direct and a lie circumstantial. Professing to be accurate and ungarbled translations from the Swedish, they are mutilated versions of blundering German translations. They cheat the purchaser in point of style, for they give him, especially in the snatches of verse with which they are interspersed, many a line of purely Yankee stuff, fashion and colouring, unlike any thing in their pretended originals; and they cheat him in quantity, for instead of "replacing the numerous important passages, omitted by the carelessness of the German translator," they abound with omissions of great extent, and of the most material character. The reader will not fail to detect and to mark with reprobation the jesuitical inuendo in the words above included within inverted commas. What on earth has the English public to do with the German translator? What is it to them whether he well or ill fulfilled his task,

unless indeed it be falsely insinuated that Mrs. Howitt has not gone to the fountain head, but has drawn from the muddy waters of the German puddle?

There is obviously but one remedy for the evil we have been exposing: nothing but an international copyright between this country and the United States can afford the English translator due security. It is idle to expect that the nuisance complained of can be put down by invectives, however merited or severe, against individual wrong-doers. There will always be found among us men content to adjust their consciences to the exact standard of the statute-law. Even if we could succeed in defeating or converting them in detail, others would spring up in their places as fast as the heads of the hydra. An international copyright we must have. Happily "the smartest nation in all creation" is beginning to find out that the business of pirating English books is not so very smart a thing as it used to be. As it requires very little capital, it has been carried on with a ruinous intensity of competition that has nearly brought Jonathan to his senses. Let us generously hope that he will consent to be honest, when fully convinced that there is nothing more to be gained in the thieving line.

Therefore our own views coincide with those expressed in Mrs. Howitt's preface. Had that lady confined herself to the real gravamen of the case, her remonstrances would have met with our unqualified support. But like an unskilful advocate she wanders from her brief, and damages her cause by attempting too much. Because it is unfair, in a certain class of instances, that an edition burthened with no payment to an author, should be allowed freely to compete with one of costly copyright, Mrs. Howitt concludes by some curious and recondite process of womanly logic, that the right of translating any foreign work should be an absolute monopoly in the hands of the first doer thereof into English. With submission, it occurs to us that Peter Schlemihl was not unknown to English readers before Mr. Howitt perpetrated his exceedingly bad version of that work. Our language is blest, oh too blest, with two or three scores of "Fausts." For the love of peace, good Mrs. Howitt, speak low! Do not set the authors of all these immortal productions together by the ears. Why do you drag Mrs. Austen's name into the dispute? You say "the case is not my own merely; it is that of Mrs. Austen, and of almost every translator of note." This is indiscreet, to say the least of it. Is it done by authority? We are not aware that Mrs. Austen has had to contend in any one instance with American editions reprinted in this country to her prejudice; and you, Mrs. Howitt, have produced no proof that the cause of translated literature, or the equitable claims of the labourers in that field, would be served by restricting the free competition of native talent. Put down the reciprocal piracy practised between foreign

countries and this, let British authors and publishers start fair, afford a free stage and no favour, and the rest may be left to the natural operation of the principles that govern all commercial matters.

We trust that nothing in these remarks of ours will be deemed at variance with the respect we feel for Mrs. Howitt, and the thankfulness with which we cordially accept her present labours, and their predecessors of the same series. But while we are in the "quip modest" vein, we will take leave to tell her, that there are many blemishes in the work before us which we hope to see expunged from her next edition. The book is full of typographical errors, not very creditable to a "library edition." For instance, the following lines (vol. ii. p. 121), put them even in their best shape, do not commend themselves so agreeably to the ear that they can endure with impunity the disfigurement laid upon them by the printer:

"The grateful world on me her love will cast,  
Who mother of Gustavus wast."

Mrs. Howitt's English is of the right, good, old, homespun texture, but she sometimes indulges in queer words and phrases that give an air of awkwardness or affectation to her style. Thus she has an extraordinary predilection for the word "also," which she frequently uses very oddly, and in a way much more German than English. The following sentence, (preface p. xiv.) is very unhappily constructed. "Whoever has come in contact with foreign authors of eminence, knows that it is a subject of sore complaint that their works are translated into our language, generally in a most slovenly state, and obtain circulation by the side of those of the most faithful and able character." Both clauses of this sentence are bad: if we know any thing of the true meaning and application of the word "state," the first clause ought to signify that the works, *being* in a most slovenly state, are translated into our language: the last clause is still worse, for as it now stands it would appear that one of the things complained of is the fact, that *the works of foreign Authors* "obtain circulation by the side of those of the most faithful and able character." The whole passage is certainly in a "most slovenly state:" whether in that slovenliness there be a peculiar fitness or a peculiar unfitness to the occasion, we leave to others to determine.

Inversion is a rhetorical artifice of great effect when judiciously employed; but Mrs. Howitt uses it with an unsparing, and too often with a marring hand. Her verbs seem to have an inveterate dislike to yield precedence to the nominative cases. We think the translator ought to have retained the Swedish names of certain ranks and institutions; her English substitutes for these are not always satisfactory. It sounds oddly to our ears, to call a naval commander Colonel Brenner. Fru Astrid, we submit, were a better reading than Mrs.

Astrid. What would be thought of one who should insist on writing *Mister* Guizot, *Mistress* de Genlis, *Mistress* Recamier, *Mistress* Roland?

But enough of fault-finding: we have exhausted our stock, and with the exceptions we have indicated, we have nothing but praise to bestow on these translations. Let us now turn to something pleasant,—a passage from the "Diary." The lady by whom it is supposed to be written has a lover, the naval commander Wilhelm Brenner, known among his intimates by the name of the Viking, in consideration of his heroic character and his sea fame. After narrating part of a conversation between her and the Viking, Sophia Adelan then continues:

And a great many faults has he found in me to-day; he has reproached me for my self-will, or, as he called it, my "Finnish-temper." I told him that this was precisely my best quality, and as he shook his head, I related to him that I was descended from a race of the Wasastjernar, who had given to the world the most beautiful example of the Finnish national temper. Thus, namely, when the Russians in the year 1809, conquered Finland, there lived in the city of Wasa, two brothers, one the judge of the court of justice, the other a merchant, who, when the residents of the city were compelled to swear an oath of fidelity to the Emperor of the Russias, alone and stedfastly refused it.

"We have sworn an oath of fidelity to the King of Sweden, and unless he himself released us from it, we cannot swear obedience to another ruler," remained their constant answer to all persuasions, as well friendly as threatening. Provoked by this obstinacy, and fearing the example which would be given by it, the Russians threw the stiff-necked brothers into prison and threatened them with death. Their answer remained always the same, to the increasing severity and multiplied threats of the Russians. At length the sentence of death was announced to them, as well as that, on a fixed day, they were to be conducted out to the Gallows-hill, and there be executed as criminals in case their obstinacy did not give way and they took the required oath. The brothers were immoveable. 'Rather,' replied the judge, in the name of both, 'will we die, than become perjured.'

"At this answer, a powerful hand struck the speaker on the shoulder. It was the Cossack who kept watch over the brothers, and now exclaimed with a kindling glance, 'Dobra kamerad' ('bravo comrade!')

"The Russian authorities spoke otherwise, and on the appointed day permitted the brothers to be carried out to the place of execution. They were sentenced to be hanged; but yet once more at this late hour, and for the last time, pardon was offered them if they would but consent to that which was required from them.

"'No!' replied they, 'hang, hang! We are brought hither not for speech-making, but to be hanged.'

"This stedfastness softened the hearts of the Russians. Admiration took place of severity, and they rewarded the fidelity and courage of the brothers with magnanimity. They presented them not merely with life, but sent

them free and safely over to Sweden, to the people and to the King to whom they had been true to the death. The King of Sweden elevated them to the rank of nobles, and after this they lived greatly esteemed in the capital of Sweden to a great age."

This relation gave pleasure to Brenner. He promised with a beaming and tearful eye no more to reproach me with my "Finnish mind."

Here is a passage from the history of these loves. It almost constitutes in itself a complete *novellette*.

The miserable, misfortune-bringing, poisonous and poisoned Lady-Councillors-of-Commerce! I would that they sat turned to stone up aloft on the hill of difficulty, and could move neither foot nor tongue! . . . But now came those birds of misfortune yesterday afternoon, and darted down by my stepmother. I was with her whilst I sat at my painting. I felt myself burdened by having to attend to all the movements which were made by the three ladies among our near and distant acquaintances. Already had they gone through a long list of "they believe, they say, they assert," when Mrs. P. vehemently exclaimed, "Now for a bit of news which is sure and certain! What think you of our honest Colonel Brenner having last week received 'a basket' from the rich widow, Mrs. Z.? That I know from her own sister-in-law, who related the whole affair to me. She herself, as regarded him, was not disinclined, but the five stepchildren would have terrified her."

"Yes, the poor man!" said Miss P., "he will not find it easy to get a wife with that crowd of children; at least not a wife who has money."

"Need Colonel Brenner then, in the choice of a wife, make money so much an object?" asked I, in no enviable state of mind.

"That a man always must who has five children to care for, and who has no other property than his profession," replied Mrs. P. "Brenner's wife had nothing; and he himself, although a man of rank, has been no good husbänder of his income."

"Is Mrs. Z. an upright person?" asked I again; and Miss P. made answer,—

"O, the person is well-behaved enough, I fancy; but she has neither head nor heart; but with a fine skin, a handsome figure, and large landed property,\* one needs neither head nor heart to enchant. A little vain, a little mad about getting married, is she to be sure—it is an unfortunate passion that, of wishing to get married! I say with Madame de Sevigné, I would rather get drunk!"

"I also," said I; "but is it known for certain that Colonel Brenner paid his addresses to Mrs. Z. last week?"

"Quite certainly it is known, my sweetest of friends! Her own sister-in-law told me of it. Besides this, there are documents in the affair; for it was negotiated by letters, which certainly must have been very affecting, for Mrs. Z. has cried days and nights over them—there must singly and solely on that account have been a wash of pocket handkerchiefs. But she has her own friends, and will console herself, and think about a certain gentleman

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\* Guldasa säteri, an estate which, according to the Swedish laws, can only be held by a noble.

without children, and—*à propos*, people say also in the world that Colonel Brenner too will endeavour to console himself, and will seek for his consolation in this house; people assert even that Miss Sophia Adelan would know something more of the affair."

Reddening like a guilty person, and proud as an innocent one, I repelled the charge, and declared myself wholly unacquainted with it. And, as the sisters persisted in jesting with me, my stepmother said, with a graceful dignity which pleased me infinitely—

"As Colonel Brenner has so lately paid his addresses to Mrs. Z., it would very little accord with the esteem which he cherishes for Sophia, and with his own character, if he should so quickly solicit her hand. Besides, I fancy that this match would very little suit Sophia. It is no joke with so many stepchildren. If my Sophia wishes to be married, she will not lack opportunities of choosing among—um, um, um!"

"O, of course! That is certain! When a person has so many charms and talents, and so much property, there lacks nothing! and people talk already of a certain Baron and Chamberlain,—perhaps one may already offer congratulations."

I scarcely was able to give a token of disavowal, and was glad that a servant came to say that the carriage was at the door, in which the Lady-Councillors-of-Commerce took leave, and my stepmother and Flora drove out to pay visits.

"Let nobody come in! say that nobody is at home!" said I to the philosopher (the old, trusty servant of the house, whose business it is to watch through the whole day, half sleeping in the hall), and I threw myself in the arm chair, before the piano, in the ante-room. One single light burnt in the chandelier with a long wick. It was twilight in the room, it was twilight in my own soul.

"It is the property! It is a speculation!"—thought I. My mind was in so painful a state that I was obliged to weep. The image of the Viking was dimmed in my inmost soul. I saw him before, so pure, so noble, so far from all worldly modes of action, and now! But no! I will not submit myself to the thoughts which the news that I have heard awakens in me. "Still! still!" said I to the tormenting spirits, "leave me my faith in him, and let me retain my friend. Besides, why should I believe that he will woo me. He will not. He seeks in me merely a confidant, a friend, a sister!" And I let all the five little children come up before me in order to explain his courtship of Mrs. Z.

The "Sonata pathétique" of Beethoven lay upon the music desk, and I began to play it. This wild agitato removed the tumult from my soul, and hushed it; it elevated itself on the streams of sound, and burst with them through all thwarting hindrances to the grave, lovely, all-releasing, all-reconciling unveiling, to the glorious closing notes. So deeply was I absorbed by my music that I did not hear that a conversation was taking place in the hall, which ended in the philosopher opening the door and saying in a voice which resembled that of the ghost in Hamlet:

"Miss Adelan, Colonel Brenner is in the hall, and will resolutely come in. Shall I beg him to go away?"

"Did I not say that nobody was to be admitted?" asked I.

"Yes, he said that," said a well-known voice. "But I said to him that I *malready* admitted!" And Brenner at one spring stood before me, with *utstretched* hand, so kind, so joyous, so cordial, that I nearly forgot all the impressions with which I had just then combated, and my heart moved itself towards him.

He gave me a bouquet of beautiful flowers, as he continued, "only do not say to me that I should go away!"

Kindly, but sorrowfully I said, "Ah, no! Remain here now. My mother will soon be home."

"O, that is not of much consequence to me," said he. "I would now rather talk alone with you."

My heart beat from secret anxiety. He looked at me, and my appearance must have indicated fully my state of mind, for he was suddenly uneasy, and asked tenderly and with his whole heart, whether I were ill?

"No, I am very well." Whether I was vexed? "Yes, I must confess that; I had heard something which had discomposed me." Whether he might not share it, whether he might not endeavour to be my comforter? I was silent. Should I tell him all? thought I. Yet no! That were indeed a folly. He would fancy that I was in love with him. He renewed his questions with more and more warmth. "No!" replied I, at length; "not now—perhaps at some future time"—Whether I were vexed with him? "Yes—No—He must not ask any more."

"Not ask any more?" exclaimed Brenner. He was silent for a while, and began then again, with a gentle, tremulous voice. "And yet I came now on purpose, to ask you a serious question, a very important question—a question which has often thrust itself to my lips, and which I can no longer keep back—a question, upon which depends the weal or woe of my life. I came on purpose to ask—Sophia, will you, can you love me? I have long loved you unspeakably! Will you accompany me through life, in pleasure and pain?"

The voice, the look, the expression, even the pressure of his hand, which had seized mine—O what eloquence of the heart! And all this he had consecrated the week before to Mrs. Z. And Mrs. Z., without head or heart, with a fine skin and landed property, ascended like a ghost between Brenner and me, and caused me indescribable anguish.

O, if he had but been to me that which he had been only a few hours before, how candidly and how warmly could I not have talked to him; how could I have refused his hand without wounding his heart; how could I have removed the lover, and yet have retained him for ever a friend.

But in the darkness which had now risen in my soul, I recognised neither him nor myself; the whole world was changed. A crippling coldness, a petrifying stupor overcame my whole being; I felt myself turned into a marble image, and therefore I let Brenner talk without understanding him; heard him speak of his children, "children which it was a delight and honour to have;" heard him say how he and his children would make me happy by love and gratitude; saw him bend his knee before me, conjuring me to listen to him and answer him. But I could not answer, could move neither hand nor tongue; my eyes were still and staringly riveted upon him; yet I felt as if my eyes were filling by degrees with tears. Then he reproached me



jestingly with keeping him so long before me on his knees; and with a sudden turn he seated himself at my feet, embraced my knees, and declared that he would not rise till I had given to him my "Yes."

This manœuvre had almost entirely overcome me. I was just about to lean myself towards his beloved head, and open my whole heart to him; but at that same moment I heard a bustle in the hall, and the voices of many persons who had entered.

In that same moment I awoke to a full consciousness, and to the whole bitterness of my position.

"Stand up! In God's name, stand up!" said I to Brenner. "Some one comes!"

"The whole world may come!" replied he, with defiance and affection; "I shall not stand up without an answer from you."

A thought of hell arose in my mind; he will surprise thee, he will compel thee; he will remain sitting here at thy feet in order to make it impossible for thee to refuse his hand!

With proud resentment in look and voice I sprang up, and said—

"Colonel Brenner! I have done wrong to leave you so long in uncertainty. Pardon me, and hear now my last answer. My hand and my property I will preserve independent. I esteem no man high enough to give him right and rule over them."

Brenner on his part had risen up—and at my stern reply fixed upon me a look full of inexpressible astonishment. It was as if he could not thoroughly understand me. Merry voices and the steps of several persons approached the drawing-room door from the hall. I betook myself to the door which led to Selma's chamber. Here, with my hand upon the lock, I turned round and looked at Brenner. He stood immovable, his eyes directed to me; their expression I cannot describe, and I could not rightly comprehend; but I read in them an eternal farewell; and, with a soul assailed by indescribable and contending feelings, I fled up to my room. That which I felt to be the bitterest and the most painful at this moment was that Brenner and I were for ever separated. I called up anew Mrs. Z., in her whole terrible shape, and Brenner's conduct to her, in order to excuse and explain my own conduct; but then came the remembrance of Brenner's last look—that strange look, which went through bone and marrow, and all his culpability vanished, and I alone was the culpable one, the one worthy of condemnation.

After this the lady has a conversation with a friend of her rejected suitor, from whom she learns with remorse and anguish all he knows of the affair that had moved her to speak words of bitterness and scorn to her dear and honoured—*friend*. The sum of the matter, the confidant states to be this: "Mrs. Z. wished to have Wilhelm Brenner for her husband; he did not wish her altogether for his wife. A third person went with the proposal—and with the refusal to and from between them."

The 'Diary' will not disappoint those readers who have learned to expect from Miss Bremer easy, graceful and truthful delineations of character and incidents, and a genial flow of the wisdom that is born of the heart as well as of the head. Still the work is inferior to many

of her productions. The plot, if indeed it can be said to have any, turns altogether on a mystery that hangs over the character of a certain young lady. That mystery the authoress pretends to unravel in the course of the story, but the result is quite unsatisfactory. We will not spoil the reader's pleasure by anticipating the end of the story: we will only say that Miss Bremer appears, in dealing with the character of Flora, not to have made up her mind until she nearly arrives at her last page, as to what conclusion the reader is to come to respecting that young lady. The last solution she gives of the mystery is far from being an adequate one, and the reader involuntarily recurs to that which is more than hinted at in p. 289, of the first volume.

But the next story, "Strife and Peace," is almost faultless, or, if it has faults, our charmed eyes become too friendly to see them. Miss Bremer is here on her own peculiar ground, far removed from the conventionalities of city life, noting with the affection of a true-hearted daughter every trait of her people, and reverently gathering up every traditional record, custom, and thought of grand old Scandinavia. Well does she explain in the following oracular words the secret charm that fascinates us in her own works, and in those of every truly national writer: "They who write with their own life, song and legend, who express the depths of being by the silent but mighty language of deeds—they are the real authors, the first poets of the earth. In the second rank stand those who relate that which others have lived." Yes, in the second rank,—but foremost therein are they in whom art is animated by the breath of love, and who are one in heart and soul with their originals. What an exquisite scene is this from the opening of the story:—

The morning was clear and fresh. The September sun shone in the valley; smoke rose from the cottages. The ladies-mantle, on whose fluted cups bright pearls trembled; the silver weed, with its yellow flowers and silver glittering leaves, shone in the morning sun beside the footpath, which wound along the moss-grown feet of the backs of the mountains. It conducted to a spring of the clearest water, which after it had filled its basin, allowed its playful vein to run murmuring down to the river.

To this spring, on that beautiful morning, went down Susanna Björk, and there followed her "cocks and hens, and chickens small."

Before her waddled with consequential gabblings a flock of geese, which were all snow white, excepting one—a grey gander. This one tottered with a desponding look a little behind the others, compelled to this by a tyrant among the white flock, which, as soon as the grey one attempted to approach, drove it back with outstretched neck and yelling cries. The grey gander always fled before the white tyrant; but bald places upon the head and neck, proved that he had not come into this depressed condition, without those severe combats having made evident the fruitlessness of protestation. Not one of the goose madams troubled herself about the ill-used gander, and for that reason, Susanna all the more zealously took upon herself

with delicate morsels and kind words, to console him for the injustice of his race. After the geese, came the well-meaning but awkward ducks; the turkey-cock, with his choleric temper and his two foolish wives, one white and the other black; lastly, came the unquiet generation of hens, with the handsome, quarrel-loving cocks. The prettiest of all, however, were a flock of pigeons which, confidently and bashfully at the same time, now alighted down upon Susanna's shoulders and outstretched hand; now flew aloft and wheeled in glittering circles around her head; then settled down again upon the earth, where they neatly tripped, with their little fringed feet, stealing down to the spring to drink, whilst the geese with great tumult bathed themselves in the water and splashed about, throwing the water in pearly drops over the grass. Here also was the grey gander, to Susanna's great vexation, compelled by the white one to bathe itself at a distance from the others.

Susanna looked around her upon the beautiful richly-coloured picture which lay before her and enjoyed themselves, and evident delight beamed from her eyes as she raised them, and with hands pressed together, said softly, "O heavens! how beautiful!"

But shrunk together in terror, for in that very moment a strong voice just beside her broke forth—

"How glorious is my fatherland,  
The old sea-circled Norrway!"

And the steward, Harald Bergman, greeted smilingly Susanna, who said rather irritated—

"Yes glorious is my fatherland,  
The ancient rock-bound Norrway;  
With flowery dale, crags old and grey,  
That spite of time eternal stand!"

"Old Norway," said Susanna as before; I consider it a positive shame to hear you talk of your old Norway, as if it were older and more everlasting than the Creator himself!"

"And where in all the world," exclaimed Harald, "do you find a country with such a proud, serious people; such magnificent rivers, and such high mountains?"

"We have, thank God, men and mountains also in Sweden," said Susanna; "you should only see them; that is another kind of thing!"

"Another kind of thing! What other kind of thing? I will wager that there is not a single goose in Sweden which could compare with our excellent Norway geese."

"No, not one, but a thousand, and all larger and fatter than these. Every thing in Sweden is larger and more excellent than in Norway."

"Larger? The people are decidedly smaller and weaker."

"Weaker? smaller? you should only see the people in Uddevalla, my native city!"

"How can anybody be born in Uddevalla? Does anybody really live in that city? How can anybody live in it? It is a shame to live in such a city; it is a shame also to drive through it. It is so miserably small, that

when the wheels of the travelling-carriage are at one end, the horse has already put his head out at the other. Do not talk about Uddevalla.

"No, with you it certainly is not worth while to talk about it, because you have never seen anything else beside Norwegian villages, and cannot, on that account, form any idea to yourself, of a proper Swedish city."

"Defend me from ever seeing such cities—defend me! And then your Swedish lakes! what wretched puddles they are, beside our glorious Norwegian ocean!"

"Puddles! Our lakes! Great enough to drown the whole of Norway in!"

"Ha, ha, ha! And the whole of Sweden is beside our Norwegian ocean no bigger than my cap! and this ocean would incessantly fly over Sweden, did not our Norway magnanimously defend it with its granite breast."

"Sweden defends itself, and needs no other help! Sweden is a fine country!"

"Not half so fine as Norway. Norway reaches heaven with its mountains. Norway comes nearest to the Creator."

"Norway may well be presumptuous, but God loves Sweden best."

"Norway, say I!"

"Sweden, say I!"

"Norway! Norway for ever! We will see whose throw goes the highest, who wins for his country. Norway first and highest!" and with this, Harald threw a stone high into the air.

"Sweden first and last!" exclaimed Susanna, whilst she slung a stone with all her might.

Fate willed it that the two stones struck against each other in the air, after which they both fell with a great plump down into the spring around which the small creatures had assembled themselves. The geese screamed; the hens and ducks flew up in terror; the turkey-hens flew into the wood, where the turkey-cock followed them, forgetting all his dignity; all the doves had vanished in a moment,—and with crimsoned hands and violent contention as to whose stone went the highest, stood Harald and Susanna, alone beside the agitated and muddled water of discord.

Unhappy is the reader who needs to be told what such pretty quarrels as these inevitably end in. We must make room for a description of a Norwegian dance.

Perhaps there is no dance which expresses more than the Halling the temper of the people who originated it, which better reflects the life and character of the inhabitants of the North.

It begins, as it were, upon the ground, amid jogging little hops, accompanied by movements of the arms, in which, as it were, a great strength plays negligently. It is somewhat bear-like, indolent, clumsy, half-dreaming. But it wakes, it becomes earnest. Then the dancers up and dance, and display themselves in expressions of power, in which strength and dexterity seem to divert themselves by playing with indolence and clumsiness, and to overcome them. The same person who just before seemed fettered to the earth, springs aloft, and throws himself around in the air as though he had wings. Then, after many break-neck movements and evolutions, before

which the unaccustomed spectator grows dizzy, the dance suddenly assumes again its first quiet, careless, somewhat heavy character, and closes as it began, sunk upon the earth.

Loud shouts of applause, bestowed especially upon Harald, resounded on all sides as the dance closed. And now they all set themselves in motion for a great *Halling-polska*, and every "Gut" chose himself a "Jente." Harald had scarcely refreshed and strengthened himself with a can of ale before he again hastened up to Susanna, and engaged her for the *Halling-polska*. She had danced it several times in her own country, and joyfully accepted Harald's invitation.

This dance, too, is deeply characteristic. It paints the Northern inhabitant's highest joy in life; it is the Berserker-gladness in the dance. Supported upon the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high in the air; then he catches her in his arms, and swings round with her in wild circles; then they separate; then they unite again, and whirl again round, as it were, in superabundance of life and delight. The measure is determined, bold, and full of life. It is a dance-intoxication, in which people for the moment release themselves from every care, every burden and oppression of existence.

Thus felt also at this time Harald and Susanna. Young, strong, agile, they swung themselves around with certainty and ease, which seemed to make the dance a sport without any effort; and with eyes stedfastly riveted on each other, they had no sense of giddiness. They whirled round, as it were, in a magic circle, to the strange, magical music. The understrings sounded short and strange. The peculiar enchanted power which lies in the clear deeps of the water, in the mysterious recesses of the mountains, in the shades of dark caves, which the skalds have celebrated under the names of mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-women, and which drag down the heart so forcibly into unknown, wondrous deeps—this dark song of Nature is heard and the understrings\* of the *Halling's* playful, but yet at the same time melancholy, tones. It deeply seized upon Susanna's soul, and Harald also seemed to experience this enchantment. Leaving the wilder movements of the dance, they moved around very quietly, arm in arm.

"O, so through life!" whispered Harald's lips, almost involuntarily, as he looked deep into Susanna's beaming, tearful eyes; and, "O, so through life!" was answered in Susanna's heart, but her lips remained closed.

What think you, our fair young readers, is not that a delightful finale to dance? Aye, but the dance was no lazy dawdling quadrille, but a heart-stirring earnest measure. There was truth and nature in it, as there was in our own blessed old country dances. It is a melancholy fact, dear young ladies, that those good-for-nothing quadrilles have had much to do with the alarming increase of bachelorship and old maidenhood in these latter gloomy days.

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\* The understrings of the so-called Hardanger-fiddle are four metal strings which lie under the sounding-board. They are tuned in unison with the upper catgut strings, whereby, as well, as by the peculiar form of the violin itself, this gives forth a singular strong, almost melancholy sound.

ART. IV.—*The Nursery Rhymes of England, collected chiefly from Oral Tradition.* Edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL. Russell Smith.

Mr. Halliwell being of the opinion that harmless euphonious nonsense is a more useful instrument in the hands of children than those overstraining books of popular science which some writers would thrust upon the tender mind, has not deemed it unworthy of his antiquarian celebrity to undertake the formation of as genuine a collection of the old vernacular rhymes of the English nursery as he possibly could. He has been careful not to admit any very modern compositions, at least none belonging to the present century. He says, indeed, that it may be difficult to prove the antiquity of the whole, and that very few of them can be traced farther back, or even so far, as the sixteenth century; but adds, that there "is a peculiar style in most of the ancient ones that could not very well be imitated so as to deceive a practised ear."

The volume was first printed at the close of the year 1841, and for the select few (500, we believe) members of the Percy Society. An unexpected demand, however, has led to other editions, enlarged and improved, a result that might well have been looked for when one considers the very curious and attractive nature of the subject, together with the information and illustration which Mr. H. brings to the execution of his task. Certainly it is not so unimportant a matter as the phrase *euphonious nonsense*, if standing alone, would lead the hasty reader to imagine, as must be admitted the moment that one is made acquainted with the fact that many of these rhymes,—often only fragments of old ballads,—have had a very wide dissemination, having also extended through several centuries. Their freshness is immemorial, so that there must be that in them, which merits the universal and perennial popularity that continues to soothe so many millions of querulous little ones, and to re-awaken so much innocent and cheerful reminiscence on the part even of people, although not in their second childhood, yet who delight to become at moments like their children,—to think and sport with them in the nursery and to join in their innocent frolics during a vacant hour.

It may be difficult to account for the extension and the universality which have characterised the existence of these rhymes, but the facts are undeniable, and therefore the subject merits investigation, having a relative breadth and earnestness; just as in other cases where to the unthinking there may appear only trifling or puerile questions to exist, and to the indolent merely subjects for the idle, the ingenious, and the speculative. Take a theme not far removed from the one immediately before us,—that of our ancient songs and vulgar music.

It is unquestionable that a history of our ancient songs and vulgar music, framed from the scanty gleanings which our olden minstrelsy

supplies, would be exceedingly incomplete and unsatisfactory. How imperfect, for example, would be the information that could be attained upon the ditties and airs of the Anglo-Saxons! Yet ballads with easy tunes adapted to them must at all times have been the entertainment of the common people, and also of the better sort; these ballads and the music being naturally of various kinds,—satirical, humourous, moral, and not a few of them of the amorous sort. Yet Sir John Hawkins has observed, that hardly any of such, with the tunes to them, “are at this day to be met with, and those few that are yet extant are only found in *odd part books*, written without *bars*, and *with ligatures*, in characters so *obsolete*, that all hopes of recovering them, or of rendering, to any tolerable degree, intelligible, any of the *common popular tunes* in use before the middle of the *sixteenth century* must be given up.” Still, even although we should agree with the learned authority quoted, to the full extent—a thing which we must hesitate to do—ought the scantiness to operate as a reason why an effort should not be made to bring under one view the little fragments and slight notices which casually offer themselves in the course of extensive reading and investigation, sometimes where least likely to occur? Ought the *dictum* of any ignorant, short-sighted, and unphilosophic party to deter the antiquarian, the musical and poetic genius, or the competent interpreter of concomitant and curious historical lights from pursuing the inquiry, or from cherishing a generous enthusiasm concerning its scope and its probable rewards?

An ingenious Frenchman once projected the history of his country by a series of chronological series of songs and ballads; and perhaps the multitude of manuscripts and printed collections preserved in the Royal Library, and other national or vast repositories would have left a diligent compiler at no great loss for abundance of materials. A history of England of the same sort would be no less interesting and delightful, were the thing possible. Dr. Percy has said that in both countries the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the Minstrels; that before there were books of chivalry in prose, these same disseminators of facts and news frequently made true events the subject of their songs. But then how deeply tingured must the effusions have been with fable and romance! So that while one is forced to admit that such a source of information and illustrative materials must ever be valuable as well as singularly entertaining, it would be spoiling and perverting its uses and character to allow to it an exaggerated importance. In like manner let us regard the rhymes for the nursery; let us neither exact from them an unnatural gravity or stretched philosophic aims; nor depreciate them below their real worth and capabilities. What! will you argue that these jingles and doggerels have no meaning to the

opening intellect, seeing that the young mind so readily understands them, so earnestly questions relative to the lessons taught, and so permanently remembers the teachings; no music, seeing that the ear so greedily listens to the rhythm, drinking with delight the harmony and smiling the while with unalloyed happiness at the combined burden of the song! Surely there cannot here be rhyme without reason, or metre without some degree of sense.

In one of the cheap publications of the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, which is in various respects akin to the volume before us, viz., "*The Popular Rhymes, Fireside Stories, and Amusements of Scotland*," we find the following just thoughts and happily expressed introductory remarks,—the writer speaking of the genuine relics mentioned:—"It is to be observed first of all," says he, that they are, in most instances, the production of rustic wits, in some the whimsies of mere children, and originally were designed for no higher purpose than to convey the wisdom or the humours of the cottage, to soothe the murmurs of the cradle, or enliven the sports of the village green. The reader is therefore not to expect here anything profound or sublime, or elegant, or affecting. But if he can so far, upon occasion, undo his mature man as to enter again into the almost meaningless frolics of children—if to him the absence of high-wrought literary grace is compensated by a simplicity coming directly from nature, if to him there be a poetry in the very consideration that such a trifle was perhaps the same trifle to many human beings like himself hundreds of years ago, and has, times without number, been trolled or chanted by hearts light as his own, long since resolved into dust,—then it is possible that he may find something in this volume which he will consider worthy of his attention."

It might serve to guide the reflecting reader to a tolerably accurate estimate of these and similar rhymes, were he to carry out to some extent such inquiries as we merely suggest in the few following sentences. Are we not to set it down to a principle beautiful in itself and honourable to human nature, that in these far-transmitted and endlessly repeated compositions there is hardly or ever a wrong thought, a questionable lesson, or a tainted expression? Nothing foul and immoral has ever become permanently popular in the history of rhyme. Again, is the reader of the abundant collection before us struck with the fact that rural images and objects, domestic scenes and affectionate passages, home-speaking and cheerful teachings greatly predominate, almost to the entire banishment, or rather perfect want of knowledge, of the crooked ways of the world and of artificial life? Yes, nursery rhymes must belong to the school of nature, of home-bred loves, and of all-pervading sympathies. Hence it is that they enliven the fancy, touch the heart, and provoke that mirth which is health-giving to soul and body. The jingle is in accordance with our early requirements, with the natural love of



euphony and rhyme. How readily does the young reader run into a sing-song with prose! How greatly more apt to remember what is couched in verse and in metre than what is unmusically expressed in prose.

Mr. Halliwell has a classification for his collection, which if one were hypercritical might be at times quarrelled with either because of the unintelligible grounds and the manner in which it is carried out, or the manifest violation of the principles laid down. For example we do not always perceive a reason for the distinction in the arrangement between the "Historical" and the "Tales;" but this is a matter of minor importance, the editor, no doubt, at the time, being sensible of some sufficient diversity. His division is into Historical, Tales, Jingles, Riddles, Proverbs, Lullabies, Charms, Games, Paradoxes, Customs, Songs, &c. We now enter upon a few amusing and edifying samples of a collection, towards which, if two or three other competent hands were to contribute with the enthusiasm and the perseverance of Mr. Halliwell, the result would be one of the greatest literary curiosities in the world. As it is the book is unique, far outstripping all former attempts of the kind, both as regards number of pieces and skilful pains in illustration, extending to the pictorial by Mr. Scott, as well as to the verbal and antiquarian by the editor. We do not profess to attend to any arrangement, or to do other than make a few random dips into the book. Here is one of the Tales:—

John Cook had a little grey mare; he, haw, hum!  
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum,  
And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum.  
The mare fell down, and she made her will; he, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; he, haw, hum.  
If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he, haw, hum.

Is there any possible connection, we wonder, between this childish song, heard in infancy on his nurse's knee, and Byron's elegant concluding stanza in the *Bride of Abydos*?

A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
It looks as planted by Despair  
Sowhite—so faint—the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high;  
And yet, though storms and blight assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem in vain—  
To-morrow sees it bloom again!  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears.—

There is certainly all the difference that might be looked for between the germ and its beautiful development corresponding to that between childhood and maturer age—between genius and ordinary capacity.

Many of the rhymes have a variety of versions, having been altered according to the taste or the perversions of different provinces, and it is not less worthy of remark that the character of some of them is oriental. The relish for a pithy and directly inculcated moral is not less manifest from this collection, than that for innocent amusement, or the demand for a trial of the mental powers, were it but to unriddle a puzzle or point a proverb. Here is one rendering of a Tale taken from the spendthrift's career and ultimate fate :

My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how ;  
But he left me six horses to follow the plough :  
With my whim wham waddle ho !  
Strim stram straddle ho !  
Bubble ho ! pretty boy,  
Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow,  
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough ?  
With my, &c.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,  
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half,  
With my, &c.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,  
To sit down before the fire, to warm her little back :  
With my, &c.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,  
But she took fire in her tail, and so burnt up my house :  
With my, &c.

The ballad of Giles Collins and Lady Anna is for the young and panting bosom, and doubtless many a sympathetic query it hath drawn from the eager learners in the nursery :—

Giles Collins he said to his old mother,  
"Mother, come bind up my head ;  
And send to the parson of our parish,  
For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead.  
For to-morrow I shall be dead."

His mother she made him some water-gruel,  
And stirred it round with a spoon ;  
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,  
And died before 'twas noon,  
And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,  
Mending her night-robe and coif;  
She saw the very prettiest corpse,  
She'd seen in all her life, life,  
She'd seen in all her life.

"What bear ye there, ye six strong men,  
Upon your shoulders so high?"  
"We bear the body of Giles Collins,  
Who for love of you did die, die,  
Who for love of you did die."

"Set him down! set him down! (Lady Anna, she cry'd,)  
On the grass that grows so green;  
To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,  
My body shall lie by his'n his'n,  
My body shall lie by his'n."

Lady Anna was buried in the east,  
Giles Collins was buried in the west;  
There grew a lily from Giles Collins,  
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,  
That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,  
And cut this lily in twain:  
Which never there was seen before,  
And it never will again, again,  
And it never will again.

Scarcely so lofty, romantic, and moving is the story of the little guinea-pig; but its exploits and destiny have not a less claim upon our wonder.

There was a little Guinea-pig,  
Who, being little, was not big.  
He always walked upon his feet,  
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,  
He never at that place did stay;  
And while he ran, as I am told,  
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,  
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent:  
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,  
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,  
He took a whim and fairly died;  
And, as I'm told by men of sense,  
He never has been living since.

There are literary models as well as moral lessons, striking analogies and allegories, whimsical nonsense, and paradoxical jingles, in these trifling metres. The following must have been intended for the correction of our modern diffuse, long-winded and *omnium-gatherum* biographers. And yet the hero was no less a personage than Solomon Grundy.

Solomon Grundy,  
Born on a Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,  
Took ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday :  
This is the end  
Of Solomon Grundy.

We must allow the editor to be heard, with his learned earnestness, while catering for the holyday folks and while preaching for the nursery sanctuary. Here is his discoursing of the versions of Jack Horner :

[The tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the traditional ones, and they form part of "The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his Youth to his riper Years," 12mo ; a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library, and this extended story is in substance the same with "The Fryer and the Boy." 12mo, Lond. 1617, and both of them are taken from the more ancient story of "Jack and his step-dame." which has been printed by Mr. Wright.]

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie :  
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I !"

Our last specimen relates to the "foles of Gotham." Dr. Borde, by his oversight of one of their most extraordinary achievements, proves himself to have been a senseless or an unsuccessful collector. Nothing was ever more briefly or tersely narrated ; no, not even the biography of Solomon Grundy, to both of which stories our eye has been directed by an admirer of these nursery ditties :

[The "foles of Gotham" are mentioned as early as the fifteenth century in the "Townley Mysteries;" and at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Dr. Andrew Borde made a collection of stories about them, not however including the following, which rests on the authority of nursery tradition.]

Three wise men of Gotham  
 Went to sea in a bowl:  
 And if the bowl had been stronger,  
 My song would have been longer.

Among the alliterative specimens in Mr. Halliwell's collection, we have not fallen upon any that are of exactly the same tongue-trying kind which the Scotch amuse themselves with, and where the triumph is on the side of him who can with the greatest rapidity run over the words and story without a *lapsus* or a mispronunciation. It will be felt on trial that the perplexity arises from the close collocation of nearly similar sounds, but yet having a difference that requires a quickness and precision that practice is alone likely to lend. The following we remember:

When ye gang to the yeard to blade blades,  
 Be sure ye blade *braw braid* blades.

Again:

The clerks mid red room *lum* reeks briskly.

ART. V.—*Histories of Noble Families; with Biographical Notices of the most distinguished Individuals in each; Illustrated by their Armorial Bearings, Monuments, Seats, &c.*—Compiled and Edited by HENRY DRUMMOND, Esq. Parts 1 & 2. Imp. Folio. Pickering.

AT last we have the promise of a genealogical work worthy of the aristocracy of England. The subject has been too much neglected in this country, while it has been carried to excess by writers of family histories in Italy, Germany, and France. The catalogue of even the principal genealogical histories of these countries would occupy many pages, and it would be pedantry merely to give their titles without entering into their distinctive merits. Among the most attractive of the French authors is the Marquis de Valbonnois; his *Histoire de Dauphin et des Princes qui ont porté le nom du Dauphin*, is only equalled by Baker's elaborate *History of Northamptonshire*. Du Bouchet in France and Cleveland in England, have both written the history of the family of Courtenay, which has been also dignified by the commentary of Gibbon.\* Du Chesne

\* The sarcastic observation of Gibbon on Dr. Ezra Cleveland's work,—“The rector of Honiton had more gratitude than industry and more industry than criticism,” we think far too severe. Few have the critical acumen of Gibbon, and fewer still have attained a style which combines terseness with ornateness without the adventitious aid of similitude, while it conveys a comprehensive idea of the subject.

on the family of Bethune and Montmorency, vies with Anderson and Whiston's history of the house of Ivery, now represented by the Earl of Egmont, and which is not exceeded in its origin and true nobility by any existing family.—Vaughan's Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty contains much to interest the reader. Had Sir Egerton Brydges applied his mind to the genealogies and historical notices of the greater and lesser nobility of his country, instead of starting an *ignis fatuus* and endeavouring to induce others to follow him into his mirage, perhaps Mr. Drummond's work might not have been required.

To many, such studies, particularly in this utilitarian age, may be deemed of little consequence, but the historians of mankind rightly set a high value on them, and we know that Burleigh, Camden, Selden, Orford, Oxford, and many more, not only studied genealogy, but have recommended it, as illustrating the progress of our race, and often clearing up doubtful points of history, or affording clues by which to unravel obscurities. The connection between individual and general history is too obvious to require more than a very brief notice. The former constitutes the parts, informing posterity of the manners, customs, mental characteristics and the *modus operandi* by which the general results were attained, and thus giving materials to the philosophers of after ages to trace the progress of man, and to deduce principles from the accumulated experience of facts by which to warn or to guide their own generation and those which are to come. One of the great certain marks of *geuius*, is being in advance of the age in which it lives, and by its energy and individuality to stamp the age with its own impress. The prominent greatness of individuals has also the effect of giving an interest concerning those who preceded and those who followed them, and induces comparisons which lead to a more correct estimate of times, national phases, and of the moral and intellectual condition of mankind at different epochs.

Family genealogies are only despised by those who, from circumstances over which they had no control, cannot refer to ancestral descent. The foible—if it must so be called—of national ancestry, has been often exhibited, and sometimes the cause of disputes only terminated by the ultimate argument of physical force. The Arcadians assumed the proud distinction of having existed before the moon; the Phrygians and Scythians of being the oldest of mankind. While the fair damsels of Athens loved beyond all other ornaments to exhibit in their hair the golden cicad typical of the fancied autochthonian origin of their race. Homer's Hesiod gives numerous examples of the claims of heroes to divine origin. Perchance the priests during the mysteries of initiation, arrayed in the received attributes of deities, may have given foundation to those cherished traditions. Cæsar was traced in clear descent from Venus, Alexander claimed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon, The Chinese

claim an indistinct descent from heaven, and therefore call their country the Celestial Empire, and their emperor brother to the Sun and Moon. Cæsar in his Commentaries speaks of the high estimation in which the Germans, in his time, held long and distinguished descent. Cicero was of opinion that the best history of Rome was that of private families. Even Atticus wrote a genealogy of the later Brutus, connecting him with the patriot of the same name who expelled the Tarquins—he forgot to add the important historical notice, that the later Brutus who stabbed his friend and benefactor was a money lender at 48½ per cent, and pestered Cicero to support his jackal attorney Scaptius, and to assist him in getting in his loans and the interest on them; and like our Levis, Gibbs's, Gibbins's, Davis's, Foord's, Isaacs, &c., *et hoc genus omne*, would have either the body and soul or the principal and interest. Gibbon in his sarcastic and contemptuous summary of this patriot's character,\* tells us that he starved, according to law, with the assistance of Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, and Scaptius the common law attorney, five of his debtors to death.

But to return to our subject. Paulus Æmilius tells us, that the great French families assumed an equality with Clovis, and that one Canacer disputed the right to the crown on the ground of his genealogy. The debate mentioned by Tacitus, lib. xi., on recruiting the senate from the chiefs of Gallia Comata, shows how keenly the feeling relative to family descent was entertained by the Romans. Ordericus Vitalis, in the time of Norman William, was minute in his details of the English families then existing. The Battle Rolls also prove that the feeling was equally strong on the part of the Normans. Something substantial must have been connected with this opinion of its importance, and we find that, wherever natural superiority accompanied high birth, its influence was really and greatly important. Pre-eminence was, and is now, more readily attainable by those who hold a high descent, to which deference is always shown. It is certainly remarkable that republicans from time immemorial have been tenacious of their genealogies: Athens, Rome, and North America, both the aborigines and the modern settlers, are equally exacting on the declaration of ancestry; and the Yankee, who only guesses that in some far distant country he probably had a grandfather, would "whittle" his chair with his bowie knife at the bare supposition that he was not entitled, if in Europe, to sixteen quarters in his coat of arms.

Much has been written on the origin of names: among the patriarchal tribes some quality either of mind, body, or circumstances gave the cognomen. The same prevail among the North American Indians and some other tribes. One name sufficed the ancient

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\* Miscellaneous Works, edited by Lord Sheffield, vol. 5.

Britons, with few exceptions, as Uther Pendragon. The Saxons, similarly to the Israelites, used a syllable, *ing*, to denote immediate descent, as *Atheling*, the son of Athel; so the syllable Ben, among the Hebrews, denoted son, as Ben Mordecai, the son of Mordecai. Mac in Scotland means son, as Macdonald, the son of Donald; in Ireland Oy, or O, has a similar signification, as O'Neil, the grandson of Neil. The old Romans or Northmen prefixed Fitz, the ancient and modern Prussian wits, as Fitz Gilbert, Peter Paulowitz, Peter the son of Paul. The Poles indulge in *sky*, which is always affixed, as Poniatowsky, Jablonsky, and which has the same meaning. Although not so general, here we have our Smithson, Johnson, Thompson, Robinson, showing the extended use of the same custom. In this country it is either indicative of an uncertain or very recent origin. The Welch *ap*, formerly *vap*, bears some affinity in sound to the digammic *Fapo*, and is as much entitled to be considered a derivative as Fitz and Witz from Filius, as more than one ingenious writer has averred. The Anglo-Saxons selected many of their names with reference either to estimable moral and mental qualities, or to distinguished attainments. Camden has given us a long list of them, of which we shall quote a few as illustrations. Alfred, *all peace*—Aldred, *all reverend*—Botolph, *help ship*—Edward, *faithful man*—Edmund, *truth speaker*—Godwin, *beloved of God*—Leofwin, *win love*—Hengist, *horse*—for, probably, a *horseman*—Walwin, a *conqueror*. These names are far more graceful than some of the most celebrated Latin names, which, because they are Roman, are thought much of by little boys and school-masters, or, as Camden says, "because you understand them not; and if you will compare them with our most homely names, you will disclaim them; for what is Tronto but beetle-brow'd; Cœsius, but cat's eyes; Pactus, but pink-eyed; Cocles, one eye; Naso, bottle-nose, or nosey; Galla, maggot (as Sentorius interpreteth); Selo, ape's nose; Aneus, crooked arm; Pansa, broad foot; Stratoe, squint eye; Suillius, swine eared; Capeto, jobber-noll; Calous, broad pate; Crispus, curl pate; Flaccus, loll-eared; Labeo, blobber lip; Scaurus, knobbed heeled; Varus, bow-legged; Pedro, long shanks; Marcellus, hammer; Chilo, flat-lips? Those great names also, Fabius, Lentulus, Cicero, Piso, Stato, are no more in our tongue than bean-man, lintel, chick-pease, pease-cod-man, branch; for, as Pliny saith, these names were first appropriated to them for skill in sowing these grains."

It must be obvious that localities, pursuits, situations of trust and honour, supposed or real likenesses to natural objects, trades, peculiarities, exploits, have given rise to the greater number of the names of England, and indeed of other countries. Camden, Verstegan, Buchanan, and many more, have treated on the subject, and later writers have merely used their materials in other words. Like all human customs, the adoption, the assumption, and the con-



ferring of names has been progressive; it is evident that every member of a community, however small, must have some appellation (even in Siberia the exiles answer to a number). At first the designations would be simple, suggested by locality, occupation, or some other peculiarity, and consequently liable to change in succeeding generations; the inconvenience would at last be felt, and lead to a fixed nomenclature. Such was the progress in this country. The Anglo-Saxon race gave or adopted appellatives in accordance with their views and wishes, and although the Normans brought in many Scripture names, and thus added to the uncertainty of genealogical descent, it was not until the reign of Edward II. that it was made imperative on all persons to adopt and adhere to one name. The tracing of genealogies before that time is replete with uncertainty, and cannot be effectually done without experience, skill, and great perseverance; and even after the exercise of these qualities the successful issue amounts to a very few in a great number. *Sur* and *sire* names were certainly used in some instances before the Conquest, of which undoubted proofs remain, but were not general until after the period mentioned. The unrestrained, whimsical, unaccountable changes in the names of the male descendants of families almost sets at defiance the skill of the most industrious and profound heralds and antiquaries. Those names of landholders which were the same as the names of the castles, strongholds, residences, and estates where they dwelt, are the most likely to be traced back to a very remote period. Of those many yet remain, and some of the names admit of no interpretation, but are known to have been extensive possessions held by men of power, whose ancestors must have been settled long before the Conquest. The nobility of Scotland who can produce no written proofs of their original titles, stand on a similar footing, and must be considered as among the oldest families or clans in these dominions.

To trace the odd, curious, and characteristic soubriquets of some of our noble and other families, would occupy more space than we can spare, but we will give one or more illustrations. Few names sound more magniloquent than Algernon Percy.—The Normans shaved the whole face, William de Percy went with Duke Robert in 1096 to Palestine, and chose to wear whiskers of enviable magnitude, and had given to him the soubriquet of *Alsgermons*, or the man with the whiskers; Percy was derived from a young knight who was among the besieged at Alnwick Castle in 1092, when the fortress was reduced to the last extremity by Malcolm King of Scotland. He mounted a fleet horse, and without armour, but holding a spear with the keys on the point, as was usual when intending to surrender, rode leisurely into the besiegers' camp, and couched his spear reverently, as if to deliver the keys to King Malcolm; but, watching his opportunity, urged on his horse, and

pierced the monarch through the eye, and escaped—hence he obtained the name of Pierce-eye, which soon was abbreviated to Percy; to it was prefixed as a Christian name, Algernon; and thus the aaristocratic appellation of Algernon Percy. The name of *Tynte* is derived from a source still more romantic: At the battle of Ascalon in 1192, Richard Cœur-de-Lion observed a young knight clad in white armour, and the housings of his charger also white, perform deeds of surpassing daring and valour; the king declared that he had done more than six croisès, and conferred on him the following coat of arms: “a lion gules on a field argent, between six crosselets of the first, and the motto ‘*Tynctus cruore Saraceno.*’” His descendants assumed the name of Tynte, and have borne it ever since. The young knight was of the race of Arundel.

We should not be justified in supposing that feats of arms even in early times were the only, although a very fertile, source from which nobility was derived; statesmen, diplomatists, lawyers, have given their quota, and commerce a fair proportion. From lords mayors we have many peerages. The ancestor of the Earl of Dartmouth was one Thomas Legge or Leggett, a skinner, who was twice lord mayor, and lent Edward II. £300 for prosecuting his war in France; William Greville was the “flower of woolstaplers” and citizen of London, from whom the Earl of Warwick is lineally descended; Thomas Cornwallis was merchant and sheriff of London in 1378, and the founder of the present family which bears the coronet of a marquise. The house of Wentworth was founded by a retainer of Cardinal Wolsey, who was knighted for his fidelity to his fallen patron by Henry VIII.; he was an alderman and sheriff in 1505. In 1425, John Coventry, a mercer and lord mayor, laid the foundation of the Earls of Coventry.

A worthy merchant tailor who was lord mayor of London was the stitch which fixed the family of the present Earl of Craven; Alderman John Cowper, who was Sheriff in 1551, founded the race now represented by Earl Cowper, to Alderman Marsham the present Earls of Romney owe their station and wealth; Sir Michael Dormer, lord mayor in 1541, founded the family of the present peer of that name; a goldsmith and jeweller, William Ward, in the time of Charles I., founded the race of Viscount Dudley; in the reign of Edward VI., Sir Rowland Hill, lord mayor, became the starting point from which rose the peerage of Berwick.

Of some modern peers we will not speak personally, but merely remark, that they have been pitchforked into the House of Lords without having either in the persons of their ancestors or their own added anything to either the arts, arms, science or literature of their country, and have proved themselves as complete dummies in the senate as could be desired, since their votes are of equal value with those of the greatest talkers.

In our day, education and manners in men are sufficient to virtually level the distinctions between the peer and the commoner, but unless fortune and political influence are added, marriage too often revives the conventional distance, as the female aristocracy of this country are more exclusive than the males. There can be no doubt that an English gentleman is *de jure* the equal of any peer, being the "lesser nobility." Four generations of men entitled to wear coat armour constituted a gentleman. Henry V., in 1417, when embarking in the war with France, ordered, under a heavy penalty, that no one should accompany him who was not entitled to wear coat armour; and soon after, Henry VI., in 1428, issued writs to the justices to return lists of gentlemen and knights. Lord Barington, on being asked by a German Prince what rank an Esquire bore in this country, replied, using the word Esquire for Gentleman, "I cannot, Sir, exactly inform you, but an English Esquire is considerably above a German Baron and somewhat below a German Prince." Travellers should be awake to the propriety of considering themselves noble when in Germany, if they are gentlemen of family and descent, otherwise their reception might not be what they have a right to expect.

In Germany, every tradesman is addressed "To the well-born," until the words have no more meaning than our title of Esquire, to which now all aspire. In Scotland, we understand that an attempt has been made with some success to get rid of the title and superscription of Esquire, by substituting the mere surname and residence. Justices of the peace, members of the Government and officers of the household, and officers in the Navy to the rank of Lieutenant and in the Army to that of Captain, are the only persons *de facto* entitled to the title; all others who assume it do so without a right. The true gentleman is of the lesser nobility, and ranks in reality higher than a peer who is not by descent of four generations a gentleman. Fortune, however, in this mercantile, money-loving and money-getting country, takes practical precedence over every rank, so that a commoner with £60,000 a-year is estimated far above an earl without an income. Among the truly noble and wealthy, talent, scientific acquirements, when accompanied with good manners, find attention and that reception before which all apparent superiority vanishes—it is a marked characteristic of the elite of our nobility.

No doubt can be entertained of Mr. Drummond's acquirements and abilities to execute the arduous task he has undertaken—(not for profit, for that can never be derived from such a work, excepting hereafter to the purchasers of it, since the number is limited,) of which the two parts published give unquestionable proofs. The families of Ashburnham, Arden, Compton, Cecil and Harley are those treated of; the first part contains twenty-two, the second twenty-seven illustrations, some of them coloured portraits from

authentic pictures, as well executed and the characteristics of the persons and the painters as well transferred as any extant; monuments, family seats, and blazonry, make up the remainder. The heraldic portion of the illustrations is the work of Mr. Frederic Montagu, and well supports his reputation. It is to be regretted that the fear of expense deters Mr. Drummond from including the female lines, some of which are more positive, we mean more direct, from our Saxon Kings, and also from the Plantagenets, than any male lines. We think that the greater and lesser nobility (which would include the larger portion of the landed proprietary) ought to support such a work; it has, however, been said, that the junior branches of distinguished families have shewn more desire to support the work than the senior branches. We trust that Mr. Drummond will induce many of our noble and ancient families to hunt up their manuscript records in their libraries and muniment rooms, for the purpose of perpetuating the fame of their races and facilitating the labours of the able author whose work must give those records a permanency which the accidental destruction of a single record might obscure for ever.

We think Mr. Drummond's "Introduction" to his work shows timidity, not in what he has done, but in not having done much more. He gives in it proof of being capable of grasping the whole subject, and of so arranging it as to convert what at first appears to be dry and unpromising, into an attractive and useful study, which must add interest to every page of our history, by associating in the memory the biography of individuals with the events in which they are recorded to have taken part. The genealogies contained in the work are interspersed with letters and anecdotes which illuminate the persons and the times, and in some instances throw light on details which adds greatly to the zest of the descriptions of manners and the tone of thought of days gone by, and whose finer touches are gradually worn away by the passing wing of Time, as the master touches of the sculptor, which give life and spirit to the marble, are destroyed by the abrasure of the elements, leaving a lifeless outline, and a faint idea of its former spirit.

ART. VI.—*The Highlands of Æthiopia.* By Major W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

THE days are long past when Abyssinia was a name to awaken romantic visions in Western minds. The glories of Prester John, on which the essentially concrete imagination of the middle ages delighted to dwell, have faded away into the realms of fable. The

interest excited with regard to the great Christian empire of Africa by the Jesuit missionaries, and revived in another form by the enterprising traveller Bruce, belongs to bygone things; and we are strongly impressed with the belief that a great majority of young Englishmen, of average attainments, have at the present day no more knowledge of Abyssinia than is comprised in some vague reminiscences of the schoolboy's scanty geographical lessons. Ask them to narrate off-hand all they know on the subject, and ten to one the sum and substance of their reply will be, that Abyssinia is a country far away beyond Egypt, the people of which entertain very heretical notions in gastronomy, and hold that beefsteaks, like oysters, should be eaten alive.

Ignorance and indifference like this are surely not creditable to an age that boasts of its superior enlightenment, nor will they long be excusable. Events are strongly tending to bring prominently under the notice of European maritime powers the hitherto comparatively neglected regions of eastern Africa; and we have cheering grounds to hope that ere long they will minister to a new and lucrative branch of English commerce, whilst, in so doing, their people will acquire habits of industry and order, that will gradually raise them in the scale of civilization. It happens, fortunately, that the chief native power in this part of the continent, is the Christian kingdom of Shoa, formerly a part of the great empire of Abyssinia, the inhabitants of which entertain a fanatical horror of the creed of the Mohammedan slave dealers, at present the monopolisers of all the trade of the country, and are naturally disposed to listen to the overtures of Christians engaged in more legitimate commerce. Shoa, as a glance at the map will show, is not a maritime country; but its influence extends widely over the barbarous tribes all around it, both towards the interior and along the seaboard, and through it pass all the main streams of the existing caravan commerce. Our East Indian government, convinced of the importance of concluding a commercial treaty with the king of Shoa, sent a well-appointed mission to that monarch early in the year 1841. Major Harris, the author of the volumes before us, had the conduct of the friendly expedition, and happily accomplished its objects, not only by effecting the proposed treaty, but also by making, in conjunction with his companions, a most favourable impression on the minds of both king and people. The services of our gallant countrymen, especially in this latter respect, are not to be lightly estimated. They were performed under circumstances that required a long and unwearied exercise of prudence, firmness, patience and good nature; and these qualities were for eighteen trying months steadily put forth, in a manner which we are convinced will long redound to the honour and advantage of England. It is a matter of deep importance to what manner of man is committed the task of representing the English character, and uphold-

ing the national name among semi-barbarous peoples. Look, for instance, to the Levant. There the French long maintained a pre-eminence that cast all other Europeans, ourselves included, into the shade. Of late years, however, the natives of Syria and Egypt have made a pointed distinction between the English and the Franks, honourably excepting the former from the sentence of scorn and aversion in which they had been used to confound them with the latter. Long may our countrymen continue to merit these better sentiments; but let it never be forgotten that for the change in our favour, and a vast revolution it was indeed, we are indebted to the moral grandeur and worth of one man, Sir Sidney Smith. "His word was like God's word; it never failed," said the sententious Arab, and the saying has since become a proverb applied to Englishmen in general. The perusal of the interesting and instructive volumes before us, has left in our minds a strong inclination to think, that for many a year to come the merchant and the wayfarer, whose avocations may lead them amongst the subjects and allies of Sâhela Selassie, will find their best passport and safeguard in their claim to community of country with Major Harris and the companions of his mission.

The portof Tajura is distant 370 miles from Ankôber, the capital of Shoa. The caravan route between these two points is beset with difficulties and dangers of every kind. The country is for the most part a hideous wilderness of rocks and crags, sheltering a ferocious and brutalized race, who know no higher gratification than wanton bloodshed. Water is only to be procured at distances varying from 3 to 15, 20, 30 miles; and the wells being in possession of sundry lawless hordes, the safety of the caravan can only be provided for by purchasing at a high rate the protection of whatever leader may happen for the time to have most influence amongst the tribes. The season in which the journey was undertaken by our countrymen was particularly unpropitious. The vexatious difficulties they experienced in obtaining carriage, in consequence of the insatiable rapacity of governors and people of Tajura, delayed their march so as to oblige them to cross the plain of the Tehâma during the height of the fiery and unwholesome blast, which throughout the months of June and July sweeps over that waterless tract from the south-west; besides making it impossible for them to reach Abyssinia before the setting-in of the annual heavy rains, when the river Hâwash becomes impassable for weeks together. Under these circumstances there was nothing very cheering in the prospect of the journey before them, but they, every man of them, "set a stout heart to a steep braise," and—

With a feeling of pleasure akin to that experienced by Gil Blas when he escaped from the robbers' cave, the party at length had adieu to Tajura. Of all the various classes and denominations of men who inhabit the terres-

trial globe, the half-civilized savages inhabiting this seaport, are perhaps the most thoroughly odious and detestable. They have ingeniously contrived to loose every virtue wherewith the rude tribes to which they pertain, may once have been adorned; and having acquired nothing in exchange, save the vices of their more refined neighbours, the scale of abject degradation to which they are now reduced, can hardly descend lower. Under this sweeping, and very just condemnation, the impotent Sultan, Mohummad ibn Mohammad, stands preeminently in relief.

One general description is applicable to the population inhabiting the country of Adel, between the Red Sea and Southern Abyssinia. They are commonly called by the generic names of Adaïel or Daná-kil, though these are more properly the designations of individual tribes. They all speak the same language, yet "can hardly be said to constitute a nation, being so widely ispersed that for many days together not a trace of man is to be discovered over the joyless deserts which form the lot of his inheritance scorched by an ardent sun, and alive only with moving pillars of sand.

From time immemorial every individual has been his own king. Each marauding community is marked by a wild independence; and the free spirit of the whole is to be traced in the rapine, discord, and bloodshed, which universally prevails. Theirs is "an iron sky and a soil of brass," where the clouds drop little rain, and the earth yields no vegetation. It is no "land of rivers of water," nor have the lines fallen in pleasant places. The desert stretches far on every side, strewed with black boulders of heated lava, and enveloped by a glowing atmosphere. In this country of perfidy and vindictive ferocity, the proprietors of the barren land murder every stranger who shall intrude, and the common benefits of water are an object of perpetual contest. Reprisal and revenge form the guiding maxim of all. Monsters not men, their savage propensities are pourtayed in a dark and baleful eye, and the avenger of blood is closely dogging the footsteps of one half the population. Many of the Adaïel are extensive owners of camels, and deal largely in slaves,—a trade which yields three hundred per cent. with the least possible risk or trouble to the merchant; but when not upon the journey periodically undertaken to acquire the materials of this traffic, all lead a life of indolence and gross sensuality. Their delight is to be dirty and idle. They wear the same cloth without ablution until it fairly drops from the back. Basking in the sun, and arranging their curly locks with the point of the skewer, they indulge in unlimited quantities of snuff, and mumble large rolls of tobacco and ashes, which are so thrustured between the upper lip and the white teeth, as to impart the unseemly appearance of a growing wen, and if temporarily removed are invariably deposited behind the left ear. No race of men in the world stink more offensively; but whilst polluting the atmosphere with rancid tallow and putrid animal intestines, they never condescend to approach a christian without holding their own noses.

Amongst the Danakil are to be found some of the most scowling, ill-favoured, and hideous looking savages in the universe, but the features of the majority have an Arab cast which supports the legend of their origin;

and notwithstanding the influence exerted upon their lineaments by passions uncontrolled, the expression of many is pleasing, and even occasionally intellectual. All are muscular and active, but singularly scraggy and loosely knit, and to an easy shuffling gait is added a national addiction to standing cross-legged. Young as well as old take infinite pains to disfigure the person, and thus to render it ferocious in appearance. Scars obtained in brawls and conflicts from stones and cold steel are esteemed the highest ornaments, and the breast and stomach are usually seamed with a mystic maze of rhombs and reticulated triangles, produced by scarification with a sharp fragment of obsidian so as to resemble the plan of a fortified town of days gone by.

The upper lip is denuded with the crese, and the scanty beard is suffered to flourish in curls along the cheeks and over the chin; whilst the hair, coarse and long, saturated with grease and mutton fat from infancy, and exposed during life to the fiercest sun, becomes crisped into a thick curly mop, like a counsellor's wig, which is shaved behind on a line between the ears, and constitutes the first great pride of the proprietor. The picking it out into a due spherical form, affords employment during his ample leisure.

So much for the Danákil. Let us now make acquaintance with one of the most remarkable features of their country, the Tehama with its salt basin the Bahr Assal. Major Harris thus describes the latter.

The first glimpse of this strange phenomenon, although curious, was far from pleasing. An elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cærulean blue, and half with a solid sheet of snow-white glittering salt, the offspring of evaporation, girded on three sides with huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and dislocated by the most unintelligible chasms, it presented the appearance of a spoiled or at least of a very unfinished piece of work: Bereft alike of vegetation and of animal life, the appearance of the wilderness of land and stagnant water, over which gloomy silence prevails, and which seems a temple for ages consecrated to drought, desolation, and sterility, is calculated to depress the spirit of every beholder. No sound broke upon the ear; not a ripple played upon the waters; the molten surface of the lake, like burnished steel, lay unruffled by a breeze; the fierce sky was without a cloud; and the angry sun, like a ball of metal at a white heat, rode triumphant in a full blaze of noontide refulgence, which in sickening glare was darted back on the straining vision of the fainting wayfarer, by the hot sulphury mountains that encircle the still hollow basin. A white foam on the shelving shore of the dense water did contrive for a brief moment to deceive the eye with an appearance of motion and fluidity; but the surface on more attentive observation, ever remained unchanged—a crystallized effervescence.

Foul-mouthed vampires and ghouls were alone wanting to complete the horrors of this accursed spot, which from its desolate position, might have been believed the last stage in the habitable world. A close mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant



lake. . . . Columns of burning sand which at quick intervals towered high into the dazzling atmosphere, became so illumined as to appear like tall pillars of fire. Crowds of horses, mules, and fetid camels, tormented to madness by the dire persecutions of the poisonous gad-fly, flocked recklessly with an instinctive dread of the climate to share the only bush; and obstinately disputing with their heels the slender shelter it afforded, compelled several of the party to seek refuge in noisome caves formed along the foot of the range by fallen masses of volcanic rock, which had become heated to a temperature seven-times in excess of a potter's kiln, and fairly baked up the narrow in the bones.

In this unventilated and diabolical hollow, dreadful indeed were the sufferings in store for both man and beast, with the thermometer standing at 126 deg. under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, and with a miserably scanty supply of loathsome water. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles, and all that it was possible to dole out to each of the party during twelve tedious hours, was two quarts of a beverage, compared with which a draught from "the gilded pool" were luxury, and which, far from alleviating thirst, only aggravated its horrors. Having been taken from an impure well at Sangallo, put in fresh hides stripped from the rank he-goat which were besmeared inside and out with old tallow and strong bark tan, and having then been churned for two nights and two broiling days on the camel's back, the putrid liquid could be smelt at a distance of twenty yards; yet all, native and European, were struggling for a taste of the brick-dust coloured infusion. Think of that, ye gentlemen who live at home at ease, and ye feather-bed travellers who storm and bluster if plenty of London bottled porter be not forthcoming in the deserts of Egypt.

It does infinite credit to the courage and energy of the travellers, that, under these circumstances of suffering and privation, they determined the latitude, longitude, and level of this strange and fearful spot. The surface of the Bahr Assál is 570 feet below the level of the sea: a stream of lava six miles in breadth separates it from the head of the Gulf of Tajura, of which our author conjectures it originally formed a continuation, till parted from it by a barrier of volcanic origin. Ullool and Dus are two smaller basins of similar character, at no great distance to the northward. The salt of all these lakes is a valuable monopoly, jealously preserved by the Mudaïto and Danákil tribes, particularly that of the smaller basins, which is of a finer quality. The interior of the country is hence supplied with this indispensable requisite of life, the rectangular blocks of which serve even as a circulating medium.

Our author vividly pourtrays the horrors of the night march by which the tortured party made their escape from this appalling region. The strongest and most stout-hearted all but succumbed beneath their sufferings. Dogs incontinently expired on the road; horses

and mules that once lay down, being unable from exhaustion to walk, were reluctantly abandoned to their fate; and even the fearless soldier, subdued and unmanned by thirst, lay gasping by the way side, and heedless of the exhortation of his officers, hailed approaching dissolution with delight, as bringing the termination of tortures which were not to be endured. Two of the seamen of the "Constance" who accompanied the expedition, were conveyed back to their vessel only to die, nor did any of the adventurous party escape without feeling in severe after illness the unwholesome influence upon the human constitution of that waste and howling wilderness.

It was "with feelings allied for the moment to escape from the horrors of purgatory to the gates of paradise," that our countrymen at last beheld at Goongoontch the first running stream, that had greeted their eyes since leaving the shores of Asia, and quaffed an unlimited quantity of cool though brackish fluid.

Here terminated the dreary passage of the dire Teháma—an iron-bound waste, which, at this inauspicious season of the year, opposed difficulties almost overwhelming in the path of the traveller. Setting aside the total absence of water and forage throughout a burning tract of fifty miles, its manifold intricate mountain passes, barely wide enough to admit the transit of a loaded camel, the bitter animosity of the wild blood thirsty tribes by which they are infested, and the uniform badness of the road, if road it may be termed, everywhere beset with huge jagged blocks of lava, and intersected by perilous acclivities and descents; it is no exaggeration to state that the stifling sirocco which sweeps across the unwholesome salt flat during the hotter months of the year, could not fail within eight-and-forty hours to destroy the hardiest European adventurer. Some idea of the temperature of this region may be derived from the fact of fifty pounds of well-packed spermaceti candles having, during the short journey from Tajúrs, been so completely melted out of the box as to be reduced to a mere bundle of wicks. Even the Danákil, who from early boyhood have been accustomed to traverse the burning lava of Teháma, never speak of it but in conjunction with the devouring element of whose properties it partakes so liberally, and when alluding to the Lake of Salt, invariably designate it "Fire."

At Goongoontch a sergeant, a corporal, and a Portuguese follower were murdered in their sleep by prowling Eesah, who, eluding the sentry, stole into the bivouac, and after the alarm was given escaped again under cover of their intricate native rocks. The only motive of the murder appears to have been the desire to snatch from the mutilated bodies of the victims that proof of a bloody deed which confers high honour on its barbarous perpetrators. For every victim, sleeping or waking, that falls under his knife, the murderer is entitled to wear a white ostrich feather in his hair, and to put one more copper bracelet on his arm, and one more silver or pewter stud

on the hilt of his creese—his reputation for prowess and bravery rising amongst clansmen in proportion to the atrocity of the attendant circumstances.

When the mission reached the more salubrious and peaceful dominions of the king of Shoa, its diplomatic difficulties properly began. Sáhela Selassie, the monarch of the country, though possessed of many honourable and amiable qualities, is still but the barbarian ruler of a barbarous people. His avarice and his timorous and suspicious nature render his conduct painfully capricious, and it was but by slow degrees the Englishmen made good their claims to his favour. The Wulasma Mohammad, the chief civil functionary of the realm, was their bitter and persevering enemy to the last. The ignorant and vicious clergy, too, were loud in their denunciation of the "red-faced" heretics: the voice of popular prejudice was lifted up against them, and the Shoan sorcerers, taking their cue from the feelings of the people, gave out that Sáhela Selassie was to be the last of the line of Solomon who should sit upon the throne of his forefathers. The "Gyptzis" were pronounced eaters of serpents, mice, and other reptiles, who had come with the design of possessing themselves of the country, by the aid of magic and medicine. Great umbrage was taken at the practice of toasting the wretched half-baked dough received under the name of bread, from the royal stores: the foreigners it was said committed the atrocious act of burning the royal bread in order to produce a famine in the kingdom! and a soldier who carried a metallic pitcher to the stream was roundly taxed with having used charms to poison the water, which was consequently condemned as unfit for use until purified by the blessing of the priest.

But in spite of this formidable array of obstacles, in spite of countless petty annoyances, moral and physical, the invincible good temper of our countrymen wrought its natural effect, and the genius of England was at last triumphant. This desirable consummation was unequivocally made manifest in three remarkable acts of mercy, done by the monarch at the solicitation of his English guests. The prisoners, taken in a foray, led by the king in person, were liberated, contrary to the immemorial usage in Shoan warfare; an unjust decree promulgated in a moment of passion, and dooming a vast number of free subjects to slavery, was recalled; and lastly, the cruel custom of immuring the uncles and brothers of the reigning monarch in dungeons for life, was declared to be for ever abrogated. Though the boon came too late to be felt as a blessing by the liberated captives, still it must have been with most enviable feelings that the generous intercessors beheld the ceremony, in which the new reign of mercy and justice was solemnly proclaimed.

Stern traces had been left by the constraint of one third of a century upon the seven unfortunate descendants of a royal race, who were ushered into

the court by the state gaoler. Leaning heavily on each others shoulders, and linked together by chains bright and shining with the friction of years, the captives shuffled onward with cramped and minute steps, rather as malefactors proceeding to the gallows-tree, than as innocent and abused princes, regaining the natural rights of man. Tottering to the foot of the throne, they fell as they had been instructed by their burly conductor, prostrate on their faces before their more fortunate but despotic relative, whom they had known heretofore only by a name used in connexion with their own misfortunes, and whose voice was as yet a stranger to their ears.

Rising with difficulty at the bidding of the monarch, they remained standing in front of the balcony, gazing in stupid wonder at the novelties of the scene, with eyes unaccustomed to meet the broad glare of day. At first they were fixed upon the author of their weary captivity, and upon the white men by his side who had been the instruments of its termination; but the dull leaden gaze soon wandered in search of other objects; and the approach of freedom appeared to be received with the utmost apathy and indifference. Immured since earliest infancy, they were totally insensible to the blessings of liberty. Their feelings and their habits had become those of the fetter and the dark dungeon. The iron had rusted into their very souls; and whilst they with difficulty maintained an erect position, pain and withering despondency were indelibly marked in every line of their vacant and care-furrowed features.

In the damp vaults of Goncho, where heavy manacles on the wrists had been linked to the ancles of the prisoners by a chain so short as to admit only of a bent and stooping posture, the weary hours of the prisoners had for thirty long years been passed in the fabrication of harps and combs; and of those relics of monotonous existence, elaborately carved in wood and ivory, a large offering was now timidly presented to the King. The first glimpse of his wretched relatives had already dissipated a slight shade of mistrust which had hitherto clouded the royal brow. Nothing that might endanger the security of his reign could be traced in the crippled frames and blighted faculties of the seven miserable objects that cowered before him; and, after directing their chains to be unriveted, he announced to all that they were Free, and to pass the residue of their existence near his own person.

Major Harris's volumes abound from the first page to the last with graphic descriptions of manners, customs, and scenery, struck off with a force and brilliancy, and a warmth of tone, that impress the reader's imagination with a vividness only exceeded by actual vision. We had marked many more passages which we would fain extract, but our limits compel us reluctantly to forego all but two short passages, which our readers would not excuse us for omitting. On one occasion, six hundred peasants who had been pressed into the service of the state, were shouting dismally for their breakfasts, which the royal purveyor had neglected to set before them: the English party, whether moved by pity or by the wish to relieve their own ears from the intolerable clamour, with great difficulty purchased a number of oxen, and delivered them over to the hungry howlers.

The sceptic in Europe who still withholds his credence from Bruce's account of an Abyssinian brind feast, would have been edified by the sight now presented on the royal meadow. Crowds swarmed around each sturdy victim to the knife, and impetuously running in with a simultaneous yell seized horns and legs and tail. A violent struggle to escape followed the assault. Each vigorous bound shook off and scattered a portion of the assailants, but the stronger and more athletic retained still their grasp, and resolutely grappling and wrestling with the prize, finally prevailed. With a loud groan of despair the bull was thrown reeling to the earth. Twenty crooked knives flashed at once from the scabbard; a tide of crimson gore proclaimed the work of death, and the hungry wretches remained seated on the quivering carcass, until the last bubbling jet had welled from the widely severed and yawning throat.

Rapidly from that moment advanced the work of demolition. The hide was opened in fifty places, and collop after collop of warm flesh and muscle—sliced and scooped from the bone—was borne off in triumph. Groups of feasting savages might now be seen seated on the wet grass in every direction, greedily munching and bolting the raw repast, and pounds were with all held of light account. Entrails and offal did not escape. In a quarter of an hour nought remained of the carcass save hoofs and horns, and the disappointed vultures of the air assembling round the scene of slaughter, with the village curs, found little indeed to satisfy their hunger.

The following extract conveys a fearful idea of the denaturalizing tendencies of barbaric warfare. The evil is unfortunately countenanced by the monarch, who, though pre-eminent for clemency, has too often destroyed a defenceless fugitive with his own hand, and personally set the disgraceful example of mutilation.

Monstrous and appalling crimes are dictated by the desire to obtain the insignia of valour, and of these, instances of very recent occurrence are matter of notoriety. An Ambára of rank, unable to obtain amongst the enemies of the state the much coveted trophy, in cold blood mutilated the unsuspecting husband of his own sister, whom he found at disadvantage; but not long afterwards, to his amazement, the unhappy man whom he had left for dead, presented himself like a shade from another world, and falling at the footstool of the throne cried aloud for justice. To the honour of His Majesty be it recorded that the ruffian was publicly executed at Angollala, and that similar retribution pursued another fiend in human form, who under like circumstances had proceeded to mutilate his henchman. "Master," said the defenceless menial imploringly, "I have served you faithfully for seven years, how can you treat me thus?" "Thou wilt serve me better this day than thou hast ever done before," replied the brute as he completed the black deed—"Wouldst thou have me return home in disgrace, thou eater of bread?" (*Injra bullal*, eater of bread, a common term of abuse for the idle.)

And now, bidding a grateful farewell to Major Harris, we accept the insolent challenge thrown out by the writer of what we will take

leave to call a very disgraceful article in a contemporary journal. We are neither "unscrupulous" nor "incautious," we are not actuated by malice, favour, or affection, nor have we lent our ears to the interested suggestions of private pique; and we *do* cheerfully accord our strenuous praise to the able, interesting, and manly production, we herewith commend to the perusal of our readers.

ART. VII.—*France. Her Governmental Administration, and Social Organisation, Exposed and Considered, in its Working, and in its Results.* Madden.

THE great point towards which the author of this volume directs his facts and his argument is the despotic and oppressive tendency of administrative centralisation; and very heartily as well as ably does he go to work, presenting the most powerful exposure that we have met with of the *doctrinaire* principle of Government. It is an anonymous production, and could not very safely be otherwise issued, seeing that its author is the most undisguised enemy of the entire constitution of the French governmental system, from the king down to the lowest of the functionaries. Indeed, he lets us thus far into the secret, that he has party ties in England, which council him not to father the free and strong opinions which he utters, and that, besides, their expression might subject him to the troublesome *surveillance* of the French police. "I should not like," he says, "when visiting Paris, to be hunted by the swordsmen of public order, excommunicated by the archbishop, and even here treated somewhat worse by some of my political friends," indicating, we presume, that he holds some official situation, or is of mark sufficient to attract ministerial notice. Be our conjecture, however, right or wrong, this at least is undeniable, that he is intimately acquainted with the subject, in all its branches, upon which he has entered, and that very many of his views will command attention and respect, because the book abounds with important information, relative to matters which ought deeply to interest Englishmen as well as Frenchmen, and because, although the author is severe, he is calm and dignified in tone, and still further, because he has the welfare of the great mass of the people of France most earnestly at heart. Readers will differ here or there from him; nor can it be contended that he has no bias of a theoretic kind, in regard to the structure of society, as well, perhaps, as on questions that pertain to religion and to political science. Still, his general aim is benevolent, his lessons wholesome, and the views illustrated exceedingly striking, so that it is with no ordinary interest and satisfaction that an Englishman must consult every one of his chapters.

We look upon the work as one that discloses facts and suggests arguments of vital importance to our fellow subjects, to every one of British birth and residence. Were it merely for the proofs which it presses upon our attention of the privileges which we enjoy, the ample liberty of which we are in sure possession, especially when compared with the most free under continental governments, the book would merit earnest recommendation to the study of all. Englishmen are much in need of a publication like the present, were it only to inform them relative to the administration of the foreign governments, a thing about which the people of this country have most imperfect knowledge, concerning which indeed they manifest a prideful but blameable indifference. How seldom do we even find in the columns of any one of our hosts of travellers on the continent, any distinct and edifying views respecting the non-enjoyment of real and practical personal liberty in those parts, the virtual denial of controul and management in their own local affairs, or most of those constitutional rights, of which although we generally remain unconscious, yet in none of which can an attempt of invasion be made, without exciting an indignant cry of deepest wrong.

Englishmen are not prone to theorise concerning the science of government, or seriously to grumble until they feel themselves pinched; and hence, in some measure, it seems to us, that they treat with too much supercilious neglect the speculative doctrines of foreigners with regard to revolution, and the actual possession of their own solid advantages. They are an acquiescing rather than a prescribing people. They know, although they may not always be able to lay the finger upon the letter, that they have a constitution that is not only old and firmly established, but naturally susceptible of modification and of adapting itself to new circumstances with an unequalled degree of flexibility and pliable health. One result of this belief and of this innate power is the practical development of all safe and profitable enterprise on the part of individuals, to the national aggrandizement, and open manly expression of private opinion, whereas in France, the government stifles opinions and fetters exertion, even when these are directed to economical questions; much more when political change is contemplated; the consequence in the last-mentioned field of speculation being outbreaks, revolutionary convulsion, and unfixedness of principle.

It follows from these and kindred or concomitant facts, that a Frenchman, for example, is educated to have slight reliance upon what we would call the foundations and landmarks of constitutional principles; that he is sceptical about their existence and their vigour, having seen thrones continually in a state of trembling, and the most positive institutions doomed to sudden overthrow. He therefore is more apt to speculate rashly than to act consistently; to think of a new and preposterous theory, than to give heed to fresh interests so

as they may amalgamate and become naturalized without any vital derangement.

The volume before us cannot fail to suggest many facts as well as salutary comparisons besides those to which we have pointed. Above all, to recur to a statement already advanced, it furnishes us with the most serious truths and irrefragable evidences, taking its account to be substantially accurate, in proof that great political disease besets and enfeebles the entire French system. Some of the author's opinions may be one-sided or exaggerated. He appears to us to push in sundry instances, his blame too far; and his positions are not always sufficiently buttressed. But the following great lessons are taught and enforced: 1st. The true meaning and real value of personal liberty; 2nd. The vast advantages of local governments as compared with a system of centralization and of administrative policy, usurping all authority, will, and control to itself. It must now be our business to present a brief analysis of those chapters of the book where the information offers the greatest contrast to the relative condition of the British reader.

The contents of the volume divide themselves into three branches. First, the French system of administration is expounded; the second part treats of the condition and organization of the French people; and the third is devoted to "the working of the Governmental and administrative system." The subjects to which we shall principally crave attention belong to the administrative organization, and its working upon the moral condition and social position of the people.

Under the first of the three heads, the author sets out with an endeavour to prove that the French system of centralization is much more expensive than the English system of local government. It appears from a comparison of the two budgets, as here exhibited, that while on that of England the national debt is twice as heavy as on the French, the total budget of our neighbours is even greater than ours, and the remaining items of expenditure more than double in amount.

According to the last budget, we are told, the total amount of the yearly expenditure of the French was fixed at 52,462,124*l.* sterling, of which 15,200,000*l.* were charges on the consolidated fund, leaving therefore 37,262,124*l.* for the expenses of administration; being more than double the annual expenditure of the English Government. In order, however, to give a still more striking idea of the expense of the French civil administrative system, it is shown "that while with us it costs only 2,935,000*l.*, with them it amounts to 18,462,124*l.*

But we may here remark that error is very ready to creep into all such comparative calculation, seeing that the French budget contains heads of expenditure which are not included in ours, or only to a



small extent. Still the correction or consideration does not materially affect the question about the comparative evils and oppression of the two systems and governments, which can only be fairly tested by a view of the disproportion between the relative numbers and expenses of their respective *employés*. In our country the number of persons employed and paid by the Government is under 24,000, with salaries amounting to less than 3,000,000*l.*, while the registered electors are above 900,000. But in France the number of paid functionaries, whose offices are at the disposal of the King and his ministers, amount to 500,000, and their salaries to 12,000,000*l.*, the number of electors being only 180,000. There are thus at the disposal of the Government about three times as many bribes as here are persons to be bribed; while the nature of the bribes is such as to suit very well and temptingly every class of the community.

Exclusive of the diplomatic corps, whose salaries are much larger, "the emoluments of all the offices vary from 12*l.* to 2,000*l.* a-year; so that bribery and corruption may work in all classes of the people. About 500 of the officers receive a salary of 800*l.* a-year, or more; and most of them are either peers or deputies, or near relations of those legislators. There are about 18,500 places, the emoluments of which are from 120*l.* to 800*l.*, which fall to the share of the deputies and influential electors of the department. Eighty thousand offices, with salaries under 120*l.*, but above 60*l.*, are, for the most part, bestowed on the principal electors, as an inducement to, or a reward for, electoral services; and all the other offices are given to the poorer electors, or to their relations and their friends." In the support of the above facts, and the exposition of them through the various departments of the state, we, of course, cannot accompany the author. We can however safely declare that the whole is highly instructive, sometimes amusingly edifying, did not a nation's burthens obtrude a painful sense.

The Ministry of the Interior has been justly described as the stronghold of the French administration,—for it embraces the government of the departments, arrondissements, and communes, with the absolute disposal of all the offices annexed to them, amounting to no less than 90,000. The Minister of the Interior is the general director of the police, the National Guard, and the telegraphic department; he is controller of the press, patron of the fine arts, and governor-general of the hospitals and prisons. The Ministry of Justice numbers 14,958 officials; the Ministry of Public Works, upwards of 40,000; the Ministry of Public Instruction, 25,000; and that of Public Works, having the charge of roads, canals, &c. 20,000. Let our English travelled people judge of what must be the character of the other branches, from the comparative familiarity with the last-mentioned facilities. Our author may help the less informed of our readers to a calculation, in that part of the work where he thus congratulates his countrymen:—

"Thank God that England has no such administration; no regiment of engineers educated at the expense of the country, and largely paid for doing nothing, or worse than nothing; for her private industry has done what the French government will never achieve. She has the very best roads that can be imagined; her canals so cleverly planned, so skilfully executed, are still the elements of her commercial prosperity. Her railways have now placed the remotest parts of the country at a few hours' distance one from another. And the working of her mines is 100 per cent. cheaper than those of France. Freedom has accomplished all this. But freedom in France is a dream."

The centralizing and government usurping system pervades and controls every department in economics and enterprises. For example, there is not only the Ministry of Trade, but the Ministry of Agriculture; the latter officiating as an association for the whole of France, and having attached to it about 12,000 *employés*.

But it is the Ministry of Finance which is described as the monster-ministry, not merely on account of the number, variety, and extent of its powers, but of the odious nature of some of them, both as to scope and mode of interference. At its disposal it has 277,906 places, at an expenditure of £7,000,000 of our money.

We must now present to our readers several extracts, having our eye particularly to such institutions as bear the semblance of popular and local independence, but which, by our author's showing, are either silenced by actual and undisguised force, or are corrupted and perverted by artful measures and hidden interference, so as to become the props and engines of a complete and complicated system of despotism. There is not one of all those institutions which an Englishman so fondly cherishes and confidently contemplates as a birth-right and an inalienable stronghold, as a trial by jury. Not that, like all other human establishments and provisions, its operations are not at times despotic, or that its principles are not liable to perversion; as, for example, when it affords means of escape to the guilty. But a worse consequence may attend the proceeding of a judicial tribunal, the innocent may be condemned, without a practical remedy. Listen to our author:

It has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, when speaking of the elections, that the electoral lists of the departments are, at the same time, those of the jury for the same departments, with the addition of state prisoners, retired officers, persons filling public offices, and graduates of the universities. These lists are made out every year by all the mayors of the communes, assembled at the chief town of their canton. They are then given to the sub-prefect, who sends them, with his observations, to the prefect. The prefect revises those lists, and is authorised to erase the names of those whom he considers improperly inserted, although no complaint should have been made against their insertion. The lists are then published.

Parties whose names have been inserted in the lists, or erased, may claim their insertion, and other parties may claim the erasure of electors not properly admitted; but the prefect and councils of prefecture adjudicate on their claims. The law, however, allows the interested parties to appeal to the royal courts from the decisions of the prefect; but the trouble, expense, and loss of time attendant on those appeals, deter most of them from defending their rights. In case the number of the electors of an electoral college should be reduced under 150, the prefect may supply the deficiency by inserting the names of persons paying less than 200*f.* of direct taxes.

But all the persons entitled to serve, and inscribed on the lists, are called on in turn at the assizes. The prefects select every year from the general list a certain number of the electors, according to their known opinions, carefully excluding the Legitimists and the Liberals; and thus secure the judgment of their political adversaries by their friends. This has been fully proved by the correspondence communicated by M. Isambert to the Chamber of Deputies twelve months ago, in which the prefect recommended the postponement of a trial, in order to have the benefit of his improved list of electors and jurymen. Thus, the Minister seems to have nothing more to fear from the courts of justice than from the representative body; and his subordinates can rely not only on his support and on promotion, in proportion to their zeal in executing his commands, and keeping the people in due subjection, but also on the severity of the jury in case of any prosecution instituted by them against any one who dares question their authority, resist the execution of their orders, or publicly censure their conduct.

The general lists of the jury, so reduced by the prefects to one-fourth of their former number, are then forwarded to the presidents of the royal courts, who, every month, take from those lists the names of the jurymen who are to form the jury during the following assizes. The forty names are drawn by lot, at least so the law orders it, and afterwards the twelve jurymen who are to try the case, are chosen in the same manner by the judge, in the presence of the attorney-general, who prosecutes, and of the prisoner.

These and other particulars in the same chapter cannot but have a more than ordinarily deep interest for the British reader, at a moment when the State Trials in Ireland are pending, and when so much has just occurred relative to jury lists in that country. Our author continues:

It might seem that, after the careful reformation of the lists by the prefects, the public prosecutors ought not to be afraid of what they call scandalous acquittals, and to claim an extensive right of challenge. Such however is the case. They are by law entitled to the half (twelve) of the challenges, and the parties accused have the same number, and no more, however numerous they may be. I have seen, in a political prosecution, twenty-eight prisoners tried by ten placemen and only two independent men. The attorney-general having challenged all the others. Of course they gave a good verdict.

Yet there were still two dangerous practices in the course of the deliberations of the juries. First, the jurymen expressed and debated their opinions; and it sometimes happened that one or two honest, intelligent,

and courageous jurymen convinced their colleagues by the force of their arguments, or awakened in their minds a sense of duty—a feeling of mercy. Secondly, it was easy to know the votes of every jurymen, and to let the public know to whom were due the horrid sentences so frequently pronounced. To get rid of these inconveniences, the law was altered; and by the new act every jurymen, on retiring to consider the case, receives from the president of the court a card (*un bulletin*), on which the question relative to the guilt of the prisoner is written; and the jurymen are requested to write secretly and in their turn “yes” or “no” under the question, and to put their cards in a box prepared for that purpose: afterwards the foreman of the jury, in the presence of his colleagues, takes out the cards, examines them, and declares the majority for or against the accusation. By such process all discussion is precluded, and every one may condemn without fear of the consequences on the part of the public; while an actual acquittal exposes them all to the vengeance of the Government.

And that is what is still called trial by jury!”

So much for French equivocal justice. But what of French liberty,—of a Frenchman’s rights and privileges under a successful revolution?

The individual liberty of a French citizen consists in a perpetual vassalage to all the delegates and hirelings of the minister of the interior and of his police, and in a perpetual fear of the officials of the minister of justice. There is not a single act, except working and eating, that does not fall under the control of some administrative authority, which, in some way or other, interferes in his own private or family affairs, by municipal or general regulations of all kinds.

A Frenchman cannot enter into any trade, without having first obtained a licence; and some of the most important trades are monopolies granted by the authorities; such as of bakers and butchers, and even porters, the number of whom is limited. The workman, in all trades, must be provided with a book, (*livret*), which is obtained from the police, and in which all his employers are bound to enter their names, and a statement of the services of the bearer.

A Frenchman cannot be a member of any company, society, or companionship, except such as may be authorised by the Government, which authorises none but such as are entirely unconnected with civil, moral, religious, or political matters; if any such exist, they are merely tolerated, and the Government is empowered to prohibit their meetings, or to dissolve them, even though they have been authorised.

A Frenchman cannot call or assist in public meetings to consider or discuss any question relating to general or local interests. Even private meetings of more than twenty persons are prohibited, if in any way connected with political matters.

A Frenchman cannot keep in his possession military arms of any sort, unless such arms are entrusted to him by the Government; so that the partisans of the Government alone are armed, throughout the country.

Any transgression of these regulations subjects the offending party to severe penalties.

But further :

A Frenchman is confined within the narrow limits of his district, and cannot go beyond, without a passport from the municipal or general police. He is bound to exhibit this document at any time, when ordered so to do by a gendarme, or any other authority ; and, in case of his not complying with the order, or of not being provided with the permit, he is subject to arrest, prosecution, fine, and imprisonment.

Lodging-house and hotel-keepers are enjoined to give lists to the police of the passengers or lodgers who resort to their houses, on the day of their arrival ; and their neglect is visited with fines, and sometimes with loss of licence.

A Frenchman is constantly subject to *surveillance* of the police. The commissioners of police are instructed to inquire and report to the superior authorities on the character, opinions, and doings of the inhabitants of their localities. Ladies themselves are not exempt from this *surveillance*. Besides the general police, there is a secret police *surveillance*, which is exercised over the higher classes in the departments by confidential agents of the Ministry of the Interior, who correspond with the Minister himself. A special office, with only three or four confidential clerks, carefully transcribes the particulars obtained by these means in registries prepared for that purpose. In order to show in all its turpitude the working of this secret police, I translate one of the accounts transmitted during the administration of Thiers, and which was kindly communicated to me, as I happened to be a friend of the party alluded to :—

“ M. de \* \* \* persists in his sarcastic opposition, and, as a leader, is the more dangerous, as he possesses a large fortune, and an uncontrollable spirit. He has long patronised the projected canal of — ; let him sink there his property, while the coquetry of Madame de —, skilfully managed, will soon bring about a fracas, and turn the laughers on our side. Her lover has chosen me for his confidant : he has not succeeded, but I give him hopes ; and he assiduously continues his courtship. You shall know the results.”

Thanks to the benevolent indiscretion of an *employé*, the results were, the flight of the Ministerial spy, after a sound castigation ; but how many others have succeeded in their plans ! This system, not merely of observation, but of seduction, of demoralization, forms the principal part of the business of the Ministry of the Interior ; and the fact I have just related is not extraordinary, but a case of common occurrence.

Where our author treats of the various grades of municipal and local organisation, of the Chamber of Deputies, of the National Guard, and of the Press, much of a startling nature to our readers is to be met with. This is the picture of the Chamber, drawn by a Liberal :

I know, not one only, but twenty deputies who possess little more than the qualification, 4,500 francs a year (180*l.*), and who cannot live six months in Paris on that income ; but they are legislative and administrative jobbers. To promote the bills for the two Versailles railways, many of them received from 40 to 100 shares. They were largely paid, three years ago, by the

contractors for supporting the law on the fortifications of Paris. Three of them, to my knowledge, are in the practice of charging from 40*l.* to 60*l.* for the appointments obtained through their influence, and they derive a tolerably good income from that source. The Ministers know this; they assist in it; nay more, they themselves do the same. Two years ago one of them introduced a railway bill, for a *douceur* of 4,000*l.*; which railway bill was rejected, because the compeers of the Minister were without 1,000 francs to begin with, and were besides so discreditable that nobody would join them in the undertaking.

The general principle of the electoral and representative system now firmly established in France is, that to obtain any thing of any kind, at the hands of the Government, from which everything proceeds, the electors must return deputies ready to do everything for the Government, and to make the most they can of their functions. The house of deputies then, filtered through every process that policy and corruption could invent to minimise, as Jeremy Bentham would have said, the operation of national feeling, and to maximise the Governmental preponderance, has completely answered the sinister purposes for which it was established, and cannot but continue to act as it has done for the last twelve years, against the opinions and the interest of the French people.

I cannot without disgust look on the personal composition of the present house. A more ignorant, more despicable, more venal, more unprincipled, more villanous and cowardly set of people never was collected in any country than the mountebanks who periodically assemble at the *Palais Bourbon*. It is quite in accordance with the origin of the name of their place—it is a *bourbier*. If you take out from them about twenty members, and amongst these De Tracy, Dupont de l'Eure, Cermenin, Arrago, De Corcelles, Isambert, de Thiors, George Lafayette, Lanjuinais, Allier, Corne, and amongst the legitimates, Blin de Bourdon, La Rochejacquelin, and a few others, you will not, by any possible process, extract from all the others united, one particle of political, or, indeed, of private honesty, of patriotism, of any refined or manly feeling, of regard for the rights of the people; of concern for their interests, of commiseration for their distress. They are nothing better than a ravenous crew, hoaxing, fighting, pilfering one another's nests, and agreeing in only one purpose, *to feed and breed on the national corpse*. Such they were from the beginning; such they are, and such they will continue to be, so long as the present system of Government stands.

Their intellectual capacity, it is declared, must be viewed as on a par with their integrity; and also that any 459 persons taken at random from amongst the people passing the barriers of Paris, would prove more intelligent, as well as more honest, if compared with the same legislators for France.

Three hundred of those deputies know nothing of the real principles of social and political economy; they do not even understand the *doctrinarian* system itself, to the maintenance of which they are instrumental, except so far as they individually benefit by it. They do not generalise—they do not understand the *ensemble* of corruption and tyranny of which their individual corruption and baseness form a component part. Political mechanics, they do

their part at the machinery, without knowing, without inquiring about the total result. I beg pardon of the English mechanics; they know better than that; I must find another similitude—I have it. You see in brick-fields, the dumb animals, which, blinded and attached to the shaft, turn round and grind; so it is with the majority of the French deputies. But here, again, my comparison is in part faulty, and I must also beg pardon of the poor blind beasts; they grind because they cannot help it—they are whipped to their work; but the rational brutes willingly do it, and do it with pleasure.

Most of them know nothing of France but the chief towns of their departments; the road to Paris, studied from the inside of a diligence; and, in Paris, only the way from their lodgings to the Thuilleries, to the ministries, to the chamber, and to the theatres. As to Europe, there are not fifty amongst them who could write accurately, on a sheet of paper, the names of the several countries in their proper positions; and as to the statistics of those countries, not one in twenty could answer the very simplest question relative to them.

As to reasoning, or discussion on any subject of internal or external policy, except with regard to matters immediately affecting their localities, they are generally quite unequal to the task; and they themselves know it, but they do not wish it to be known by others; and in order to save their *amour propre*, deputies are allowed to read their speeches. It is a trade in Paris to compose speeches for the deputies; who then successively shine at the tribune, and, during a fortnight, dissert on general questions without answering one another. But unfortunately for the trade in speeches, though fortunately for the public, and for public questions, many of the deputies cannot even read correctly the speeches written for them; and they would be doomed to perpetual silence if the ministerial strategy had not provided a most important employment for their lungs. At a signal given by one of the Ministers, bravos, cheers, interruptions, murmurs, cries of order, all in a gradation beginning with No! No! and rising to savage yells, resound in the assembly. This is the order, the regulation of the debates, on important occasions; it generally secures the triumph of the Ministry; then the sheep-headed Jacques Lefebvre cries, "*Vive le Roi!*" which is immediately re-echoed by the whole party, and the assembly adjourn and walk off in triumph.

In that part of the work from which this edifying picture is taken, there are sundry interesting sketches of leading French orators, manipulated by one who knows them intimately.

From the chapter on "Departmental Councils" we have the following remarkable testimony on behalf of the Government of Charles the Tenth:—

Since the expulsion of the *doctrinaires* from power, the Government had been more honestly and less cruelly carried on, and especially after the accession of Charles X. It was Villèle and the King who abolished the censorship of the press, and established the trial by jury for all the offences committed by it; instead of retaining in force the laws of the *doctrinaires*, the censorship, and the judgment by a tribunal of officials. Since 1824, under the royal ministries, no police conspiracies, no entrapping of Bonapartist offi-

cers, no attempts against the life of the King or any of the members of his royal family had ever been thought of, much less had they been made a part and parcel of the governmental system. No periodical execution and wholesale massacres after a concocted rebellion, were considered indispensable for keeping up a popular persuasion of the abilities of the ministry and a fear of their power. The Government was bad, was anti-national; but it was neither treacherous nor cruel.

Charles X. and his ministers might have been both, and still have succeeded, had they been as void of principle, of feeling, of religion, as either their predecessors or their successors. They were quite the reverse, and they fell. They fell, because, as old monarchists, they thought that they ought to employ the faithful adherents of the old monarchy. They fell, because they considered that those who had participated in the same dangers, in the same misfortunes, suffered the same persecutions, and wandered in the same exile, were entitled to a share in their actual prosperity; and the public offices were given to them, as a compensation for their long sufferings and the loss of their property. They fell, because sincere Catholics, standing by the church-and-state principle, *trône et l'autel*, they made Catholicity an indispensable qualification for office. Governing, as they did, for the interests of a class, of a party, this was honesty and consistency; but honesty and consistency cannot support, nay, they must ruin a dishonest and inconsistent cause.

The last subject to which we crave attention is the state and trammels of the French press. See what the last revolution effected for that which many Englishmen regard as the Fourth Estate.

All mention of the King with regard to any political measure, except in praise, is prohibited; all blame directed against the Government; all attacks upon any class; all censure against either of the Chambers; all criticism of the institutions of the country; all vituperation of the law, how unjust soever in principle, and injurious in its consequences, are declared *délits*, or crimes; and the penalties extend from 600*f.* to 50,000*f.*, and from six months' to ten years' imprisonment—nay, the judges are empowered to double the *maximum* of the penalties, and to sentence to imprisonment for life and to transportation. To secure the payment of the higher fine, the security has been raised to 100,000*f.*, and the responsible editor must be *bonâ fide* proprietor of one-third of that sum. The security must be constantly made up to its original amount after every penalty, or the newspaper cannot be published. Nay, more; after two condemnations of a newspaper, the judges can interdict its publication.

From what we have seen of the composition of the courts and of the juries, we can believe that there are few acquittals. Yet, from fear of any, the law empowers the Court of Peers, all appointed by the King, to judge the writers in the papers or others; and, to encourage and protect the jurymen and the judges, the newspapers are prohibited from opening subscriptions for the payment of fines, and publishing lists of donations on their own behalf for the same purpose.

This is not all. The printers and booksellers, who are under the control of the Ministry, can be deprived of their licences even without a trial; so



that very few of them dare publish an Opposition paper, or any work in which the Government is in any way censured.

With such laws against the press, the establishment of a newspaper is difficult and expensive—a dangerous and almost ruinous undertaking; particularly if it is to be conducted on Liberal principles, and devoted to the popular cause. The necessity of paying 4,000*l.*, which must be considered as forfeited when the Government, acting at the same time as plaintiff, prosecutor, jury, and judge, can so easily take possession of the whole, is a powerful preventive in a country of limited capital. Yet the difficulty might be overcome by a union of patriots, subscribing the amount and taking a share in the enterprise. It is to guard against such a combination that the law requiring the responsible editor to be the possessor of a third part of the security has been passed. Thirty-three thousand francs is a considerable sum in France. A gentleman of independent, but not large income, does not like to adventure such a portion, most probably the best part of his fortune; and a gentleman of large property, who would readily make the sacrifice of that sum, is either unwilling or unable to devote the whole of his time to the arduous and unceasing task of a responsible editor. The establishment of such a newspaper is thus rendered almost impossible.

Illustrative of this beautiful system of press-freedom, and of the character of a variety of newspapers sanctioned or tolerated under it, we further cite, and in conclusion, a few paragraphs relative to the establishment of such prints.

A party having a special purpose, may be induced to make the attempt. Louis Napoleon, for instance, established the *Capitole* in 1839. The responsible manager was indemnified against any loss by the young madman's supporters in England,—stock-jobbers, who, having access to the Exchequer-office, cared nothing about thousands of pounds. The French Government had nothing to fear from Napoleonic principles; the journal occasioned a daily loss to the party, without gaining a single partisan; and, after languishing for two years under the secret protection of the police, expired from inanition.

Before its decease, the same jobbers, seeing that the public would not take to the *Capitole*, and imagining that they should better promote their cause by advocating it in an old established paper, which could not be suspected, bought the *Journal du Commerce* from the Deputy Mauguin, for, it is said, 14,000*l.* (350,000*f.*) But the *Commerce*, instead of being any benefit to the cause, lost a good deal of its circulation, and was resold, if not to Mauguin himself, at least to some of his friends, for 6,000*l.*

A newspaper, under the present system, can be but a speculation, not even of a party, but of a faction of the governing party; and the Paris press is divided between these factions. The *Moniteur*, the *Débats* and the *Messager*, are in the pay of the Ministers, whoever they may be, and uphold them; the *Press* is the Camarilla's mouthpiece; the *Constitutionnel* and the *Temps* are devoted to Thiers; the *Courrier* belongs to Thiers and to Odillon Barrot; the *Siècle* to Odillon Barrot alone; the *Commerce* is still purely Mauguin; and the *National* is against everything and everybody; having, however, no objection to the same tyranny as at present exists, pro-

vided it be exercised by a committee of public safety, chosen from among themselves. Of course, the Ministers know how not only to keep the editors within proper bounds, but also to gain over some of the principal writers. Thiers, during his last administration, succeeded, with the assistance of his secret service money, in conciliating almost all of them. The Legitimist papers only, the *Gazette* and the *Quotidienne*, were inaccessible to his seductive practices; and it is avowed, that they alone have been for the last 12 years honest and consistent in their principles, and in the advocacy of their doctrines. Nay, the *Gazette* has been the only paper which has taken up the cause of the people, and claimed a true representative system by the extension of the elective franchise to all the active citizens. But all the other newspapers were opposed to the principle of such an extension of the suffrage.

The departmental press is not so generally corrupt as the Parisian press; but it is more exposed to the persecutions of the Government, and has but little influence. In most of the departments there is but one paper, edited under the patronage of the prefects, who, everywhere, have done all they could, and with too much success, to annihilate the Opposition journals. One of the best of these newspapers, the *Progrès*, superior in talent, courage, patriotism, and political knowledge to any of the metropolitan journals, has been for the last 14 years, and continues to be, published in the Pas de Calais, notwithstanding 50 legal prosecutions. But it cannot continue much longer, now that more than two-thirds of the jurymen of the department are placemen, and that an indictment is certain to be followed by a verdict of guilty, and the most heavy penalties.

Such is the freedom of the press in France! The laws of the Restoration, already so severe against both authors and editors, have been overstepped since the revolution of July to such a point, that the judges now often dare not carry them into execution, and the cases are referred to the merciless House of Peers. Dupoty is now expiating in a dungeon the crime of having made use of that safeguard of public liberty, pursuant to the sentence of that ignoble house.

We feel prouder and more grateful than ever, after a perusal of the present volume, of having been born on a British soil, with all the guarantees of British liberty.

ART. VII.—*Mrs. Frederick Lover's Lives of Eminent Females.*  
Part I. F. Lover, Paternoster Row.

WE should not have noticed this work at any length, had it been confined to the subjects of which we were justified from the title in supposing that it intended to treat; but when in the narrative of the life of Lady Rachel Russell, whom we really believe to have been a very estimable kind of woman, and whose virtues might be expatiated upon for ever without attracting any notice on our part, we see her husband and his wretched associates in the Rye-house plot, whom we have of course been always accustomed to consider as de-

servedly suffering the penalties due to treason and projected assassination, held up to us as noble and praiseworthy, we think that it is our duty to undeceive such of our readers (if perchance there should be any such) as have perused the work under consideration, and to prevent the first beginnings of any morbid sympathy for criminals which the minds of the people are at the present time but too ready to entertain. Lord William Russell is introduced as follows:—

Lord William Russell, third son of the first Duke of Bedford, was born in the ever-memorable year, 1641. Educated in the principles of constitutional freedom espoused by his father, he made an early declaration of his sentiments; and, during four successive parliaments, he was returned to represent the county of Bedford by the most triumphant majorities. His calm, sound judgment, his high sense of honour and the liberality of his opinions, which he was partly supposed to have inherited from his father, gave him such weight in the House of Commons that, by tacit consent, he became the leader of the Whig party. Youth, rank, fortune, and popularity, formed too great a burden to be mildly borne, too dazzling a prospect to be calmly surveyed; and Lord Russell became, insensibly, one of those victims who were precipitated into that vortex of vice, in which the Court of the Restoration whirled. Here he was a prey to the dissipation of the day, and here his fortune had suffered earlier shipwreck, and his name sunk in the ocean of impurity, had not the attractions of Lady Vaughan's personal beauty and mental acquirements, overpowered the allurements of false and fashionable life.

Calm sound judgment, high sense of honour, and liberality of opinions, seem thus to have been three of the most celebrated virtues of this patriot. It was the first of these qualities, we presume, that rendered him a believer, as at the time of his death he protested himself to be, in the imposture of the Popish plot, the second that leagued him with a band of conspirators in the pay of France, and the third which prompted the bigoted opposition which he always displayed against the Duke of York, because he happened to differ from him in his religious opinions.

The first event of importance in the political life of Lord Russell was the bill for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession to the crown, of which he was one of the chief supporters in the Commons. With the several arguments for and against the justice of excluding the presumptive heir from the accession merely on account of a difference of religion, we have nothing to do at present. The bill having passed the Commons, was rejected by a considerable majority of the Lords; and the right of the Duke of York to the crown on the death of Charles without legitimate children, was therefore indisputable; the nation, as represented by the Houses of Parliament, being adverse to any change in the then existing laws of succession to the throne.

The popular leaders now prepared to take revenge for the ill success of the Exclusive Bill, and the bloody prosecutions of the Popish Plot, after a long interval of cessation were again renewed. "The impeachment of the Catholic lords in the Tower was revived; and as Viscount Strafford, from his age, infirmities, and narrow capacity, was deemed the least capable of defending himself, it was determined to make him the first victim, that his condemnation might pave the way for a sentence against the rest." Oates, Dugdale and Tuberville, three of the lying witnesses, who made their living by procuring for the amusement of the people and their leaders, the condemnation of so many innocent men, were the means employed by the patriots for the judicial murder of Strafford. The usual kind of accusations were made by these witnesses, whose testimony, although by long practice in the trade it had been made as little open to refutation as such infamous falsehood could be, was disproved in many material particulars. "It will appear," says Hume, "astonishing to us, as it did to Strafford himself, that the Peers, after a solemn trial of six days, should, by a majority of twenty-four voices, give sentence against him." Such, however, was the case. The more cruel and ignominious parts of the sentence, hanging and quartering, were remitted by the king, but even this small exertion of his prerogative of mercy was called in question, by the sheriffs Bettel and Cornish in the Commons, and their barbarous scruple was seconded by the humane Lord William Russell. The Commons did not admit the king's prerogative of altering the sentence in any manner, but were at length content, in the plenitude of their mercy, to concede to Lord Strafford this small alleviation of his punishment.

The violence of the Commons not abating after the execution of Strafford, the king on the 10th of January, 1681, dissolved the parliament, though not before they had passed some very violent resolutions against the Duke of York and the Papists, and after the lapse of two months a new parliament was summoned to assemble at Oxford, whither accordingly came the popular leaders, accompanied by bands of their partisans. The Bill of Exclusion was again revived, and the popular party would hear of no limitations on the power of the Duke of York, instead of his utter exclusion from the throne. It was proposed by one of the king's ministers that the duke should be banished, during life, five hundred miles from England, and that on the king's demise the next of kin should be constituted regent with regal power: but even this expedient, though it deprived the duke of power, and left him the bare name of king, did not satisfy the extreme virulence of the Commons, and the king was obliged, after other violent disputes, again to dissolve the parliament.

Mrs. Lover's work, after noticing the marriage of Lord Russell to Lady Rachel, proceeds to give the causes of the plots of the

popular party against the king and his brother, and the progress of their discontents till they terminated in the Rye-house Plot.

The enemies of arbitrary power, during a dangerous illness of Charles II., at Windsor, became alarmed for the freedom of the nation at large, in the event of James Duke of York succeeding to the throne; and meetings were held in various places, and by influential persons, to consider the most effectual mode of securing national happiness. The Earl of Shaftesbury, an unquiet spirit, called around him the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Grey, and Lord William Russell, and imparted to them his design of resisting the succession of the Duke of York by force of arms, should King Charles's illness prove mortal. The king recovered, but the conspirators were not disarmed by the event: feelings of discontent and insecurity spread daily, and the terror of a Roman Catholic constitution alarmed the whole nation.

The meanness, profligacy, and poverty of Charles II. induced him to accept a pension from Louis XIV., in consideration of his suspending the operations of the English army until the arms of France should be powerful enough to defy their threats: instead of congratulating himself that he had escaped death for his treason, he expressed the utmost exasperation against the Court of France. To exhibit the baseness of his character more openly to the magnificent monarch of the French, he now appeared anxious to co-operate with the continental confederacy against him, and a French war being popular in England, he desired supplies of men and money. This application was strenuously opposed by the Whigs, from an apprehension, that any army they should place at his control might be directed as well against the liberties of his own country as against those of the enemy; and, as to money, whatever he could lay his hands on was lost to the country.

At this time, Barillon, the French ambassador, resided in London; and, taking advantage of the popular feeling, resolved to improve this opportunity of Whig opposition to his royal master's benefit. He now addressed the opposition members personally, and remembering that, formerly "all things at Rome were venal," he succeeded in influencing some of the most needy members of the house "to sell their country for gold." When Russell heard of these base proceedings, he stated, that "he should be very sorry to have any commerce with people who could be gained by money; that he only wanted the dissolution of parliament, and he knew it could only come from the help of France." It is not pretended, therefore, except by one very unworthy historian, that Lord Russell held any further intercourse with this corrupt combination.

Reconciliation to the Whigs being, apparently, the wisest policy of the Crown, Lord Russell was invited to become a member of the Privy Council; but he soon perceived that himself and his party had no share in the king's confidence, and the recall of the Duke of York, without their concurrence, induced him to resign. It must have been a conscientious anti-catholic feeling which urged this otherwise calm, dignified, and liberal-minded nobleman, to oppose with so much obstinacy the accession of the Duke of York. Moderate and mild on other subjects, he was unappeasable on this; and, in June, 1680, he went publicly to Westminster Hall, and in the Court of King's Bench proscribed against the Duke as a popish recusant. On the

26th of October following he brought forward a bill in Parliament for excluding the Duke of York from the throne, which was passed by the Commons, and which he himself, at the head of two hundred members, carried up to the House of Lords. Seeing that their lordships had rejected the Exclusion Bill, he observed, "If my father had advised its rejection, I would have been the first to impeach him; and if ever there shall happen in this nation any such change as that I shall not have liberty to live a Protestant, I am resolved to die one."

Upon intelligence of these proceedings, the king dissolved the Parliament, intending to rule without one in future, a measure which so astonished the Whigs, that nothing but conspiracies and plots presented themselves to their bewildered judgments, as capable of recovering their suspended liberties, or securing them against the odious encumbrance of King James II. The arrest of Shaftesbury for awhile delayed the execution of projects already matured, and the rapid evolutions of the Duke of Monmouth were stayed by the calm council of Russell. However, so many were infected with the disease of conspiracy against James that a deliberative meeting was held, at which Russell, Monmouth, Essex, Howard, Algernon Sidney, and Hampden, the grandson of the celebrated patriot of that name, were present. Like the rays of the spectrum light, which have each a separate lustre, yet all tend to a common illumination, these conspirators had each a separate object to attain, although their united efforts were directed to a general end—the preservation of public freedom. Sidney sought to establish a republic that should be a model to after-ages; Essex was inclined to aid him; Monmouth aspired to the Crown; Hampden would redress grievances; Russell desired a Protestant succession to the throne, with universal toleration; and Howard—was the Judas of the brethren.

Whilst this grand conspiracy was maturing, a subordinate plot was also in progress of concoction, baser in all its objects, and rendered infamous by the design of assassinating the King and the Duke of York. These projects were totally distinct and unconnected; the purposes of the malcontents who contemplated the death of the king, are known in history as the Rye-house-plot, from a farm where the rebels met, and the actors in it were of the lowest walk; but it suited the immediate servants of the Crown to connect them together, even at the expense of truth, in order to implicate Russell. Keiling, a man of ruined character, and who had already been guilty of an offence against the laws, resolved upon obtaining his release by becoming an approver, and on his evidence arrests were resolved on.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who appears in the earlier part of the history of Charles II. as Lord Ashley, one of the members of the notorious Cabal, was the prime mover of these conspiracies: and the plan of a rebellion, in case of the death of the king, against the lawful heir to the crown, was early resolved upon, but not matured, in consequence of the king's recovery. We now come to the bribery of the popular leaders by the French ambassador, in order to prevent the nation from entering into a war against France, to stop

the aggressions of Louis XIV., who was at this time engaged in prosecuting his encroachments on Germany and the Low Countries. Russell, we believe, did not accept any money for his services to France in this cause; but it is satisfactorily established by Sir John Dalrymple, the very worthy historian, we suppose, of Mrs. Lover, that his associates did; and we know that Russell still remained in league with the rest of the conspirators, who were in the pay of France; and that he was fully aware that such intrigues were being carried on by his colleagues, is apparent from his own words, "that he only wanted the dissolution of parliament, and knew that it could only come from the *help* of France." Now one nation can only assist another, or a faction in another, by arms or by money; and a scheme, which was either to be forwarded by the arms or money of France, surely deserves the epithet of treasonable, whatever its objects might be; and when those objects are found to be the dissolution of the parliament, and the exclusion of the declared successor to the crown by the force of arms, the ends will hardly be considered to justify, or even to palliate, in any degree, the means employed for their furtherance. The Exclusion Bill, the frustration of which we have already mentioned; the dissolution of the two parliaments; the arrest, acquittal, and death of Shaftesbury, now followed, and the final conspiracy of Russell, Monmouth, Essex, Howard, Sidney, and Hampden, was organized. As to the propriety of the simile which compares these conspirators to the rays of the spectrum of light, we offer no opinion, our business being with treason, and not with optics. The preservation of public freedom is stated to be the great end of their patriotic endeavours, which was sought to be secured by the establishment of a new monarchy, the redress of grievances, a model republic, and a Protestant succession with universal toleration.

While this great conspiracy was in progress, another band of patriots were devoting their energies to the great cause of freedom, which blessing they proposed to attain by a shorter and more decisive method, the assassination of the King and the Duke of York, the removal of the former of whom it was their intention to secure by overturning his carriage on the road from Newmarket to London, and then shooting him from behind the hedges—a method of removing their rulers much approved of by patriots from the time of William Tell, as tending to promote the cause of freedom with the least possible risk of patriotic life. This scheme was, however, frustrated by the removal of the king from Newmarket eight days earlier than was expected, and the whole conspiracy was shortly after disclosed to the government by one of its members of the name of Keiling.

"West, the lawyer, and Colonel Ramsey, finding the perils to which they were exposed in endeavouring to escape, resolved to save their own lives at the expense of their companions; and they sur-

rendered themselves with an intention of becoming evidence. West could do little more than confirm the testimony of Keiling, with regard to the assassination plot; but Ramsey, besides giving additional confirmation of the same design, was at length, though with much difficulty, led to reveal the meetings at Shephard's. Shephard was immediately apprehended, and had not courage to maintain fidelity to his confederates. Upon his information, orders were issued for arresting the great men engaged in the conspiracy. Monmouth absconded: Russel was sent to the Tower: Gray was arrested, but escaped from the messenger: Howard was taken, while he concealed himself in a chimney, and being a man of profligate morals, as well as indigent circumstances, he scrupled not, in hopes of a pardon and a reward, to reveal the whole conspiracy. Essex, Sidney and Hampden were immediately apprehended upon his evidence. Every day some of the conspirators were detected in their lurking places, and thrown into prison."

After noticing the executions of several of the minor agents in the conspiracy, and the arrest of Russell, Mrs. Lover proceeds to narrate the fate of Essex and to provide us with a *select* part of the proceedings on Russell's trial.

Essex was at his country seat, and might have effected his escape; but to those who urged him, he replied, that "his own life was not worth saving, if, by drawing suspicion upon Russell, it would endanger his." When this generous man was found in bed with his throat cut, the morning of Lord Russell's trial, Jeffries would have added the guilt of suicide to his other worldly sins, but the conclusion is improbable, and its author was one of the basest characters in history. Monmouth, actuated by the same admiration of Russell's noble qualities and worth, upon hearing that he was in the Tower, sent to inform him that he was ready to share his fate if his so doing would avail him anything; to which he answered, "It will be of no advantage to me to have my friends die with me."

Such were the sentiments entertained of his truth and fidelity by his most intimate friends; and it was these evidences of his individual worth which endeared him to many, but most of all to one who loved him living, and venerated his memory with a romantic yet religious enthusiasm. On the 13th of July, 1689, his lordship was arraigned of high treason, and as the statute distinctly included the fact, as necessary to conviction, of his having intended the assassination of the king, while there was not a shadow of evidence that he ever had intended it, he was entitled to acquittal on that point. But it was resolved by the Court, at the instance of the Attorney-General, that being present when Rumsey spoke of "surprising the guards," was equivalent to the contemplated king-killing, which great strain of exposition brought his case within the Act. Again, it was necessary that an indictment for high treason should be preferred within six months from the supposed commission of the offence; but this had been neglected in the present case, of which omission the prisoner claimed the benefit, and begged that his counsel might be permitted to argue the point. This privilege



being also denied him, he made no further effort to defend himself against the imputation of conspiracy to impede the succession of the Duke of York, but protested his entire innocence of the greater crime laid to his charge, that of intending the death of the king. The jury, whose names are certainly not worthy of being perpetuated, acceded to the obvious wishes of a corrupt tribunal, and Lord Russell was found guilty of crimes which he had never meditated, and even without the assistance of pretended witnesses to his guilt.

"The coroner's inquest on the body of Essex brought in a verdict of suicide: yet because two children ten years old (one of whom departed from his evidence) had affirmed that they heard a great noise from his window, and that they saw a hand throw out a bloody razor, these circumstances were laid hold of, and the murder was ascribed to the king and duke, who happened that morning to pay a visit to the Tower. Essex was subject to fits of deep melancholy, and had been seized with one immediately after his commitment: he was accustomed to maintain the lawfulness of suicide; and his countess, upon a strict inquiry, which was committed to the care of Dr. Burnet, found no reason to confirm the suspicion." Such is Hume's account of the matter, and we should hardly have thought that, after so long a period of time as has elapsed since the events upon which we are at present occupied, any one would have been sufficiently credulous to attempt to raise so absurd a story as that of the murder of Essex. The very circumstance of the king and the duke being both present at the Tower on the day of Essex's decease, is almost sufficient, even in the face of much stronger evidence than was adduced at the inquest, to exonerate them from any share in Essex's death, unless we are to believe that they committed the murder with their own hands, which supposition is too absurd to be entertained for an instant. Had they employed agents for that purpose, surely they would have had common sense enough not to show themselves in the very place where the murder was to be committed, unless they purposely wished to excite a suspicion of their intentions.

But what end would Charles and his brother have attained by the murder of Essex, against whom the evidence was as strong as against Russell or Sidney; his conviction was morally certain, and the king would hardly have exposed himself to the odium of having been guilty of assassination, when the same end might have been attained by the ordinary course of justice, even had Charles been a likely man to have committed such an atrocious crime, and even his most virulent opponents do not represent him as an assassin. The supposition that a man of melancholy temperament, convinced of the lawfulness of suicide, and having almost a certainty of an ignominious death before him, should put a period to his existence by his own hand, is *primâ facie* extremely probable, and when borne out by the

evidence on the inquest, and by the results of a strict enquiry under the care of Burnet, a known enemy of the king's, approaches as near to a moral certainty as most facts which are generally received as true.

A statute had been passed shortly after the Restoration, by which the consulting or intending a rebellion was, during Charles' lifetime, declared treason; and within this statute Russell's crime evidently fell; but as it was required that the prosecution should be commenced within six months after the crime was committed, and that crime should be proved by two witnesses, Russell's conviction was certainly informal, as the facts sworn to by Rumsey and Shephard were beyond the six months required by law; and to the later facts which proved the intended insurrection, Howard was the only witness. The mention of this important statute is wholly omitted by Mrs. Lover.

In Russell's defence, he contented himself with protesting that he had never entertained any design against the life of the king, and certainly there is no evidence of any weight which implicates him personally in the intended assassination, though he was proved to be in communication with the members of the Rye-house plot. The scheme for a rebellion he did not deny, and he was eventually found guilty.

After the condemnation of Russell, an attempt was made by his father, the Earl of Bedford, to obtain his pardon from the king through the influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth, but without success; and the Lady Rachel also endeavoured, in a personal interview with Charles, to induce him to extend mercy to Russell, but met with no better fortune in her solicitations than the Earl of Bedford in his negotiation with the Duchess. Mrs. Lover's observations on the king's conduct are particularly severe.

What an opportunity did the awful circumstances of Russell open to this paltry prince of acquiring a reputation for generosity! There is not a history of any monarch in the olden world, in which such applications have not been received with that magnanimity which monarchs should assume, even if they did not naturally possess. Lycurgus, Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell, Louis Philippe, have each in their turns forgiven the very assassin who raised his arm to strike; but Charles could not pardon the suspicion of being concerned in a plot against despotism. Finding his majesty, who was so weak and irresolute on other points, inexorable on this, Lady Russell implored a respite for six weeks, as a less merciful, therefore a more acceptable, request; but to this he returned the least magnanimous answer that ever fell from the lips of so high a sovereign. "What! shall I grant that man six weeks who, if it had been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?" There would have been no magnanimity, no generosity, no merciful prerogative exercised, unless he pretended to believe that Russell had meditated his death; therefore his refusal was both unprincely and unmeaning.

The instances of mercy drawn from history are particular unfortunate; we have searched the history of Greece, and examined the lengthened account of the life of Lycurgus in Plutarch, but can find no instance in which he was the object of a projected assassination; as to which of the numerous line of Cæsar is alluded to in the passage just quoted we are left in ignorance; the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal against the life of Napoleon, which is the only plot we remember in which his murder was intended, was punished by the death of the majority of the conspirators; no attempt to assassinate Cromwell appears in history, with the exception of that of Sindercome, who was condemned, and found dead when he was about to be brought out to execution; but all risings in favour of the royal family were repressed with sanguinary violence, as the deaths of Penruddock, Groves, Sir Henry Hingsby, and others fully testify; and that Louis Philippe is foolish enough to encourage any attempts on his life by unreasonable clemency, we should imagine would hardly be asserted by one who remembers the fate of Fieschi, or the more recent execution of Alibaud.

In the case of Lord Strafford, Russell had denied the king's prerogative to pardon, or in any manner to mitigate the penalties which the law awarded as the punishment of treason: the fact of Russell having concerted an insurrection was beyond doubt, though the proofs on his trial were not strictly legal; Strafford was condemned by the evidence of Oates and his crew for participating in a plot which never existed; and we therefore think that Russell, who had utterly denied the king's prerogative to interfere in any degree in the case of a conviction for treason, and had endeavoured to prevent its exercise in the case of a man palpably innocent, had not the slightest reason to entitle him to expect any mercy from the king. Some mercy he however obtained,—the indignities usually offered to the remains of a traitor being spared to the body of Russell, who suffered death by beheading on the 21st of July 1680.

Upon reviewing the course of Lord William Russell's life, we conclude him to have been rather weak than criminal; his private virtues have never been called in question, and his bigotry against the Roman Catholics, which was one great cause of the error into which he fell, fostered by the general fear of Popery, which then prevailed in the nation, and created the Popish Plot, led him to display a spirit of inhumanity which we would readily believe was foreign to his natural disposition: he seems also to have taken a mistaken view of the principles of civil liberty, an idea which has frequently led weak minds into criminal excesses; and the factious times in which he lived, and his unhappy connexion with the restless Shaftesbury and other men of more ability and less honesty than himself, induced him to enter into plots and conspiracies against the government, which eventually cost him his life. But however we

may lament the fate to which he was brought by intrigues, which a deficiency of understanding chiefly caused him to undertake, we should not on that account impugn the justice of the sentence under which he suffered; far less should we consider him a model for imitation, but rather as an example to warn us from the crimes into which a man of tolerably good principles may be seduced by false notions of religious and civil liberty.

ART. VIII.—*What is to be Done? or Past, Present, and Future.*  
James Ridgway, Piccadilly.

If the writer of this Whig pamphlet is but thought half as well of by his party generally, as he evidently thinks of them, he must stand high in their estimation indeed. His political creed is most beautifully short and simple. Whatever the Whigs do is right—whatever the Tories do is wrong—is its sum and substance. Either party, taken collectively, is a monster; the one what has been called a “faultless monster,” the other “*monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*.” The extraordinary lengths of cool assumption, barefaced assertion, and unblushing impudence, to which the carrying out of this principle has in many instances led him, is most amusing. He appears to forget that all the world may not be of the same opinion as himself. His view of politics is so plain and clear to him, that he quietly assumes it to be equally self-evident to all the world besides, and therefore neglects all argument on the subject as perfectly needless. There is no need, he imagines, to prove what no sane mortal ever yet thought of denying; and therefore he does not attempt to discuss the *merits or demerits* of the Whigs, but occupies himself with the more grateful task of holding up all their doings, *seriatim*, to public admiration. While, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, he abuses everything the unfortunate Tories have ever said or done; with equally unremitting regularity and equally untiring zeal he pursues every word and deed of the Whigs—not as a matter of opinion—not as a point on which different people may think differently—but as a pure and perfect abstraction of human benignity and earthly wisdom, which to see is to admire, and which he only mentions because to do so is to draw down on the heads of its authors the blessings of an entire nation. According to him, if we had but known it, we were living while under the sway of the Whigs, in an earthly paradise; whereas, at present, we are going to ruin as fast as our leaders can possibly take us there.

The matter, after a short preliminary statement of the present certainly very unpromising state of general affairs, is arranged under four heads:

1. "Principles and proceedings of former Whig and Tory governments.
2. "Principles and performances of the Whig or Reform government.
3. "Principles and proceedings of Tory or repressive government.
4. "Remedies."

It is most certainly not worth noticing, but we could not help smiling for a moment as we read these titles, to see the "ruling passion" shewing itself in such trivial matters as these headings of divisions. Were a Tory pamphleteer to place in opposition at the heads of sections, "*Principles and Performances of the Tories*," against "*Principles and Proceedings of the Whigs*," it would not be long before we heard some remarks about prejudging the question, and about the smallest straw shewing which way the wind sets. Or if he were to amuse himself by affixing to the Whig government some not very pleasantly-significative epithet analogous to the "Tory or Repressive" here given, he would soon be reminded that a sneer was not an argument. We will take the small liberty to tell the author that his epithet of "Repressive" is perfectly unmeaning. Whigs and Tories (conscientious ones at least) are, we conceive, alike "repressive" of those measures which they respectively consider of a hurtful tendency, and alike promoters of those which they think advantageous. But we do not care to quibble about words; we have plenty of fallacies, assumptions, and mis-statements before us without descending to such minute points. We shall look through the treatise, and take a few of them as they occur.

One would have thought that in giving, in the outset, a simple definition of, and distinction between, the principles which constitute a Whig or a Tory, there would have been little room for misrepresentation. But it is wonderful to see how ingeniously it is brought in where it might least have been expected. The reader is really never safe. The author says he will just, before he begins, mention what is meant by a Whig and what by a Tory. This, then, is the exact passage that a political antagonist, in going through the book, would be likely to skip; imagining that as the whole world knows the difference between Whigs and Tories, in all likelihood no writer would have the unheard-of impudence to attempt to introduce any mystification on that point. We did *not*, however, omit it; and we found his definition to be this:

Your Whig, looking to the gradual approximation to perfectibility in the human race, regards democracy as the ultimate best social institution for mankind, when arrived at a remote stage of great moral advancement; and he therefore promotes all those political reforms and extensions of popular rights which tend towards it, in so far, and no farther than as they are on a par with the moral and social advancement of the people to whom and for whom they are applied. And, as a necessary consequence, he advocates

their moral and social instruction. This we hold to be the true basis of Whiggism. On the other hand, Tories, looking on aristocracy, or the rule by privileged classes, as the best possible modification of regal government, object to all changes that tend to lessen their authority, however much required by the advanced state of civilization out of which they arise; and they do resist them until the people, taking advantage of adventitious circumstances, call for them with a voice and an accord that cannot be refused.

And immediately afterwards he adds of the Tory: "The basis of his principles is, keep things as they are,—avoid all change, *whether for better or for worse, until forced.*" Now, this we call truly disgusting. That a man should sit down to write a political pamphlet either so atrociously, *idiotically*, ignorant of the subject of which he is to treat as to write the above paragraph from ignorance; or else so thoroughly imbued, so saturated, with the venom of party-spirit, that in the simple definition of terms of which the explanation can scarcely be required by one man in one hundred thousand, he cannot refrain from throwing in a mis-representation that he must know will hardly deceive two men in Great Britain! But it is only one more instance added to thousands gone before, that there are no lengths to which the accursed spirit of party-politics will not carry a mind once fairly under the blighting influence of that moral upas tree. What a beautiful specimen of delicate impartiality is the statement of the manner in which either party carries out its principles! He has, in the preceding page, said very truly, that "all that common sense and honesty require," to acquire and maintain a character for consistency, "is that a party should continue to apply to the rising exigencies of the times in which it finds itself, the practical spirit of those principles upon which it rests." Now return to the party-definitions. Are we told simply that Whigs are men who hold one set of opinions with regard to the best practicable form of human government, and Tories are those who hold another? Far from it. We are, in addition, most gratuitously informed that the Whig allows his theoretical opinions to govern his practice, "SO FAR, AND NO FARTHER *than, as they are on a par with the moral and social advancement of the people!*" What, on the other hand, do the Tories? They "*object to all changes, HOWEVER MUCH REQUIRED BY THE ADVANCED STATE OF CIVILIZATION OUT OF WHICH THEY ARISE!*" The Tory's principle is—"avoid all change, *WHETHER FOR BETTER OR FOR WORST, until forced!!!*" A Whig, my friend, is the quintessence of human wisdom and virtue: the abstract truth of his principles is only to be equalled by the practical sagacity of his conduct; and he moves over the earth, free from any stain of vice or error, a noble example of the perfectibility of the human race! The exact reverse of the picture is a Tory. He is a living symbol and impersonation of despotic depravity, sustained

by invincible obstinacy. Were an angel from heaven to descend to new model our social polity, so as to banish for ever sin or misery from the island, he would reject the offer on account of its implying the idea of change! How is this nonsense stronger than what we have quoted? This is defining one's terms with a vengeance! But it becomes perfectly ludicrous.

*Auditum admissi, risum teneat is amici!*

Our author's ideas altogether on anything connected with the constitution seem miserably obfuscated. He may assign what opinions he pleases to the Whigs, without our saying a word about the matter, because we care as little for themselves as their tenets; but who told this sapient pamphleteer that Tories think aristocracy "the best possible modification of regal government?" Tories think no such thing. *We* are Tories, and *we* are decidedly of opinion that aristocracy would be one of the *worst* possible modifications of regal government. We will explain to him. Tories are those who, satisfied with the working of our admirably-poised national constitution, endeavour to preserve it unviolated for themselves and their posterity, such as they have received it transmitted through an immemorial series of ancestry. Observing throughout material nature a principle of general stability and systematic permanence, allowing of occasional or particular motion, they cannot imagine that they shall make any advances towards the perfectibility of their race, or render their mode of government at all more analogous to that of their Maker, by fostering a love of change for itself alone. They know and feel that "a spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestry. That the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free, but it secures what it acquires." They are content to love and cherish that constitution of their country for which their forefathers in all times of difficulty and danger so strenuously battled, because they do not yet think so much of their opinions as to believe that every new plan or idea which might strike their minds must necessarily be an improvement on that generated by the collective wisdom of ages. "They know that they have made no discoveries, and they think that none are to be made in morality; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity."

But what is our national constitution, that we consider so valuable, and profess ourselves so anxious to preserve? Our author has but a curious idea of it, for in another part of the pamphlet he men-

tions it incidentally as his view of the case, "that this country is to be ruled *in the sense of its people*, through its representatives, and *under the modified control of the Peers and the Crown*."—That is to say, the established government of this country is essentially a democracy! Our friend's acquaintance with constitutional law or history must be extensive indeed. If he ever looked into any book on the subject he must surely have seen some mention made of a principle in the constitution called "the balance of power." If so, what meaning did he, or does he, attach to the phrase? The King, Lords, and Commons, we had, so far from imagining our government a democracy, always considered as three perfectly equal and coordinate powers, the separate tendency of each branch being kept in check by the action of the other two, and their joint authority constituting the irresponsible legal power of the nation—the "omnipotence of parliament." But we do not wish to rest on our own opinion,—here is high legal authority. "Herein indeed consists the true excellence of the English Government, that all parts of it form a *mutual* check upon each other. In the legislature, the people are a check upon the nobility, and the nobility a check upon the people, by the mutual privilege of rejecting what the other has resolved; while the sovereign is a check upon both. . . . Thus every branch of our civil polity *supports and is supported, regulates and is regulated*, by the rest: for the two houses naturally drawing in two directions of opposite interest, and the prerogative in another still different from them both, they mutually keep each other from exceeding their proper limits." (Blackstone's *Com. Of the Parliament*.)

There is not a word here about the country being to be ruled by the people—or about a "modified control" to be exercised by the Crown or the upper House. Were our constitution what this writer supposes or wishes it to be, and what he and his party are trying to make it, we certainly should be slow in perceiving either its beauties, or the happiness of living under it; nor should we feel very ardently inclined to venture much in its support or defence. But, knowing what it is, we are much in love with it; and if it be assailed by no more dangerous enemies than the present it will be long ere we shall fear for its safety. When one's opponent is fain to indulge in abuse under the garb of definition, and is reduced to put forth statements necessarily the exponents either of gross falsehood or of pitiable ignorance, there cannot be much fear as to the result.

In his laudatory review of the Whig government of Lord Melbourne, the author most decidedly "goes the entire animal." No half-measures or halting opinions for him! In *everything* the Whigs were perfect. He is speaking of their accession to power in 1830:—



There was no great trust in the Whigs, they were nearly unknown as official men, and their party, since the days of Chatham, has seldom been popular, and shut out for nearly sixty years from all official patronage, they had few opportunities of serving friends and creating clients. The last two generations have, in fact, been fattened and ennobled by the Tories. The people too had of late seen public professions so utterly disregarded, that they naturally put little faith in the Whig promises. They received as so many fine words their theory that it was the duty of all governments to promote the education and self-control of the people, their civil, moral, and religious knowledge, in order to give them more freedom, and to extend that freedom as the privilege of increased and the incitement to increasing knowledge and virtue. But these principles were, nevertheless, steadily applied by the Whigs to the Reform Bill, and are to be traced in all their measures. They found the self-government, the education, and religious restraints of the bulk of the people, and more especially of the middle classes, greatly beyond their restricted liberties and privileges; and they sought to adjust this discrepancy by purifying and extending the elective franchise. This was done so liberally, frankly, and impartially, that it won the acclamation of the country, and the Whigs suddenly became abundantly popular. They carried all before them at the elections, and the Reform Bill became the law of the land. Then came their trial. They had to work their new machine and to bring up all the institutions of the country to a level with its extended representative powers. There were some few who did not see the necessity for such adjustment, others who seeing it yet alarmed by the recent struggles for the Reform Bill, were content to advance only a few of the institutions, and to advance those few far less than was necessary. Others, again, were for pushing on too far. Unity of purpose was lost, and in its stead came dissension. Public acclamation fell off, and within two years after the passing of the Reform Bill, the Whigs were losing their popularity.

As regards the lamentation that the Whigs had scarcely had any distribution of the loaves and fishes for nearly sixty years wherewith to reward and confirm their adherents; it is difficult to see how they can set up on that ground any claim to merit. All that can be said is, that it was the fortune of war—so much the worse for them. That they had no scruples of conscience to prevent their using the opportunity when they got it, was pretty convincingly shewn in their gallant attempt to swamp the house of Lords by one tremendous batch of *between fifty and sixty* Whig peers. This beautiful idea turned out rather a failure; and was one prime cause of the universal and national disgust, which fairly turned their Whig ships neck and heels out of office. This delicate point our author approaches most cautiously, and touches upon most gingerly when doing his best to gloss over and account for the abhorrence manifested by the country towards his party, (even *he* dare not deny its existence—there are bounds to everything human)—for some considerable time previous to their inglorious exit. “The Whig ministers,” says he, “had un-

*wisely* drafted from the Commons into the Lords, some fifty or sixty of their most influential supporters : removing them from one House, where their weight was most important, to another where it was neutralized, and where there is always the danger of sympathies being enlisted in favour of more recent associations." He must have felt rather fidgetty while penning this sentence. But it is a clever one on the whole. How elegantly euphemistic is this novel use of the word *unwisely* ! How plaintively deprecating the hint, or rather confession, that a Whig commoner sometimes turns out a Tory peer ! And poor Lord Melbourne !

Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed.

The picture is quite pathetic.

We pass over the polite assertion that the Tories had so habituated the nation to falsehood in public men, that they placed at first no faith in the professions of the Whigs ; who, we are told, proceeded forthwith to act in so admirable a manner that they gained favour daily ; until the Reform Bill, that panacea for earthly evils, was passed, and all was smooth water. And yet at the close of the paragraph, comes the humiliating confession—"the Whigs were losing their popularity." There is no getting over this unfortunate stumbling-stone. He cannot deny it, account for it, or excuse it. He is at fault completely and altogether ; and after one or two most hideous *bungles*, he is fain to give it up, and pass on to his abuse of their successors, whither in a moment we will follow him.<sup>i</sup>

It is interesting to observe how this topic is handled. It is evidently uppermost in the writer's mind throughout this part of the pamphlet. He is aware that it is too notorious to be passed over, and his ingenuity is taxed to the uttermost to manage the matter as well as possible. But it is clearly a horrible annoyance. In vain does he occupy some fifteen or twenty pages with the praises of the Whigs. In vain does he put forth, in all the magnificence of capitals, that they performed wonders in the cause of "religion, education, humanity, and liberty." Still, at the end he is driven to allow,—and he is at his wit's end how to account for the damning fact,—that the country was fairly sickened of them. He comes to the point, when at last actually forced to it, with but a bad grace.

But notwithstanding all these beneficial acts, supplying the neglects and deficiencies of seventy years' Tory rule, coupled too with diminishing agitation in Ireland, and the cure of all sour and disloyal feelings amongst the middle classes in England, *the Whig Government gradually lost ground*. Two powerful privileged bodies opposed it, The Clergy\* and the Lords.

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\* We here use the word Clergy as distinguished from the Church, with which it is too frequently, and for artful purposes, confounded.

The one misrepresented or misunderstood its policy, for shutting, its eyes to its invaluable Church reforms, it did not shrink from pointing it out with untiring zeal and acrimony to its parishioners, and its congregations, as hostile to the religion and institutions of the country; and the other exercised its uncontrolled majority by damaging, defeating, or delaying almost every measure which the Ministers sent up from the Commons. The Government thus stigmatized by the Clergy, and impeded by the Lords, persisted in bringing forward its measures, trusting that their intrinsic value would ultimately work their way, and teach the public to see through and resent such unfair and undue opposition. *But they were mistaken, the public fell off from them even more,* and adhered still more to the Lords, because they did not pass measures which those very Lords would not allow them to pass. And the Lords thus began to constitute themselves the paramount estate of the kingdom. It is remarkable, that within a few years after the passing of that Reform Act, which was supposed to trench too much on their authority, the very Ministry which passed it should have been overruled, coerced, and defeated by them. But it is not the less true. The Lords undeniably broke up the Liberal Government. Other causes may have contributed to its fall, but they would not have been adequate without the annulling power, the veto of the Lords, exercised with a persevering subtlety that kept just within the bounds of arresting the routine of administration.

This exhibits the Lords in the possession of a power justly subject to jealousy, and is worth a little investigation. In the first place, then, it is probable, that public opinion would have revolted from the exercise of such rejecting powers, had not public opinion itself been perverted.

It was a pity for the Whigs, doubtless, that the "intrinsic value" of their measures in general was not so evident to others as to themselves; but what constituted the "unfair and undue opposition" that the public ought to have seen through and resented, we cannot exactly perceive. There is no conclusive evidence, except to the mind of a Whig logician, of unconstitutional procedure in the fact of a bill passing the Lower House, and then being thrown out in the Upper, any more than there would be in the converse case: nor does it very readily appear that by so doing the Lords would "constitute themselves the paramount estate of the kingdom." As to the "persevering subtlety" with which this power was exercised by the Lords, the idea is as facetious as that which directly follows it, viz. that their power as thus exhibited is "justly subject to jealousy." And pray what was this power? Simply that of a veto. And one would think that, considering they have had the same power ever since we have had anything like a parliament, this said jealousy ought to have been of pretty long standing, instead of now shining out as a new invention, although truly this is the first we have heard of it. Our author, however, is in an ecstasy of fear at this phantom of his imagination. He seems almost to look forward to a revolution from this dreaded cause; for he tells us in the

next page that the Lords now "exercise an extent of irresponsible control over the Commons, the Crown, and the executive, which, if it should threaten to be permanent, would lead to a most dangerous struggle." How is it, all this time, that a like fear is not entertained with regard to the Commons? Surely they exercise the same right; why, then, is there not the same danger? But we must, in common charity, excuse a little awkwardness in the treatment of such a troublesome case as this, even if this should not be the only fallacy he may be obliged to introduce.

It is neither the only one nor the most daring. In his extremity he has positively endeavoured to make something out of the war with China! It is a mere matter of taste, but he had far better have left it unnoticed. Speaking of the financial deficiencies of his friends, he says,—

It is to be noted, that in this account is included the large deficit for 1841, which was made by the present Government against the Whigs after they left office, and in which 400,000*l.* for the year's expenses in China was charged, while no credit was given for the Chinese indemnity. There was also a charge of 150,000*l.* for Chinese expenses in 1840. But these have been repaid; and, therefore, these two sums should be accredited to the Whigs.

And afterwards we hear that, in "keeping out of sight the Chinese indemnity," when balancing the same account, "Sir Robert Peel took an unfair advantage." Not satisfied even with this, he adds elsewhere that to the Whigs is to be ascribed the merit of "unlocking and setting open the door for our manufactures to 300,000,000 Chinese customers!" Is this impudence or stupidity? It savours strongly of both. The Whigs put the country to an expense of 150,000*l.* one year, and 400,000*l.* the next, by a war in China, which they had commenced for causes as impolitic as unjust; the Tories, necessitated to continue it, soon brought it to a prosperous termination; and now a Whig apologist modestly desires that his party should be credited the amount of an indemnity, with the obtaining of which they had nothing on earth to do, and which would never have been needed but for their own abominable mismanagement! But this is not all; in another place, "the war in China was declared by Sir James Graham, in his motion on the subject, to be hopeless, and by Mr. Gladstone to be atrociously wicked; while both propositions were rather insinuated than asserted by Sir Robert Peel. "But now, forsooth, after success, the Tories claim credit for the war they condemned." Very true, most accurate of reasoners! The Tories claim credit—and, what is more to the purpose, the country has allowed their claim—for the successful prosecution and conclusion of a war the *entering into* which they condemned—which Mr. Gladstone was perfectly right in describing as

atrociously wicked"—and which Sir James Graham was very far from wrong in calling, *under Whig management*, hopeless. Sophistries and fallacies are very nice things in their way, and by occasionally misleading the ignorant and foolish, may now and then be of some little service, but to indulge in any reasonable hope of their efficacy, they really ought to be less transparent than these.

Some thirty or forty pages in the middle of the pamphlet, are occupied with a continuous fault-finding, just or unjust, and a condemnation of Sir Robert Peel's political character, and of all his measures *seriatim*. We shall omit them altogether, except one extract, in order to say a word on the grand question of the day,—Irish affairs. We are about to quote these remarks, because we think them very excellent, and for once we have the pleasure of agreeing with our author; and because, also, the public attention having been lately a good deal turned to the subject of systematic private charity, we are willing to add what we can to so desirable a movement.

There must necessarily, in a poor law, be much that has both the appearance and the reality of hardship, if not of harshness, for while it is a provision on the one hand for the stricken and the desolate, it must on the other offer a check to the idle and dissolute. There is a set of shabby, cheat-the-devil people, who, loath to part with their money, and having once paid their rates, are wont to persuade their consciences that a poor law should be the be-all and end-all of their charity, that, in fact, there should be no other claimants upon their charitable time and bounty than the rate collector. They are for paying tithe of mint and cummin, and nothing more. But the poor law was never meant for any such cruel purpose as to supersede private charity. It would be a curse instead of a blessing if it did. Its purpose is to save and sustain those whom none else either can or does sustain. But the sinking industrious labourer, who has been long and honourably known, the decayed struggling artizan, the overburthened family, the sick, the maimed, the halt, even the improvident, all these and endless other cases, should be sought by the diligent and open hand of charity, and relieved, before the doors of the poor-house are thought of.

It is a crying shame and offence, how little of active, searching, ministering, personal charity, there is amongst us, especially in our towns; and until the high and the rich shall see fit themselves to search out amongst the poor, to know and be known by them, thus to give an impulse to the middle classes below them, and so to knit, and to bring into charitable intercourse, and support all the cords of society, the present Poor Law can never be said to have had a fair trial. Till this be done, literally and systematically, the rich of this world can have no right to lay their heads upon their pillows and fancy they are charitable, because they give mere money; bare alms-giving and charity are very different things: the one without due inquiry often fosters idleness and imposition, the other never yet failed of its heavenly office of doing good.

All poor laws are in fact but the supplement of a nation's charity, and when that falls short, does not fill its measure, then neither the present nor

any other poor law can sufficiently fill both. And there will be, as there now is, misery, starvation, and death in the land; but the stern accountability rests, not with the Poor Laws, but with those hundreds of thousands, be they in high or middle classes, who neglect one of the first of Christian duties.

There is nothing in what we pass by that need give Sir Robert much uneasiness,—not even a neatly-worded, perhaps not altogether undeserved, sarcasm that he has a habit of “shrouding himself in a fog of generalities, qualifications, and reservations.” The one living instance of unflinching firmness of resolve and tenacity of purpose,—our glorious “Iron Duke,”—is the only man in England who may afford to throw the first stone for that offence. *He* perhaps might. Whether enemies or friends—“they find no change in *him*.” His position in the House is as firm as it was on the field of battle.

Sir Robert Peel very truly prophesied, in 1839, that, on his accession to office, Ireland would be his difficulty: and he confessed, in last May, that, “Ireland was tranquil two years ago (under the Whigs) and is now most disturbed.” His difficulty for a considerable period it certainly was; and, as its aspect seemed to get worse rather than more promising, the friends and supporters of his government began seriously to fear for the result. The passage we are about to extract is a picture drawn by the “Times” in last May:—

Never, we really believe, did any Viceroy—certainly not any Conservative Viceroy—enter upon the government of that country with such favourable dispositions on the part of all classes of the people, or with such singular opportunities of doing good. The population was paving the way to habits of industry and forethought. *O’Connell had dwindled down into a mere doting driveller—a man of maces and gold chains—comparatively powerless in Ireland, and in England almost forgotten.* The Repeal doctrines and Repeal associations were heard of only to be laughed at everywhere as a transparent fallacy, resorted to for the purpose of keeping up the “rent.” In Lord de Grey and Lord Elliot, personally, the greatest confidence was felt and expressed by all whose support appeared to be important for any practical purpose.

Such were the advantages under which that government, which is now menaced with nothing less than actual insurrection, assumed office in Ireland. *In two years they have contrived so to govern the country, that, for the first time, the masses of the people are beginning to make formidable demonstrations in favour of the merely Irish principle of separation from Great Britain.* O’Connell, who was then a dotard, is now a giant again. A people labouring under unexampled distress send in their £600 a week to the Repeal Fund, contributing generally in the inverse ratio of their means. The rabble of Repealers is joined by respectable and well-intentioned persons, and an insignificant faction has now become a powerful party. In all this there is neither *Whiggery* nor *Radicalism*, no pursuit of Roman Catholic as opposed to Protestant interests;—it aims at being, and almost threatens to become a national movement.

The present state of Ireland, it cannot be denied, is widely and fearfully different from that in which it was received by the present government. The country is occupied by upwards of 30,000 disciplined troops, in addition to a large reserve force of pensioners. The whole of this force is busily employed in the routine of warlike precaution which would usually be employed in a hostile country; it is backed by a fleet of war-steamers threatening at once every point of the coast; and everything alike shows that in the event of any general outbreak our government is prepared at a moment's notice to hold the island by military force. These preparations, in the present aspect of affairs, are too obviously and imperatively necessary to admit of any objection. The course taken by the writer, after displaying them with rather too much exultation, and describing the present danger with rather too much exaggeration, is to assert roundly that the whole blame rests on the present ministry. "This, then," says he, "is the altered state of Ireland, and the charge against Sir Robert Peel and his party is, that he and they, quite as much as Mr. O'Connell, have caused it."

The government of Ireland has for so long a time been uniformly a thorn in the side of the English ministry, and the entire question of Irish affairs is involved to such a point of difficulty, that we really cannot undertake to say whether the present unfortunate position is to be attributed to Sir Robert Peel as his fault or his misfortune. If the former, the fault latterly most assuredly has not been what is here alleged—a grinding and over vigorous policy. For ourselves, we were most anxious to see a decisive interference with the proceedings of O'Connell long before the blow was actually struck. Of course, the whole odium is here laid on the minister; but though, as we said, we scarcely dare give a decisive opinion on the question itself at large, we can safely assert this—that the proof of culpability here given, is no proof at all. Sir Robert Peel *may* be in fault;—but there is nothing *here* that shows him to be so. He once asked, "What has my ministry done to justify or excuse this state of affairs in Ireland?—What are our acts of oppression?" This question the writer says the Irish can answer fully and in detail; and he puts into their mouths a most ostentatious reply for the purpose of maintaining his point. And yet the mightiest charges turn out to be these;—that they wished national education to be confided to the care of the National Church, as every good churchman is bound in conscience to do,—that they "opposed the curtailment of their *overgrown and nearly sinecure church*" (the sneer is as elegant as it is true), as was also their most bounden duty;—that they considered the existence of a Roman Catholic privy councillor an anomaly in the constitution—as it most unquestionably was;—and that some of the newspapers told their priesthood in pretty plain terms their opinions of their conduct. Again, we say there is nothing here which necessarily throws any blame on Sir Robert Peel.

Our author, we may here remark, notwithstanding his love for the peace of his country, evidently feels some degree of pleasure in viewing the position of the Government with regard to Ireland in the worst possible light, and in representing the danger to be greater than people imagine. He derives so much satisfaction from the *alarming* process, and is so intent on its pursuit, that about this juncture of his wanderings he perpetrates all on a sudden the single fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

However much it may startle some, we think those who have most considered national discontents in a free country, and who wish to see freedom preserved, will rejoice that there is a Mr. O'Connell, a man of substance and vigor, with far-spread relations and having much to lose by disorder, who can for a time stand between us and an angry people.

We trust this precious piece of nonsense will meet the eye of the immortal H. B., and we may surely expect a sketch on so promising a subject. The idea might be embodied in a beautifully classical caricature, representing perhaps Britannia as Andromeda, and O'Connell as the heroic Perseus protecting the trembling damsel from the ferocious sea-monster pictured as Hibernia. To look upon England as actually *afraid* of Ireland, is truly a "*ne plus ultra*." The idea "startled" us, when we first read the passage, in good earnest.

We come now to Clontarf, and the proclamation.

The session closed, and the monster meetings went on unchecked, from Connemara to Tara Hill, Mullaghmast and Clontarf. No, not Clontarf. But the Repeal rent was beginning to fall off a little; notwithstanding a superabundance of declarations, manifestoes, denunciations of Saxons, and subordinate meetings. For the the heartiest things will wear out; and the most admiring audience tire at last of the same thing. And so it was with the Saxon denunciations and monster meetings. Even Mr. O'Connell's wonderful versatility began to grow threadbare for the want—of the next step. But to take this neither suited his object nor his disposition. Yet it was difficult to stand still amidst such tumultuous waters—to say unto them thus far and no further. There were signs of ripening impatience, dissatisfaction and insubordination in his camp and his cabinet. He complained at Lismore that even some of his priests were going too fast—that he who had hitherto been the exciter, must become, henceforth, the restrainer,—there were parishes erased from the Repeal rolls for quarrelling with policemen; there were members violently expelled from the council and ranks of Repeal for making motions against rent. What next? and when? and why not now? were querulously asked and not easily answered. The Government began to stand a fair chance of reaping the benefit of its able preparations against danger, coupled with the wise abstinence since the recess from all direct offence to the repealers. Opinion was growing towards it; and Mr. O'Connell and his followers, vexed by their own big words, were nearly stalemated. The next move and they might be in check. In the midst of this



dilemma, not seeing his way clearly and safely before him, loath to advance, and without an excuse for receding—when all looked blank, dangerous, and perplexed,

*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit.*

Mr. O'Connell found relief where, perhaps, he all along calculated upon finding it. Lord de Grey and the Government rushed in, knocked over the chess board, and the stalemate was saved.

Advantages were never more foolishly thrown away, and a frightful effusion of blood was never more weakly and wantonly risked than by the headlong anti-Clontarf proclamation.

The old proverb says, "a miss is as good as a mile." And as all went off peaceably at Clontarf, we shall probably hear little more of it. But had strife there began, and blood once been shed, who shall say where it would have ended.—It would have been as the pouring out of waters,—and every drop should have been visited on the heads of those, who, on Saturday evening, issued an unexpected proclamation against the monster meeting of the following morning. Thus as it were entrapping some hundreds of thousands of highly excited individuals, who, without let, or stay, or prohibition, had been accustomed for months to attend similar meetings, and who had a right therefore to believe them legal, and many of whom were then actually on their way to Clontarf. Upon every principle of common humanity, if not of liberty and fair play, most especial care should have been taken to warn those misguided men, long before hand, of the consequence of their conduct. But nothing of this kind was done or thought of.

Again, what so undignified or so uncalled for as a Lord-Lieutenant, expected in Yorkshire to drill his hussars, suddenly and without any new feature whatever in the course of repeal, being packed off by Government, with a foul copy proclamation stuffed into his breeches pocket, and steamed away to Dublin, to arrive on the Thursday night, to pass all Friday haggling with his council, and then, on the Saturday evening, to come forth with a proclamation declaring those meetings illegal, which had hitherto been treated as not illegal, and especially a meeting which it was now physically impossible to prevent from more or less forming. And once assembled, in the temper in which it would then have met, the commonest accident, a mere quarrel, or chance medley, would have ruined all.

It was O'Connell and the repeal leaders, and not the Government, that did the Government duty by instantly and indefatigably warning, far and wide, tens, and twenties, and fifties of thousands from attending that meeting; and to their strenuous exertions, prolonged through the whole night, and following morning, we are indebted, most probably, for preservation from a cruel shedding of blood, and the outburst of a ferocious and vindictive rebellion.

But at all events Mr. O'Connell owed the Government a good turn for having got him out of his monster meeting difficulties, and he thus repaid them by saving them from the fearful consequences of their precipitant folly. Nothing could exceed the unblushing ability with which he covered his own too rapid advance by the false move of the Government. He in-

stantly did that which he had long been desiring to do—anchored. Thus far he had advanced the Repeal movement, and he was enabled now, without in the least retreating, and without the least compromising his onward character as a leader to say—"For the present, no further." Rapidly and effectually he brought his ship to an anchor, under the lee of the Government proclamation; and he has now time and authority again to attend to its internal organization for a future move—to watch the course of events—and to accustom the public mind to the existence of the advanced stage of his *imperium in imperio*.

The state trials are thus considered:—

Further also, the Government has, greatly for the present advantage of Mr. O'Connell and Repeal, removed the site and the centre of its agitation, from the bleak and dangerous hill side, to the secure and far speaking four courts of Dublin. From their halls, Mr. O'Connell, with his powerful array of legal assistants, will be able to work out his Irish questions; and after holding up the Government to derision for two months, will probably send it to Parliament with defeat. A conviction would probably be even more disastrous than an acquittal.

In the present state of the Irish mind, would the Government venture to imprison Mr. O'Connell? How would it meet the emergency that might thence arise? And what justification would it have for precipitating or risking it? And yet how feeble would it show, if, after all its preparations, it dared not imprison him. It lost its best chance of escape when the errors and bewilderment of its law officers nearly quashed the proceedings; and its hope now is that the Jury may never agree. Indeed it would be no easy matter for any twelve persons to agree upon a detailed history of eight months of Irish proceedings, and upon the bearing of which the Government itself was for eight months divided, or at least undecided. And so now the best ministerial hope is, as indeed the bewildering charges seem purposely framed to secure its fulfilment, that there shall be no verdict. For then there would be a pretext raised for the old favourite practice of coming to Parliament to ask for extraordinary powers to do what is called, vindicate the law and strengthen the hands of Government.

The ministry had been abused and found fault with on all hands, and in no very measured language, for so long remaining inactive spectators of O'Connell's seditious proceedings. Every varied form of invective was showered upon their state of quiescence. At last they did act, and that with vigour, with decision, and with effect. And now they are abused for that! But this is no more than a ministry must expect from an opposition; and by this time they must have learned to rate such vituperation at its proper value. With regard to the proclamation forbidding the Clontarf meeting, and the suddenness of its appearance, the objections are stale and senseless in the extreme. One would have thought something more specious might have been found out by this time. It is neither more nor less than the cry of the great Dan—Daniel and his satellites on the ensuing

Sunday morning—the morning when, in violation of all laws commanding the due observance of the Sabbath, their monster-meeting ought to have “come off”—but didn’t! And this, too, after all the previous exultation of the arch-agitator at all the former monster-meetings at the immense amount of *physical force* then displayed at his command! “More, forsooth, than obeyed the commands of Wellington at Waterloo! More than would suffice with one breath to disperse all human opposition to the wild winds of heaven!” “Et sic de cœteris.” He would not strike the first blow;—their cause was too sacred to be sullied by unnecessary violence! But let any one offer to molest them—to offer the least hindrance to their cause—and their might should be made known to the uttermost ends of the earth. They were proceeding on their onward march, and if any dared to stop them, they must take the consequence of their rashness.

Under these circumstances, the course pursued by Government at the Clontarf juncture was what every man of common sense sees was the best possible. We do not mean to pronounce whether they might not more usefully have interfered at an earlier or later period of the agitation. We cannot undertake to say whether they had chosen the very best point of time for acting, but, granting that that was the proper time, their *manner* of acting was most perfectly correct. They did not outrage the dignity of Government by condescending to anything approaching to a warning. They simply allowed him to proceed in his seditious course, so long as they saw fit, and then, when he was pledged beyond all hopes of drawing back, and he was defying any earthly power to stop him, they exhibited the might of the Government he had so audaciously insulted by putting an instantaneous stop to a meeting on the very eve of its happening by a solitary proclamation.—They held up the villain the next day to public scorn, with a living lie in his mouth—and how bitterly he felt it has been shown by his altered tone ever since. To talk of “entrapping” the men who would have attended the meeting is pure nonsense. There could not have been a man at any of the monster meetings who was not aware that he was then and there doing a seditious act; although as yet no proclamation had issued forbidding them to assemble. They knew it was hanging each moment over their heads, and when at last it fell, it was their own fault. If bloodshed *had* ensued, they would have had but themselves to thank for it. We feel much more disposed to advise men to obey the laws than to condole with them on the unlucky consequences of breaking them.

What, we should like to know, does this writer mean by Mr. O’Connell “holding up the Government to derision;” or by thinking “conviction more disastrous than an acquittal?” We can inform him; firstly, that what he says is ridiculous; and secondly, that it is a sign

of the worst possible taste, and the most ungentlemanly turn of mind, in a political pamphlet which *ought* to be reasonable and argumentative, to go out of one's way to indulge in unnecessary and unmeaning sneers at the powers that be. But "would the Government *venture* to imprison Mr. O'Connell?" Here at last we have the climax of insult indeed! The line is a disgrace to the anonymous whigling who wrote it. VENTURE!! Who or what does the scribbler take Daniel O'Connell to be—save a ruffianly demagogue, at once the curse and disgrace of his country—that the British Government should hesitate to imprison him as well as any other of their subjects who had broken laws subjecting them to a like penalty?—aye, and hang him too, should he proceed in his present course so as to merit it. But the point is on account of "the present state of the Irish mind." It is high time that the Irish nation should be told the plain truth in equally plain words.

Ireland is as much a part of the British empire as any one of the English counties, and it must be retained as firmly. There are an infinitude of reasons which render it morally impossible for England ever to allow of a repeal of the Union; but, when such doctrines as these are put forth, it is not the time to urge them. You must never attempt to *reason* people back to their duty while in an attitude of defiance to authority. They will only attribute your forbearance to fear. Thus it is of no use, at this time, to explain to the Irish that Repeal would be mischievous to us and ruinous to them—that the experiment of their self-government has been tried and failed—they will not listen. We would say therefore, finally, to Government, argue not with men having arms in their hands, and whose tone is not that of submission to your authority. Tell them instantly, and in a voice to be heard over the whole island, they *shall* not have it. Use again the language of Canning—"Repeal the Union! Restore the Heptarchy as soon." Proceed as you are proceeding with the trials; and if a verdict is obtained, enforce it to the uttermost letter. If the Agitator is acquitted, demand immediately new power wherewith to rule a country in such a state as Ireland will then be. Forbid then the slightest motion in favour of Repeal. Proceed first of all to make your authority acknowledged. Leave not a square yard of Irish ground over which the sceptre of Queen Victoria shall not wave in undisputed and indisputable supremacy. Leave not an Irish dog that shall bark against the integrity of the British empire. And when this is done, and not till then, make concessions. Make, then, as many and as great as good sense and sound policy shall dictate, and we may yet hope to see the English and the Irish a happy and a united people.

**ART. IX.—***Ueber die Abhängigkeit der Physischen Populationskräfte von den einfachsten Grundstoffen der Natur mit specieller Anwendung auf die Bevölkerungs-Statistik von Belgien.* Von Dr. FERDINAND GOBBI. Leipzig und Paris: Brockhaus und Avernarius.

WE can promise little else, in the views about to be presented, than a transcript of the information gathered from a rather elaborate paper from the pen of Professor Warnkönig, formerly of the University of Liege, and latterly of that of Louvain, where he has been employed in the department of the law. Though it will be impossible, too, within our circumscribed limits to do justice to the subject, yet we doubt not, with the aid of the learned writer in question, that we shall be enabled to interest our readers. It was Schiller's pen that first attracted towards the history of the nation the attention of the curious and studious—the light that had been lost for centuries was reproduced by the magician's wand, possessed by the poet. In his *Don Carlos*, the scene of the ideal creations of the Marquis of Posa is Flanders—and the Revolt of the Netherlands is an historical sketch of a great struggle, that the reader of Schiller's works pauses to admire, after having perused it, with the same feelings as one who beholds any exquisite monument or architectural pile in an incomplete state. Both of these works were suggested to the poet by the insurrection of the provinces of Belgium against Austria in 1788—90. Europe, however, gazed upon that feature of the times as a traveller upon a single flash of lightning in the distant horizon. The country that had sustained all its ancient peculiarities through a period of changes which were affecting other countries, notwithstanding the tyranny of potentates for three hundred years had sustained itself, was hanging, like a child upon the neck of its parent or protector, upon *that* France which was now rising above the ashes of the Revolution. From 1794 to 1814 the previously sovereign dutchies, earldoms, and principalities, between the Meuse, the Scheld and the sea, were French departments; and gladly would they have rested thus for ever. Belgium wept when she separated from France in 1814—from a nation whose civilization was hers—whose renown was hers—whose interests and glory were hers; and submitted to the authority of her northern neighbour with groans of regret and sorrow, though destined through the new alliance to regain her nationality and to restore to herself her ancient glory. King William, to whose ancestors the whole country once belonged, was about to terminate the work commenced in the fifteenth century by the princes of Burgundy. A powerful and flourishing kingdom was about to spring from this political regeneration, and to lead the eighteen united provinces to a development worthy

of the spirit of the nineteenth century. Ten years passed in obscurity. The developing process was advancing slowly, as seen by the occasional fermentation. Antagonism of different sorts prevented unity between the north and south. The latter history of the Netherlands elicited as much interest from other nations as that of Africa, or the desert of Sahara. Unobserved almost, however, Belgium was rising from its state of depression. This beautiful kingdom---the home of six million of beings---grew to be a curiosity in the world's eye. It was visited by strangers. The features of Holland, the cities of Belgium, the monuments of art, of architecture, of nature, and of industry, were the admiration of the traveller. Since 1825, a voice---the voice of dissension---has freighted the breeze, and has been borne to other countries. Many at a distance have wondered at the sound, and have asked, "whence this excitement increasing with the prosperity of the nation?" There succeeds to the outbreak in France, in July, 1830, a shock which rends asunder this kingdom of fifteen year's standing, and the southern division is ranked as an independent government by the leading nations of the earth. After the lapse of a year, the month of November, 1831, is passed and this crisis is at an end. Since that time all men have marked the progress of the state. Her rising greatness has attracted the attention of all classes. Her policy commands counter-policies on the part of our own government, and no nation on the continent has exhibited such a social revolution in modern times.

It is not necessary, however, that we should undertake to show the commercial importance of Belgium, the nature of its policy, or its position in the sight of nations. It becomes this review, for the present at least, to banish thoughts with respect to her wealth in the arts, her revolution, and her railway, and to place before the public the nature of Belgium's literary progress, and of its intellectual advancement.

Vast numbers of volumes are sent forth from the Belgian press to all parts of the earth. They are not original productions of the Belgian territory. All the popular French authors find in Meline, Hauman, Wahlen, and the rest, (who are called literary pirates sometimes) very generous publishers, who are willing to take the risk of any attempt to extend the fame of the authors in question. There is no blush on the brow of any one of these printers (and, perhaps, there ought not to be) for taking from the French booksellers the profits of the trade; nay, they declare that for all the earth, save poor France, they are performing an essential service. Who shall doubt it? The French authors are not so warm as Mr. Charles Dickens was, when he issued against the American publishers that wonderful production of his called the "Circular." They are pleased with a cheap edition printed in a foreign country,

thinking it creates orders for the one issued at Paris. They know that an extra supply in general indicates an extra demand; and are not very solicitous about inter-national copy-right laws. The propriety of these ought only to be judged of by politicians.

Of the standard works of Belgian literature is there little to be said? Does the country furnish no lofty names? Is it so far inferior to its neighbouring states in the names and efforts of its authors as to be unworthy of mention? What is the present condition of its literature? How far does the literary piracy affect native authors? Who has most reason to be alarmed, the French or the Belgian author?

No one familiar with the history of Belgium, since the demise of the Empress Maria Theresa, can be surprised that its intellectual advancement has not been *pari passu* with the other nations of Europe. The political growth of the nation has been unfavourable to its literary progress. Joseph II. carried on his reforms, disclosing to the predominant class of the Belgian people, in the philanthropic spirit of the eighteenth century, an enemy deemed dangerous to their nationality, their government, and their ancient Catholic belief—an enemy that the priesthood ever desired to esteem and keep as such. Thus the improvements attempted by the Empress Maria Theresa disappeared, leaving scarcely a vestige behind. Men had not quite emerged from this confusion, when the armies of France came down, like locusts, upon the provinces; and, in connexion with a bold though small party in the country, subdued it a second time, and framed it into the Republic in 1785. Nationality was now cloaked or repressed. The Walloon provinces had an affinity with France, spoke the same tongue, and shared in its civilization. In Flanders the remnants of the rude German dialect sank into contempt—the inhabitants, however, did not become French. The natural development of mind was restrained. Everything was military; everything was French. Classical pursuits were neglected. The mathematical and physical sciences were alone successful.

All this while there were two systems of education opposed to each other in Belgium—that of the government and that of the priesthood. To the government belonged the lyceums of Liege, Maastricht, Namur, Brussels, Ghent, Tournay, Mons, and Antwerp. At Brussels were the law schools, the faculty of letters, and the faculty of sciences. There was the faculty of sciences at Liege, which was, however, never completed. Most of the teachers in these schools were Frenchmen. Subsequently native professors were preferred. The government schools were regarded by the priesthood as seminaries of irreligion and materialism. Some old professor, or a single priest, at first in secret, then by toleration,

established *pension schools*. Not long after there arose the jesuit schools in Roulers, Allost, &c. There were likewise seminaries of the bishops, which, under the name of gymnasiums, were established to counteract the philosophical spirit. These institutions were supported. They had their patrons and pupils. The ancient Catholic feeling retained its ground in many places, and among many families, chiefly among the aristocracy, living in the country. Law lectures, in opposition to the law school of Brussels; were given in Lourain by an old professor of the suspended university. During the twenty years of this alliance with France, Belgium produced no distinguished scholars. In its provinces there were a few men, educated in the preceding age, who had become somewhat renowned as poets and historians. Reynier, Bassange, and Hencart were among the poets;—Dierier, Debast, Raepsaet, and Villenfagne among the historians. Printing had become neglected, and if we contrast the books printed in Belgium before 1816 with the myriads since published, the great improvement in the art will be visible. Before the period named there were no periodical publications of any importance; the newspapers were not superior to those of the humblest towns. The numerous valuable private libraries, collected by wealthy amateurs, are worthy of comment. These collections sometimes comprised fifty or sixty thousand volumes. Indeed, in some of the auction catalogues a greater number appear. The catalogue of the collection of the librarian, de la Serna Santander, in Brussels, sold in 1803, was in four volumes, extending to more than seven thousand pages. Hermen's catalogue, in the same city, in 1805, contained upwards of eight thousand pages. The most important of all these collections was that of Van Barriere, sold between 1815 and 1817. In 1785 a library was commenced, to be increased by the yearly expenditure of twenty thousand francs. It belonged to the late Van Hulthem, of Ghent, contained nearly two thousand manuscripts, and was purchased in 1833 by the Belgian Government, at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five thousand francs, as the foundation of a national library. These collections contain valuable works relating to the history of the country, and have been mainly instrumental in reviving the study of history, now a prominent pursuit in that country. The Flemish provinces would have been remodelled by a larger alliance with the French, because the rough dialect of the former would have been supplanted by the polished language of the latter. Those were great events which accomplished the separation, by the arms of the allied powers, in 1814, and united, by the treaty of London in 1815, Belgium and Holland,

The government of the new kingdom had a difficult task to perform. By the treaty of London it was to create from Belgium and Holland one harmonious whole—to blend four varieties into one



and the same people. Two hundred thousand Germans, two millions five hundred thousand Flemings, the same number of Hollanders, and eight hundred thousand Walloons, were to be made Netherlanders like to one another. Four languages were spoken among these. Only one fashionable tongue existed among the higher classes—the French. In regard to the national character, the diversities were more marked. The Hollander, phlegmatic and reflective, broadly distinguished from all other Europeans, Protestant withal, could not be sounded by the orthodox Belgian, or the admirer of the school of Voltaire. The gay, agreeable Walloon, in spite of his ready wit, was as unsuited to the mind of the Hollander as an ancient Brabant, with the harsh dialect that strikes upon his ear as a rough imitation of his own tongue. The relation of the Flemish to their northern neighbours was not unlike that of the Irish to ourselves. The civilization of Holland tended to Dutch Protestantism—that of Belgium to stern Catholicism. Holland was blessed with a progressing and not lightly-esteemed literature; the people delighted in poets. Throughout Europe her system of education was producing for her a high reputation, and Curier, in 1810, pronounced her schools the best on the face of the earth. Classical literature was pursued zealously everywhere; great names existed—Wytenbach was still the ornament of Leyden. The Belgians, however, were not encircled by all this renown. The French had had the sway and not the schools; the literature of France was enough for them. Dutch learning was at a discount and voted a bore. In addition to this, the Belgians were displeased with a government which had been forced upon them; they remembered hourly that the movers in the political game had placed them, willy, nilly, under the domination of a neighbouring nation. Four millions of people remembered this. The youthful, educated more or less by the revolution, desired to become the agents of Napoleon; the more aged longed for the rule of Austria, and for a literal restoration of the old order of things. To some, King William was the Stadtholder of the Holy Alliance, and to others a Calvinistic master, in whose behalf no oath could bind, and no obedience be a duty.

Amid such signs it was that the intellectual regeneration of Belgium, in 1815, was to provide a new people for this new kingdom. The separation of the country from France must have been the design of the government; it was supposed that nationality could only be created by an independent organization. At such an epoch, however, it was no day's work to break down the supremacy of French sentiments and of French domination in Belgium. Yet such was the design of the government—a design thoroughly Dutch. It was constrained thus to entertain the project as a political maxim, as well as because the mass of the Dutch were

opposed to the domination of the French. In 1816 the entire system of instruction was to undergo a reform; the government selected commissioners from Belgium—men who had been reported as friends to education, and they were summoned to Brussels. Their decisions and plans with respect to schools have not been made public; but they did not suit the government views. Three universities were erected in 1817, after the models of three in Holland, also seven athenæums, the chief design of which was to give a thorough philological education to those who might become public officers. All the gymnasiums of the cities, designated as colleges, were also remodelled on the basis of classical instruction. In the popular schools, the reforms took place at a later period. In these reforms the schools of Holland were copied; model schools were established in every city. Violent opposition to them arose at first, but in many cases they met not with favour till after the year 1830.

It was impossible, we are told, for these new arrangements to result in any immediate benefit. In the most favourable circumstances, no great effect could be apparent till the lapse of twenty years; and true it was that the prosperity of the colleges and universities was not advanced. To complete this contemplated intellectual regeneration of Belgium, the number of professors was insufficient. In all the gymnasiums the old tutors, with a few exceptions, were still retained, and to supply the vacuum created by the departure of many French teachers for their own country, but indifferent masters were secured. No foreigner or Hollander was appointed to the Belgian gymnasiums, and a very few teachers only of the Dutch language were called to the lyceums of the Flemish cities; patience and forbearance were strongly demanded. It was not till ten years had passed that young students, educated at the universities, were placed at the head of some of these schools. A more decided course of action was adopted, however, with regard to the universities; one-third of the professors were Germans or Hollanders; nearly two-thirds were Belgians, individuals who had never seen the interior of a university, unless with the exception of a professor or two of Louvain; a few Frenchmen found places. Not long after, to the great displeasure of the native citizens, the number of foreigners increased, and eat the bread that was thought by many ought to have been consumed by home-born scholars. With the utmost difficulty the German professor retained his position in Belgium. At first the language was an obstacle. The professor was not at once prepared to lecture in French, and the Latin language was a dull medium for the auditor. Some Germans succeeded in creating a reputation, and sustaining themselves, but their success was only accomplished by their energy, perseverance, or their scientific superiority. To terminate the history of

the new schools of Belgium it is necessary to add, that what is called the Catholic party, urged by the congregation in France, distrusted the royal academies, deeming them irreligious; and, on the other hand, with the co-operation of the priests, encouraged the many *pension schools*, some of which were jesuit, and thus increased their prosperity. It was at these institutions that a great number of the Belgian youth received that intellectual direction, so opposed to the government, that effected the overthrow of the kingdom in 1830.

In 1815 even the separation of Belgium from France excited national feelings, which created several able periodical publications. The first two were political, the organs of opposition to the government. In that year, the "*Observateur Belge*," conducted by the advocate Van Meenen, made its appearance at Louvain. In 1829 it was suspended, after having reached its eighteenth volume. The "*Spectateur*," under the controul of the Abbé Defoore, was published at Bruges from 1816 to 1826. In Belgium, Van Meenan was reputed to be a 'great philosopher. In his journal, however, he exhibited more political zeal than scholarship. Defoore was the bold advocate of the Catholic party; indeed, he was afterwards imprisoned for his abuse of his position. In 1830, nevertheless, he triumphed so far as to become a member of the Convocation. These periodicals were not particularly remarkable for anything save their politics, in which all else was merged. Certainly there were some historical sketches in the "*Spectateur*," which threw some light upon the early character of Belgium; but, as a whole, these periodicals serve only as memorials of the times, from which some idea of the intellectual advancement of the country, under the King of the Netherlands, may be formed by the studious reader. The mediums of the strictly literary advancement of Belgium at that period were a periodical established in Brussels in 1817, called the "*Mercure Belge*," and another commenced in the same year at Ghent, called the "*Annales Beligiques*." This was suspended in 1828, at the termination of its fourteenth volume. The first of these periodicals was an imitation of the old "*Mercure de France*," or its contemporary, the "*Minerve Française*;" the poetical abounded in its pages. There was much frivolity in it, and personalities sometimes crept into it. It was sustained by Lesbroussart and Von Reiffenberg, who afterwards became somewhat distinguished. Arnault and many other Frenchmen were contributors to the "*Mercure*;" the history of its demise has not been made public.

Ghent soon became the rival of Brussels. The "*Annales Beligiques*" was strong in the maintenance of the literary independence of Flanders. Elevated in 1817 by the university, granted in that year, her literary men determined to magnify her through this

work, which had many of them as its contributors. Two Frenchmen distinguished themselves in it. One was M. Raulo, who translated Juvenal into French verse in 1811, and who had been invited from Meaux to Tournay, and from Tournay to Ghent, in 1817, as professor of Latin literature. The other was Garnier, a mathematician of Paris, who was eminent as early as 1801. The "*Annales Beligiques*" had no distinctive character; sometimes it was a mere medium of amusement, at others of historical antiquities. Again it became a journal of literature, or of literature and art, presenting whatever possessed an interest in art or science. It was devoid of political bias, and was a platform for all Belgian scholars. It excited, however, little sympathy. Conducted without energy or spirit, it left the reader unaffected, and expired without being regretted. In 1816, however, the literary state of Belgium received an impulse from another quarter. The Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres at Brussels was revived. Founded by Count Cobenzl in 1769, and converted by Maria Theresa into the Imperial and Royal Academy of the Mathematical Sciences and Polite Literature, it was now restored by the King of the Netherlands. Although this academy, before the storm that annihilated the nationality of Belgium in 1794, had no members of European distinction, their labours, particularly in the department of domestic history, were not unobserved. Five volumes of *Memoirs*, (only a few copies of the last were placed before the public) and nearly eighty prize essays exhibit the literary ardour of those scholars, among whom Bynet, Paquat, &c., are to be named with honour. Some of the members were still living, and causing the revival of this learned society, gave to it a suitable organization. Among these were Nieupoort, universally known for his eccentricities, who entered the academy in 1777, and Lesbroussart, senior, who was invited to Belgium by Maria Theresa. The new organization was completed July 3, 1816. With the old members, by the instrumentality of King William, were associated some new ones of the Belgian literati—Van Hulthem, Dewez, Van Mons, in Brussels; Omalius d'Halloy (thegeologist,) De Bast, in Ghent; Villenfagne in Liege, with several distinguished men from Holland, among whom it will be sufficient to name Wytténbach, Brugans, and Van Swinden, the latter of whom belonged to the old academy.

It appears, however, that though this learned society published two essays, to which prizes had been awarded, 1792, proposed new prizes, and held regular sittings, that it failed to be interesting to the Belgians. The zeal of Nieupoort and Van Hulthem was without adequate results, and the prize essays were not very wonderful. When a younger generation came forward, the society was more efficient. Quetelet joined it in 1820, and Van Reiffenberg in 1822. In 1830 the body was much more important, and after the restora-

tion of quiet in 1834, became somewhat distinguished. Internal disorders have always injured its usefulness, and until the members lay aside their ambition and meanness nothing can be effected worthy of regard by the learned world.

During the first ten years of the kingdom of the Netherlands, great efforts were not to be expected from the Belgian scholars, not that there was a lack of encouragement in high places, but the times were unpropitious. There were few old scholars, and one gift they did not possess, that of writing with spirit and elegance. In their own country they were but little esteemed. That which had been printed at Paris, and nothing else, was read and reprinted in Belgium. Genius, taste, wit, knowledge, everything came from France complete and finished. The authors of France were so enclosed that all others were under the shade. The new generation and new national feelings had not arrived at maturity. Prior to 1825 there was no visible improvement in that country. In the public journals politics were always predominant; and though, according to Prof. Warnkönig's account, intelligent Belgians felt a daily increasing attachment to their "liberal government" and their "citizen king," proportionately as France submitted to the controul of the *congregation*, the period arrived to ripen those youthful talents, which five years after boldly took their position at the head of the people. The year 1825 was the solstitial point of the internal policy of the government. A new system was prepared and adopted, that led the way to the events of 1830. What was the state of affairs at this period? The two parties opposed to the government, after a ten years' war, or struggle, found their position materially changed. In 1815 Liberals and Catholics were on the same footing; in public affairs they equally participated. The King impartially, if he had occasion to designate representatives of the provinces or cities, chose them equally from both parties. The extremes, however, on both sides, were kept wide asunder, and endeavours to overturn the throne, or criminal enterprizes, were treated with severity. After the death of the Right Reverend Prince Broglie danger ceased to threaten from without. Sober thinking Belgians began to confide implicitly in the good intentions of the King, the most intelligent of the so-called Catholic party drew nearer to the government, silently worked their way into the most important offices, and exerted considerable influence in the Chambers. Notwithstanding this the government continued to adhere to its neutrality, and did not surrender itself to their direction. The Liberals gave utterance to much dissatisfaction, fearing that their opponents would be placed in power, and asserted that they suspected an attempt would be made to give an ascendancy to the priesthood, and to destroy the throne. The advancement of the Jesuit pension-schools, at the expense of the public

gymnasiums, the close connexion between the Belgian Catholics and the Congregation of France were pointed at as proofs of Catholic power. The Belgian priesthood were charged with great ignorance. It was contended that a Protestant government should give protection and honour only to an educated and enlightened clergy. In 1825 royal ordinances were issued, circumscribing freedom of instruction among the Catholics, and making it incumbent on all theologians to pursue a philosophical course of studies for two years, in the college at Louvain, before they could be permitted to commence the study of theology in academies under the exclusive management of the priests. In October of the same year a strong opposition was made in the Chambers to these orders, the consequence of which was a powerful contest between the priesthood and the government. Measures of great severity were adopted towards the former to uphold the authority of the King. This was necessary. Two years after, however, the government relaxed its severity, and assented to a *concordat* that contradicted, though it did not repeal, the decrees made two years before. This seemed a weakness to the Catholics, and they took advantage of it to increase their demands. With their war-cry, "freedom of instruction," the Liberals also, for whose benefit the decrees had been made, were delighted. The excitement spread in every direction. The younger generation were fanned by the flame. Among the youthful lawyers and physicians of Belgium a new party of Liberals had been formed. The cleverest of these had acquired a relish for solid learning. Some would not attend to mere professional pursuits, but studied philosophy and history, and sapped with enthusiasm the liberal journals of Paris. Thereupon the priests and their followers aroused the sympathies of their enemies by pleading for liberty,—these enemies were panting also for the restrictions on the press to be removed, which had been placed upon them since 1815. It was by this that the Liberals and Catholics were brought into a kind of union against the government, which was obliged, by making an interest with the Hollanders and a few eminent families of Belgium, to array itself in opposition. The famous royal message of December 11th, 1829, was then made, bringing the whole matter to a crisis in 1830, as has been explained.

It is evident that these events were but little calculated to permit any very great development of intellectual progress. However, the efforts which were made by the learned, and particularly by the German professors, had no inconsiderable results in favour of the advancement of science. There was the yearly distribution of prizes, consisting of forty-eight golden medals, offered to the students of the six universities of the Netherlands, to stimulate the studious. Professor Warnkönig says further, that after 1820 emulation was

actively at work. Several professors exerted a very great influence. Among these were Professor Wagemann, who was invited to Liege from Heidelberg in 1820, and died prematurely in 1825. To him the country was indebted for the increase of juster notions of political economy. There were also Professor Bekkar, of Louvain, a pupil of Grentzer, who formed an excellent philosophical school, and Birnbaum, and Holtins, whose students prepared scientific dissertations. They who were graduated at the universities now stepped forward in their native land as authors. The boldest entered the political arena. Lebeau, Devaux, and Rogier, who have been well known since 1830, established at Liege a journal of a scientific character, arrayed on the side of the opposition. The "*Courrier des Paysbas*," at Brussels, passed from French into Belgian proprietorship. The academy honoured many young scholars, and then received them as members. In Brabant and Flanders Belgian history was eagerly pursued. The "*Menager des Sciences et Arts*," was commenced at Ghent, in 1823; and the "*Archives Philologiques*," by Von Reiffenberg, was published in 1825, and in 1827 was designated as "*Archives Historiques*."

In 1828 a plan for publishing the manuscript documents of Belgian history was received by the government. It had originally been formed by the old academy; many a student now travelled in Germany at the public expence. The popular schools were improved—new colleges were established—the professors and teachers in the universities, removed from various causes, were succeeded by ambitious young men, full of energy and resolution. Several distinguished foreigners were invited; Fohmann, the anatomist, was received at Liege, and Pagani, the mathematician, at Louvain; Von Reiffenberg had been teaching at Louvain since 1823, and had drawn around himself a large number of scholars whose promise was very great. The quinquennium to 1830 was a brilliant period for Belgium; and the political disturbances did not arrest altogether the intellectual progress.

At this juncture some of the leading partisans had arrayed around them many of the most eminent students. They were now arrayed against the very government which had done so much to aid them in the pursuits of letters; the flame once kindled, burned and spread rapidly, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the young were found irrepressible in their ardour, at the head of the Revolution, and urging it onward to the eventful close; among the learned, who were arrayed in the front, were Claes, who died in 1833, Van de Weyher, Rogier, Ad. Roussel, Jottrand, and Lebeau, Nothomb and Devaux, who really were the constructors of the new throne. Had the government been supported by the Belgian students, who were in a measure bound to protect it, the Revolution would not have triumphed. The sons of the old families were inert;

they had not the inclination, and perhaps not the capacity to arrest the revolutionary struggle in favour of the throne. The revolution terminated the intellectual advancement which had been made to that period for the fifteen years preceding. At the close of 1830, nearly all the learned men were organists—even the individuals who had freely advised the government of its dangerous position, and thereby had met with its displeasure. These anticipated the destruction of the universities. The order of the provisional government of December 15th, 1830, led the way for the change that resulted—the annihilation of the moral influence of the universities. Heroes of the Revolution became professors!

The regulations carried into effect, with regard to public instruction in 1833, introduced a new order of things. The Catholics and Liberals were now opposed again; the Liberals saw the Catholics resting upon the government, and the Catholics knew that the Liberals could not sympathise with them. In 1833, the Minister, Rogier, appointed a commission to regulate the universities. In 1835, the principles of this report came before the Chambers. The Catholics desired to abolish the university at Louvain, and to continue the two at Ghent and Liege; the Liberals, on the other hand, desired to abolish these two universities, and to retain the one at Louvain, as a rival to a new Jesuit school at Mechlin.—The views of the Catholics prevailed; the Catholic university at Mechlin was removed to Louvain. The Liberals, in 1834, had established at Brussels a free university, endowed by private subscriptions and a donation of 30,000 francs from the city treasures; in this university there were three hundred students—in Louvain three hundred and fifty; at Liege there were three hundred and fifty, and at Ghent less than two hundred. The Catholic university, it is said, is now ranked as the first educational institution in Belgium. The state institutions are so thoroughly political, if supported by the government—the professors being selected for their political adherence—that it is apparent much danger might ensue to them as schools of learning.

With regard to the policy of the Catholics, we are informed that they should adopt the progressive principle—that science and religion should be harmonized, in such a manner that neither should become subservient entirely to the other. But if the movements, commenced at Mechlin, and continued since at Louvain, are merely designs to hide the real views of the Belgian priesthood—if their objects are to regain their lost wealth and power, the success with which they are flushed, may be only the prelude to a re-action that neither the Belgian constitution, nor the election law, neither the Chambers, nor the minister will be able to resist. Professor Warnkönig has said that the history of the future will inform us, whether the Catholic intellectual reformation in Belgium shall have been



undertaken by the called or the uncalled. There are many signs indicating that this reformation is seizing upon the life of the nation, and re-introducing the order of things existing between 1815 and 1830. One of these signs is the establishment of a periodical, edited by Barsten, of Liege, in the spirit of Belgium Catholicism, called "*Journal Historique et Litteraire*." It was commenced on the first of May, 1834, and at the close of 1836 had three thousand purchasers!

Every government that has been anxious for the glory of Belgium, that of King William for instance, has given great encouragement to the arts, especially to painting and stationary, and also to historical studies. The national feeling, aroused by the Revolution, has imported to the love of art vigorous impulses, and has given force to the researches into Belgian antiquities. The present generation it is thought, will be stimulated by the great models of the past, and convince Europe, if possible, that the inhabitants of Belgium are a people worthy of being independent. However it is the Catholic power, doubtless, that has recently given such a powerful stimulus to these pursuits. The appropriations by the Chambers for exhibitions of art, for the purchase of pictures and statues, for the preservation and improvement of the monuments of gothic architecture, for the printing of the documents in manuscript already referred to, the money expended for Van Hulthem's library, attest the reasonableness of the assertion. The early appropriations bear no proportion to those made since 1834; in 1841, it is worthy of notice, that the government promised to a society of jesuits the yearly payment of 6,000 francs to revive the *Acta Sanctorum*, an enterprise abandoned in 1794.

There is no want of means to raise the intellectual advancement of Belgium, or of external incitements to give it activity. Yet the dawn of a higher spiritual regeneration has not come.

Many are the obstacles to account for the inferiority of Belgium compared with France and Germany; in the first place, throughout the kingdom, there is a lack of learned schools. The little gained in the quinquennium, before noticed, has been nearly lost. The few professors of distinction, such as Baquet, Beving, Baron, Roulez and Voism, went to the universities. The government did scarcely anything for the gymnasiums, in order to avoid any interference with the priesthood and jesuits, in whose hands were the colleges and pension schools. The bill relative to intermediate and lower instruction, submitted to the Chambers in 1834, with the law respecting the management of the universities, lay in the tomb of the Capulets,—the archives of the two chambers. Warnkönig continues, "without able teachers there will be no scholars. Some cities, as Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, and Liege, made praiseworthy efforts for the improvement of their athenæums and gymnasiums. But cities are not

to be made by teachers." The most insurmountable obstacle in the way of education in Belgium must always be the diversity of tongues. In the Flemish provinces, the French is becoming a foreign dialect. The pronunciation of it by the people is barbarous in the extreme. As to the Flemish itself childhood is marked in every phrase, It has never yet been raised to the dignity of a language, although the priests, since 1836, have taken extraordinary pains to improve it. If the improvement is adequately made, it will be the means of effectually isolating the Belgian provinces, and will exile the remnants of French civilization. In the Walloon country even French is not spoken in its purity. Liege, the cynosure of French refinement in Belgium, is far behind Ghent. The brave spirits in Belgium are looked upon with scorn by the French writers, who think them indifferent imitators of themselves. Jules Janin has raised his whip of criticism over the Belgian literati for ten years, and has lashed them without mercy. The French spirit has left the country, Belgium no longer receives the light of French influences as directly as of yore, and the genius of the French tongue has departed. In the provinces a pure diction has been prevented by the many forms of *patois* and the Germanic idiom that has crept into the conversational language; more than this, the "*Revue Belge*" has been established for the advancement of French Belgian literature.

Belgian authors, in reality, have no public. Even political pamphlets obtain not more than four or five hundred readers. A work of substantial merit is scarcely sold after the lapse of years. Importations into France are expensive, and this, added to the fact that there is no public for intellectual productions, makes it a hard case for authors. In Germany this is true to a still greater extent. There any book of any worth is immediately translated. Holland was the principal book market of Belgium till 1830; the Dutch were quick to recognize and encourage every effort of talent in the Southern Provinces. The sale of works in Holland and in Belgium was as three to one, "No one is a prophet in his own country," was applied with particular emphasis to home-born authors. The daily gazettes noticed new works only to tear them in pieces, except in a few cases where the literary judges pronounced some little work a child of genius, and its author, entirely unknown, one of the lights of the age. Among the Belgians genuine literary criticism is unborn; their productions of genius seldom find a sale. It is even with difficulty, where an author demands no remuneration, to find a publisher. The extent of reprinting French and foreign works is so great, that it is seldom the case that the publishers, Meline, Tarlier, Hauman, Wahlen, and others, purchase the works of Belgian writers, unless the price be low and the sale certain. How far the facilities for reprinting will prove eventually a hindrance to the prosperity of Belgian literature remains to be

seen. A proper pride in native authors may yet be generated, in the same manner as it has been produced in the United States of America, where, within the last five years, the native author has been constantly in demand, even though thousands of English books are reprinted every year. There was in America, ten years ago, a great cry against reprinting, but it has now ceased, since the native author finds that a market has been created for him by the English author. The large Typographical Association in Belgium, formed for the benefit of native authors, will soon find, we think, its views cordially received. It will soon meet with encouragement.

That the richer classes should be indifferent to scientific efforts is somewhat discouraging, but taste is sure to change in favour of the author. Though the Belgian writers are not wealthy, in another generation they will be; and the passion among the rich for collections of pictures and flowers will pass away. We need not heed the rage for the cultivation of flowers, either in our own country, Flanders, or Brabant. It is not to discourage the native author that, in 1835, at Ghent, two hundred thousand francs were subscribed in one week to erect Flora's palace, and that it was consecrated amid the incense sent up from five hundred thousand of the rarest plants, all in blossom. This fashion will lead to something more solid in the end, and there is nothing alarming in the fact that a well written book is no picture. The scholar some day must rank above the artist. It frights us not that all artists obtain wealth while the scholar starves. The age of fashion must sink into the age of intellectualism, and all the shows of things must inevitably lead to the introduction of the scholar upon his proper ground. We have nothing to fear in regard to Belgium's intellectual advancement. Go on, it must prosper—it must; notwithstanding its difficult road. Close to gay France, against Germany, opposed to Holland, Belgium is no longer the battle-field of Europe in devastating war, but will become, doubtless, the arena of science, where the intellectual games will be pursued with the best results.

Having now completed the rapid sketch of Belgian literature we may turn immediately to the very elaborate work, the title of which is placed at the head of this paper. It is a large quarto volume of three hundred pages, amply illustrated by charts of the several Belgian provinces, and contains, besides, many valuable tables connected with the subject, which will be examined by scientific scholars with pleasure. Dr. Gobbi has not only mastered his subject, but has given the results of his observations and researches, which are minute and extensive, with fidelity and perspicuity. His astronomical knowledge appears to be of the most eminent character, and his originality and depth are truly remarkable, and must give him a high place among scientific men. He is no superficial

observer of nature, but reveals its arcana with a facility that commands admiration. Belgium owes much to him for his labours, for his comparative observations upon the several provinces, his admirable hydrographical details and his general deductions. It cannot but be that the field in which he has so successfully exerted his talents will be occupied by the scientific students of other countries. Our limits will not permit us either to explain the nature of his remarks upon the stellar influences, the atmosphere, or the elements which he has watched with the utmost patience. Let it suffice on these points that we commend his pages as containing a fund of learning worthy of attention. To those who have lately noticed or asserted the effects of atmospheric electricity to be peculiar, his work will prove truly valuable. Dr. Breet, of the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, who sometime ago furnished a clever paper on the subject might find some confirmation of his views in the latter part of Dr. Gobbi's volume; and Mr. Pine, who has been engaged before the London Electrical Society in proving the effects of electricity upon vegetation, would still further find his labours assisted by the work, for all the atmospheric agencies are examined by Dr. Gobbi, and he has noticed incidentally the opinion of all philosophers of every age and country who have written upon the same subject which have arrested his own mind.

Thus Belgium will take its position among nations. Such men as Dr. Gobbi do honour to her---and we see nothing in her literary prospects at which, on the whole, to be disheartened or to repine. Let her be true to herself, and the world must be true to her.

#### ART. X.

1. *The Revelation of St. John, Literal and Future; being an Exposition of that Book.* By the Rev. R. GOVETT, Junior, A. M. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
2. *First Elements of Sacred Prophecy: including an Examination of several recent Expositions, and of the Year-Day Theory.* By the Rev. T. R. BIRKS. Painter.

THE field of biblical criticism has hitherto been for the most part occupied by the German literati; but latterly, it is matter for congratulation, proofs have appeared in our own country that the scholars and divines of the continent are not to be left as the sole occupants and cultivators of this high walk of literature and exalted science. Besides every one acquainted with the idio-syncracies of German genius is aware that it shows a continual tendency to spend its energies in settling the letter of revelation rather than in disclosing its spirit; whereas our English authors, who have begun

to explore the whole field of *manuscripts, versions, editions, readings, quotations, &c.*; who instead of servilely copying from copyists, go to the sources of authority, examining and judging for themselves, proceed with another kind of disposition. They do not, any more than the foreign transcendentalists, undertake to erect an edifice without first thinking of a scaffold, but they do not busy themselves so much about the scaffold as to forget that they have an edifice to erect.

It is particularly gratifying to find, that in many quarters a desire has been manifested for investigating the sacred records in the originals, and that the Hebrew language itself is now studied privately to a far greater extent than it was wont to be. Besides, many valuable works of modern theological scholars have met with an encouraging sale.

Locke, in a discourse on Study, lays it down that there are so many things to be known, while our time upon earth is so short, that we must at once reject all useless learning; but from this prohibition he specially excepts whatever philological studies may tend towards the understanding of the Scriptures. It is a fact of itself that must ever in a literary sense place these writings upon a footing higher than any other, that notwithstanding the vicissitudes of time, the rise and fall of empires, the subversion of kingdoms, and the final dispersion of the chosen people, they have yet been preserved to us in these later ages, with all their transcendent truths, and that they are made known to the most civilized nations of the world. But it is only after deeply reflecting that these sacred writings have conferred solid and lasting benefits on all who have perused them with devout attention, and that they still continue to afford spiritual consolation to millions of our species, that their value and importance can be contemplated; or that the profound study of them by means of all the aids which science, secular learning, and modern discovery can furnish, can be seen to present the very grandest field for scholarship and extraordinary illustration. Philosophy, criticism, and interpretation, are never so worthily employed as when spent upon the Word of God.

The field of *biblical criticism* and that of *biblical interpretation and exposition* are, however, distinct and marked by clear lines; for while the culture of the one is properly concerned about the precise words that were used and set down by an author, that of the other is to ascertain the true meaning to be put on these words,—what it was that they were intended to convey and teach. The former belongs strictly to literature, and constitutes a science holding a high station under that name; the latter infers a system of doctrines, which, when of a religious and divine character, can have no superior with regard to importance in the whole range of investigation. Necessary as the culture of the science of literary *criticism* must be, especially when

it has to deal with records professing to contain the revealed mind of God, its office being to ascertain the genuineness and purity of the original text, so as to remove spurious, or to correct faulty readings, it can only be viewed as the handmaid, as the forerunner or companion of *interpretation*,—a department in which other principles are comprised, not only as to the general modes of reasoning to be adopted, and the manner of application to particular passages, but the great immediate ends to be gained. Still, although there be a clear distinction between criticism and interpretation, they have a natural and very close connexion subsisting at all times. The mistake is, when amalgamation takes the place of this friendly and intimate relationship; or when the two branches are confounded the one with the other, that the mixture operates very disadvantageously to both.

The whole of Scripture has been frequently viewed according to a three-fold division—that of the law, the gospel, and the word of prophecy. Each of these has its distinct and various use; but in as far as interpretation is concerned, it would seem that the last-mentioned must imply the largest exactions on the part of the expositors, and the greatest reverential fear, lest from rashness or ignorance there should result a perversion of the divine revelation. For what are its offices and its objects? First, we have the Scripture prophecies of the Old Testament, which refer either to the first coming of Christ, to judgments on eastern nations, or to the future restoration and glory of Israel; and secondly, the prophecies of Daniel and St. John, with the prophecies of our Lord, and some predictions in the writings of St. Paul; these being directed to the events of the Christian dispensation from the ascension of the Redeemer to His return in visible glory. The works before us are entirely devoted to the latter of these divisions; being the most difficult of interpretation of the two portions, not merely because of the character of the events to which they relate, and the symbolical language in which the prophecies are conveyed, but of the non-fulfilment of the most transcendent and awful of the foretellings. We may, in perfect consistency, while eschewing every semblance of sectarianism, exhibit and assert an adherence to revealed truth, and an admiration of the Book in which its deliverances are treasured. We have a right, surely, to touch upon the literature, as well as to pay our deep homage to the spirit of that matchless volume. What, again, in fact, is literature, but mind impressed upon a material surface,—but the ideas of some cultivator in the world of thought, put into a tangible and examinable shape? And does not written theology, speculative and practical religion, hold the very loftiest rank in the empire of thought, whether you view the subject in the divine text-book, or as read, discussed, and expounded in multitudes of volumes by the most richly endowed, and also by the

most adventurous of human intellects? We therefore need offer no apology for bestowing a few pages on a couple of works which have selected that exalted sphere for exposition—the Word of Prophecy.

“The Revelation of St. John, Literal and Future, being an Exposition of that Book; to which are added Remarks in Refutation of the ideas that the Pope is the Man of Sin, and that Popery is the Apostacy predicted by St. Paul, with a Special Reference to Dr. O’Sullivan on the Apostacy,” is in divers respects an extraordinary work. The thing that will at first appear to be most remarkable is the fact, that the volume has been written by a minister of the Church of England, by the curate of St. Stephen’s, Norwich, who thus explains himself in his introduction:—“I believe I can say with truth, that the principles of Protestantism form the basis of my faith; nor is my attachment to them lessened by the recession, both from the principles and the name, which is taking place amongst a large body of our Church.” The book is therefore a phenomenon in Biblical exposition, were it merely as regards the quarter whence it comes. In other respects, however, it must excite interest and stimulate curiosity; for it advances hypotheses, and follows a mode of interpretation that are to a great extent quite new, or which at least have never till recently been put into a systematized and combined order.

Mr. Govett is fully warranted in saying, that as many writers as there have been, so many have been the theories in the interpretation of the Apocalypse; and Dr. Adam Clarke in this statement, as all other well-read persons must do, fully concurs; although he at the same time classifies in the following order the vast variety, so as to simplify one’s conception of the extraordinary multiplicity.

1. The Apocalypse, he says, contains a prophetic description of the destruction of Jerusalem, of the Jewish war, and the civil wars of the Romans.

2. It contains predictions of the persecutions of the Christians under the Heathen Emperors of Rome, and of the happy days of the Church, under the Christian Emperors, from Constantine downwards.

3. It contains prophecies concerning the tyrannical and oppressive conduct of the Roman Pontiffs, the true Antichrist; and foretells the final destruction of Popery.

4. It is a prophetic declaration of the schism and heresies of Martin Luther, those called Reformers, and their successors; and the final destruction of the Protestant religion. The soberminded and erudite commentator then adds: the first opinion has been defended by Professor Wetstein, and other learned men on the continent; the second is the opinion of the primitive Fathers in general; the third was broached by the Abbé Joachim, who flourished in the 13th century, was espoused by most of the Franciscans, and has been and still is the general opinion of the Protestants; the fourth seems to have been invented by popish writers, merely by way of retaliation.

"My readers will naturally expect," observes he, afterwards "that I should either give a decided preference to some one of the opinions stated above, or produce one of my own; I can do neither, nor can I pretend to explain the book; I do not understand it; and in the things which concern so sublime and awful a subject I dare not, as my predecessors, indulge in *conjectures*. I have read elaborate works on the subject, and each seemed right till another was examined. I am satisfied that no certain mode of interpreting the prophecies of this book has yet been found out, and I will not add another monument to the littleness or folly of the human mind by endeavouring to strike out a new course.\* \* \* I have no other *mountain* to heap on those already piled up; and if I had, I have not strength to lift it; those who have courage may again make the trial."

Now, Mr. Govett has had the *courage*; and we think had Dr. Clark lived to read the *Revelation Literal and Future*, he would have seen reason to have noticed a *fifth* hypothesis in his classified list of Apocalyptic theories; not merely on account of its boldness and novelty, but of the ingenuity, the learning, the ability and the piety with which it is urged and supported. Extensive and earnest has been the author's reading, honest and manly his avowals, comprehensive and skilfully contested his positions. His illustrations are gathered from a wide field of instances, his arguments often strike with a force altogether unforeseen. Not seldom when he announces his view and takes his ground, have we felt that the point was most extravagant, the attempt desperate. And yet before he has done, if conviction may not have been produced we have been constrained to admire his dexterity, to perceive that his resources are vast, and always that he has thrown out novel ideas or suggested views that are valuable.

With a book and such a sacred subject as are now before us, we can only venture briefly to report, at the same time, that our limits forbid other than slight indications, and curtailed extract or abridgement of one or two chapters. By the terms "The Revelation of St. John, Literal and Future," Mr. Govett intimates that the exposition of the Apocalypse proceeds on the hypothesis that the book is *not*, with few exceptions, one of *symbols* to be explained by *analogies*; and that but a very small portion of its strictly prophetic parts (as distinct from the Epistles to the Churches) has yet been fulfilled. He stands up for that interpretation which holds that the Revelation of St. John is to be taken literally, that it foretells with startling distinctness things yet to come, and that miracles will again be entwined with the chronicles of the world; that is, that supernatural events, as literally described in the Apocalypse, will form part of the signs of the coming of Christ to judgment.

But when speaking of the novelty of idea and view exhibited in the volume, we ought rather to have attributed the phenomenon to a new school of biblical interpretation than to the individual, Mr.



Govett being merely one of its most enlightened and respectable disciples, not its founder nor the only builder of the superstructure. Those of our readers who wish to be informed regarding the works of the recent writers in which the maxims that have commonly been adopted by Protestants in the exposition of the prophecies more immediately concerning the Church of Christ, have been assailed, will do well to consult the volume which stands second at the head of our paper,—Mr. Birks having had the theory of the *Literalists* and the *Futurists* principally in view in his masterly Elements. For instance, he says, near the beginning of his first chapter, and after enumerating the maxims in the interpretation of the sacred prophecies as these have been generally received by the Protestant Churches,—“All of these maxims, however, without distinction, have been rejected by several late writers. Mr. Burgh, Mr. Maitland, Dr. Todd, Dr. Dodsworth, Mr. Tyso, and Mr. MacCausland, and more recently Mr. Govett, are the chief of them whose names have appeared; and of these, the three first are doubtless the leaders. To these several anonymous writers may be added. They agree in few points, except in rejecting the conclusions of all previous expositors; and maintain that nearly the whole of Daniel's prophecies and of the Apocalypse are unfulfilled.”

Entirely avoiding the spirit of controversy, or being so rash as to throw ourselves into the dangerous breach between the combatants, let us endeavour to convey some notion of the argument and manner of each of the present writers, by means of a little abstract and a few extracts. The subjects of the books are as important as those of divine prophecy itself; the differences between the authors of the widest, and in the estimation of many of the most perplexing kind. If the interpretations of the *Futurists* be well founded, their established effect will undoubtedly be to set aside nearly all the expositions of the *Protestants* for three centuries past, and to compel them to begin the study of prophecy afresh upon new principles.

Mr. Govett throughout strenuously contends that the hypotheses of Protestant writers are unsound, inasmuch as these proceed, first, on the principle that a great portion of the Apocalypse has been already fulfilled, and that such fulfilment must of course be sought for among the records of the past, secondly, in that the theory views the book as being mainly symbolical. A specimen of his argument for literality, and for our looking forward to events yet to come, we take from the Introduction; which also furnishes a sample of his mode of examination, of his supposed detection of incongruous interpretation, and of his reproving, sometimes not altogether divested of asperity. Our author is speaking of those writers who take it upon themselves to predict the year of our Lord's appearing, and consequently assails the Year-day theorists.

Such predictions have so often failed that one might have hoped it would have taught discretion to the successors; but it has not done so yet. The attempts to calculate time have throughout been based on a false assumption. It is generally assumed that time is expressed mystically in prophecy, and that a day signifies a year. This notion is considered to be established by two passages, the first in Numbers xiv. 34: "After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, even forty days, each day for a year shall ye bear your iniquities, even forty years." The second is Ezek. iv., 5, 6: "I have laid upon thee the years of their iniquity, according to the number of the days, three hundred and ninety days; so shalt thou bear the iniquity of the house of Israel. And when thou hast accomplished them, lie again on the right side, and thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days; I have appointed thee each day for a year." But these passages will not establish the position in question. For, first, even if these were valid instances, what was appointed in these cases, was not, so far as we are told, appointed as a rule for all. Nor, secondly, do these their very chosen passages affirm the principle in debate. For what is it? It is, that in prophecy, where a day is predicted it means a year. According to this, therefore, God should have foretold in the first case, that Israel should remain in the wilderness *forty days*, which the fulfilment should have evidenced to mean *forty years*; but God predicts the time of their sojourning in the wilderness as *forty years*. "Your children shall wander in the wilderness *forty years*, and bear your whoredoms, until your carcasses be wasted in the wilderness;" Numb. xix. 33. It is nowhere predicted as a *forty days'* sojourn. That each day of their unbelieving search of the land was punished by a year's wandering, is nothing to the point before us. The prophecy is in years not in days. "*Ye shall wander forty years*. And it was fulfilled by a *forty years'* sojourn. Their own case therefore is against them.

But neither will the second passage any more avail. For the theory is this, that in foretelling the future, a day stands for a year. The present instance then is nothing to the point. It was a simple exhibition to the people of Judah and Israel of a *past fact*; the iniquity of Israel had lasted three hundred and ninety years; the iniquity of Judah forty years. The prophet was to exhibit this to the people by lying on his left side three hundred and ninety days, and on his right, forty. Until then the exhibition of the past shall be the same as the prediction of the future, the present instance is good for nothing. Had the prophet been told to lie on his side seventy days, each day to denote a year of the Babylonish captivity, it would have been a case in point; as it is, there is not an atom of prophecy in that part of the translation which is adduced by our opponents.

It is strange, moreover, that with so many instances of days and years expressed literally in prophecy, and fulfilled as literally, men should so long uphold this hypothesis. The time of trial of the antediluvian world was one hundred and twenty years; literally foretold, literally executed. The same is true of the threat of the rain of the deluge; *forty days* threatened, *forty days* in the performance. Above all, the prophecy of our Lord's resurrection "after three *days*," seemed to be ever smiting with contradiction, the most direct and destructive, this unfounded theory. If this

hypothesis were true, Jesus ought to have predicted his resurrection after three hours, or having predicted it as he did, not to have risen till the third year.

If therefore the foundation principle of the calculations of Christs' return be thus utterly deficient, what marvel that all the dates fixed by presumptuous men have failed? They must fail. And they are presumptuous men, who, when the Lord has told us, "of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father," vainly pretend to be wiser than their Lord. It is to be hoped that in future they will keep their calculations secret, instead of ministering an occasion to the scoffer and the half-hearted christian. Their failures throw an entire discredit upon the study of prophecy; a discredit extrinsic to itself, for the Scriptures disavow any such calculations. Let them examine afresh the "day-for-a-year theory," by the light of Scripture, and if unprejudiced, they can hardly fail to be convinced of its futility. Shall "seven times" in one place of Daniel mean seven *years*, (iv. 25,) and in another passage, shall a "time" mean three hundred and sixty years? Common sense rebukes the idea.

"But the 'seventy weeks' of Daniel, mean seventy weeks of years, and here therefore a day is put for a year." This requires far better proof than has been given. It is hard to imagine that a prophecy is fulfilled respecting which authors are so divided. I deny that it has been fulfilled, and expect its accomplishment in literal weeks. If it be true that prophecy is intended to confirm the believer after it has come to pass by the clear discovery of the result, then assuredly this has not come to pass, for doubt and uncertainty altogether envelope its fulfilment. And this point is therefore justly urged on those who at once hold that prophecy is intended not to forewarn the believer of things that are to come to pass, but to strengthen his faith by the clearness of evidence when they are come to pass; and also that the Revelation of St. John is in great part accomplished,—that on their own showing it cannot have been fulfilled, since doubt and difference beset every scheme of its interpretation as already fulfilled. Since then it does not confirm the faith of the Church by the evident clearness of its fulfilment, it is clear it has not been fulfilled.

Mr. Govett's doctrine, that miracles will again invade the present ordinary current of the laws of nature, certainly at times leads him to draw very largely upon *common sense*, and also upon the belief of those who are of opinion that the Christian religion needs no further evidence. The last idea he admits to be just and true, in the present state of antagonism and infidelity. But then he looks forward to the period when the "Powers of evil may arise and exhibit testimonials against it, (the Christian religion,) false indeed, but of strength sufficient to show the faith even of those whose hearts are true." However, "it is not till the 'time of the end' is begun, that miracle is to be anticipated;" not "till the gospel has been preached in all nations for a witness," and not "until all nations shall join in the wickedness," viz., of apostacy and the total rejection of truth. But may not the reader fairly charge our author with resorting to

assumption and pure conjecture, quite unsupported and unauthorized by the record? Nay, have we not a right to complain of his having recourse to the sort of production which he condemns in others? So true it is that almost any commentator who has undertaken an exposition of the Apocalypse, has become a prophet, and that as soon as he began to explain he began also to foretell, without at all having discovered the true way to the interpretation of the visions, seals, trumpets, thunders, evils, and awful prophecies of the book.

The Futurists must find themselves, we should suppose, constantly striking against stumbling blocks, and terribly driven to their shifts when dealing with prophecy where the language, taken in its literal sense alone, foretells miraculous and transcendent events. "Could not Joshua in our day bid the sun retain his position in the sky?" asks Mr. Govett; "or could not Moses smite with his rod the waters of the Thames and turn them to blood, at the word of the Lord?" "He then follows up these assumptive and inconsequential questions by arguing that the passage in the Apocalypse, now to be cited, is to be interpreted just as a child would understand it,—“The second angel poured out his vial upon the sea.” Now, he contends that the event as literally foretold will as assuredly hereafter take place, as did that which is narrated in Exodus, when Moses smote the waters which were in the river and they were “turned into blood.”

If the one was a miracle, shall not the other be so? If the one was literally fulfilled, shall not the other? Or does it destroy the inference, that in the one case the prediction was fulfilled an hour after it was given, and in the other, that it will not be accomplished till after the lapse of many centuries? Or shall it be harder to the Lord God Omnipotent to change the water into blood than *fresh water*? \*\*\* Who can say that the one of these passages is figure, and the other fact? and that while the one prophecy, as is confessed by all, had a literal fulfilment, the other will have only a symbolical accomplishment?

Let our readers examine Mr. Govett's arguments, and then they will see how he endeavours to buttress his position; just as they may in many other instances, where, in our opinion, and to our habitual impressions of the spirituality and divinity of the word of prophecy, the symbolic grandeur and exalting vitality of the passage are materialised and degraded to a degree that sometimes has affected us with a shudder instead of awe.

Take one illustration more of what we consider to be puerile, if not coarse and cold literality:—

The fourth trumpet affects the heavenly bodies, “And the fourth angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise.” Now, this seems evidently to connect the present passage with the vision of the woman in heaven, which is the subject of the twelfth chapter:

for there we read, that the dragon stood before the travailing woman, "And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." The agency employed to smite the heavenly bodies, is, therefore, here presented to us. It is Satan, to whom is given permission thus to cast down the third part of the stars. But now many difficulties arise. What are we to understand by the stars? Are they the literal stars, or angels? Angels they cannot be, primarily in this passage of the Apocalypse, because the verse proceeds, after mentioning that the third part of the stars was smitten, to observe as the consequence of the infliction, that "the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise." It must be then the literal stars, for they only could affect the night; as the sun alone could affect the length of the day. But if the stars be literal, how could bodies vaster than our sun, fall to the earth without crushing it? The meaning, I suppose to be, that to spectators on earth, they will seem to be falling towards it, as is the case with the common meteors, called falling stars. (!!!) All the stars shall, at the final judgment, pass away; and why not a part of them before it?

Now, let our readers judge whether the literal system of exposition does not involve its disciples in inextricable difficulties, if not in gross absurdities and pitiful feebleness. We have given Mr. Govett credit for ingenuity and dexterity; but really we have also at times felt obliged to accuse him of tempting to jocose trifling, although the theme was appalling or magnificent to an unparalleled degree and beyond all human striving to conceive.

What remains of that which we have marked for abstract or extract relates to the Wild Beast or Antichrist and to Rome. Many pages of the volume are occupied with these subjects, so that our citations cannot be but much disjointed, furnishing a most imperfect report.

Mr. Govett, to the questions, Who is Antichrist? and whence does he come? answers, that probably Nineveh will be the place of his birth; that probably he will be a Jew, and of the tribe of Dan, by one or both of his parents, and that "he will die and rise again;" but that "it is not till after his resurrection, that he appears as the fearful and formidable being predicted in so many oracles." "His death will appear on good grounds to be real: for the whole world will wonder at him on his restoration to life." But—

While the *body* of antichrist will be the same that appeared at first as the seventh head of the wild beast, the *soul* animating that body as the eighth head, will be a different one from that which dwelt in the same body at first. This will to many appear utterly incredible, no doubt. I can only say, that no theory, but the guidance of the declarations of Holy Writ, has led me to believe it. My belief is then, that the wild beast has already appeared on earth—has lived a man among men, and died; that a second king, resembling him in character, has yet to appear, and be slain either in battle or by treachery; and that the body of that king so slain, will be reanimated by the soul of one of the five of the first kings. \*\*\* The mark of the wild

beast must also be a literal mark. This will appear, if we consider that on its presence or absence depends the permission to buy or sell. It cannot therefore be any spiritual mark, it cannot be any thing invisible; for man is not able to look within the soul, and words may deceive, but the mark stamped in the forehead or right hand, cannot. These are the two most conspicuous parts of the body, and are in general divested of clothing, hence they are the fitter for such a mark, and confirm the idea of their sensible and literal character. How indeed can a mark on the right hand or forehead, be other than a visible mark? its mark on the *soul* might be supposed to be figurative; but on the *body*, how can it be other than palpable to the senses? Moreover, we know that it must be either a number or an emblematic figure, or a name. Think then, if it be possible to imprint these on the forehead or right hand, other than visibly? Imagine the number 666 *figuratively* marked upon a *symbolical* right hand!

Mr. Govett proceeds to argue that neither the Popes nor the papacy can be Antichrist, or the Wild Beast, or the Woman on the scarlet beast, or the False Prophet, or the Image of the Wild Beast. The Pope confesseth that Jesus is the Christ, and acknowledgeth both the Father and the Son, and therefore cannot be either "the liar," or the "Antichrist." Nor is the Wild Beast an empire, but an individual. That it is not an empire, is thus reasoned:—

It has not, nor ever had, the crowned horns, (that is crowned kings) whatever be its deadly wound, whether the ruin of the imperial power, or what you will. All the world did not wonder at its recovery: nor is there anything very amazing in the restoration of the title of emperor under Charlemagne. Nor do any worship the devil in consequence of his giving power to the Latin empire, nor do they worship the Latin empire. Nor do they deny the possibility of successful war with it. Napoleon showed that it might not only be met on equal terms, but he subdued it, and took away the name of Emperor of the Romans. Neither again, does the secular Latin empire speak blasphemies; nor has it on its heads the name of blasphemy; let those heads be electors or what you please. Neither does it blaspheme God's tabernacle, or those that dwell in heaven. Nor does it make war with the saints and overcome them; for Protestants are found living at peace in Germany, Prussia, America, and Great Britain; nor has it power over all kindreds, tongues, and nations; as, for instance, America, Africa, the Asiatic territories, and Russia. \* \* \* In the same way it may be shown that it is not the Pope. He has not ten horns, or Satan's throne, or a head wounded to Death, after which all the world wonders; nor is it impossible successfully to make war with him, as Napoleon fully showed. Nor do men worship Satan for giving him power. Thus we might go on.

And in this literal way does Mr. Govett go on throughout. Still, according to his interpretation, Babylon is Rome,—Rome Papal as well as Pagan. She has "concentred in herself the crimes of Paganism and of corrupted Christianity; both of which lie heavy upon her. Were she indeed to repent of her wickedness, God would forgive, but the prophecy of her overthrow assures us that she will

not." "The Apostle beheld her drunken with the blood of the saints and martyrs of Jesus. This has once been fulfilled, though it may be doubted whether it has not yet to have a future further fulfilment. The souls crying for vengeance under the altar appear to portend this. And the rising attitude of Rome, and the resuscitation of the superstitions patronized by her, betoken a coming time of persecution." All, or by far the greatest evil wrought by Rome and by the papacy is yet to come.

We have the lamentation of the merchants of the whole earth, over the fate of Babylon. But how, it may be asked, can this apply to Rome? It must be answered, that this is spoken of Rome, as she shall be when destroyed; not of Rome as she is now. St. John therefore predicts her rising to a pitch of opulence greater than she attained even under the emperors. Then she is the emporium for the riches of the world, and when she falls, all mourn, because commerce is, as it were, at an end. Some may say, how can this ever be fulfilled in Rome? We may reply, first,—generally, that God has many means of accomplishing his own purposes always at hand. Secondly, that it is evident that if the Roman Catholic religion recover its ascendancy over the world, it would almost necessarily entail a revival of the power and dignity of Rome, and so would open the door to traffic with all parts of the world.

Our author argues that there is even now a faint appearance of the probability of what he anticipates.

England and America, he says, are strongly assailed by secret and open friends of Rome, and converts are frequently going over to her. There will come a time then, it is probable, when, to renounce Protestantism will be fashionable, and then thousands, who are merely held to the present views by the slight thread of education, will abandon in a body, the uncompromising truths of the word of God, for a religion of sacraments and of forms. He must be slow of sight who does not perceive that this is the natural tendency of things, for which Puseyism is rapidly preparing the way. That is a position which cannot be maintained: they themselves have lately felt it. "We cannot stand where we are: we must go backwards or forwards." "Truths must be clearly stated, which as yet have been but intimated, and others developed which are now in germ. And as we go on we must recede more and more from the principles, if any such there be, of the English Reformation." (*British Critic*, No. 59, p. 45.) And whither will such reflection carry them? They hardly care to conceal it now—to Rome! To Rome—whither some of their more ardent disciples have already tracked the way. And as they advance nearer and nearer in that direction, the spirit of Rome will cover them as with a mantle, and persecution of the people of God will begin; that that may be fulfilled which the Lord hath spoken: "But and if that evil servant begin to say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken; the lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

We now open the volume by Mr. Birks, and at once avow that, whether it be prejudice and a foregone conclusion, or a resting on sounder foundations and yielding to far clearer tokens of demonstration, our convictions remain as they were anterior to our perusal of Mr. Govett's able work, strengthened and fortified however by the *First Elements*. To our apprehension the spirituality of the one system contrasts powerfully with the materiality and the sensualities, if we may be allowed the term, of the other. The vitality, the unction, the beautiful and august divinity which attach to the hypothesis, argument, and illustrations adduced by Mr. Birks, seem to be alien to, and repelled by, the system of interpretation adhered to by the other writer, in spite of all his ingenuity and resources. Having humbly ventured to confess thus far, our business is again to furnish some reports, leaving them to the judgment and fair criticism of all who take a proper interest in the solemn subjects.

The design of Mr. Birks' volume is to discuss "the first principles of the Christian prophecies, or the truth of those general maxims on which the best Protestant expositors repose." He is swayed by this consideration, that if the theories of the *Futurists* "are entirely groundless, the responsibility which they have is very great, and the effects of their error may prove extremely fatal to the Church. "The strongest bulwark," he continues, "against the revived zeal of the Romish Church will have been taken away when it is most needed; and the danger of a renewed apostacy will have been fearfully increased at the time when its guilt would be the most aggravate, and its punishment most speedy and sure." At the same time, Mr. Birks grants that, although in one or two instances, the *Futurists* have evinced "a strong leaning towards a modified Popery; and an instinctive dislike of the Protestant truth," yet that "there are others, and these the greater number, in which it would be unjust to offer the same explanation, and where there is no conscious intention of undermining the Protestant faith." One thing is certain, that Govett repeats his disavowal of all favour for Popery, and also for Puseyism; nor do we believe that he was swayed by any other motive than that of an earnest desire for the discovery of truth.

In the case of both volumes, the contents as mentioned in the successive chapters very clearly point out the order and extent of the subjects which are examined. Mr. Birks first considers the "Arguments alleged against the received Interpretations," by the *Literalists*, and to our mind corroborates Dr. Adam Clarke's experience about one person seeming to be right till another was examined. The second chapter deals with the "Presumptions alleged for the *Futurist Theories*," one of which is *The superior Simplicity of their own view*. This, says our author, appears to be a very favourite topic with the new school of interpreters, and therefore he



goes into it not only with minuteness but with a merciless power of exposure; for, "certainly," he observes, "from the strong statement of these expositors, and from the supercilious tone which one of them, at least, assumes towards previous writers, we should naturally expect remarkable clearness, simplicity, and harmony in their views." He therefore proceeds to bring to the test the alleged mutual harmony of the *Futurists*, by means of a pretty copious collation, after the following prefatory remarks:—

The discrepancies of Protestant interpreters are drawn from writers nearly four centuries apart, and of several countries and various sections of the Church; and they include the application of the prophecies to the events of three hundred years. On the contrary, those which I shall adduce are the variations of only five or six contemporary writers, partly in communication with each other, working on a common principle, as they profess, of extreme clearness and simplicity, with no facts to test them, no chronology to hamper them, no application to a wide range of Providence; but the events, so to speak, invented at will, as may best suit the theory. They are also the discrepancies of those who make the *discordance* of previous interpreters a conclusive and sufficient argument for rejecting them all, and who are thus doubly bound to be consistent themselves.

We take a few of the examples which Mr. Birks has collected from the writings of the *Literal* harmonists.

The head of gold :

The empire of Babylon.  
Nebuchadnezzar in person only.  
Probably Babylon and Persia in one.  
Undoubtedly Nebuchadnezzar himself.  
It "may be" Babylon and Persia.  
"High authority" for it being Babylon only.

The he-goat :—

The empire of Alexander.  
Still future.

The seventy weeks :—

Proved by the event to be four hundred and ninety years.  
Not sure they are not future.  
Not sure we are justified in taking them for years.  
Certainly four hundred and ninety days, and future.

The seven weeks :—

Forty-nine years, and past.  
Weeks and years, and future.  
Weeks of years, and past.  
Probably future, perhaps weeks of days.  
Weeks of days, and future.

These expositions collated from several Futurists are examples from a number upon Daniel; but Mr. Birks has still a longer list of *harmonies* when he takes them to task on the Book of Revelations. We copy out four or five of his testing instances of agreement.

The twelve hundred and sixty days :—

The time of the last Antichrist.  
Whole time of Israel's desolation.

The outer court unmeasured —

Jerusalem wasted by Antichrist.  
Extension of the Church under the gospel.

The two witnesses :—

Two eminent ministers, or a king and a priest.  
Moses and Elijah.  
The law and the prophets.  
Elijah and Enoch.

The resurrection of the witnesses :—

Literal, of Moses and Elijah.  
Spiritual revival of the Jewish Church.

The angel clothed with a cloud :—

A created angel.  
The Church, from Abraham onward.  
The Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Birks concludes his collation in these words :—

Such is the boasted harmony of the Futurist system, before which Protestant interpreters of the older school must hang down their heads and blush with shame for their own discordance. The disagreement in these novel theories is not partial but universal. It extends, with scarcely an exception, to any main point on which their labour has been bestowed; to those on which the Protestant interpreters agree, as well as to those on which they differ; nay, to those in which Protestants agree with Roman Catholics, and even Infidels with Christians. The reckless power of innovation, the shallow and sceptical spirit which is prompt at starting difficulties, and impatient of their solution, has left not one pillar standing in this temple of divine truth.

The "First Elements" having in several chapters confined the inquiry to those parts of Daniel's prophecies, and of the discourse of our Lord, which relate to events before the fall of Jerusalem, he next proceeds to a more difficult branch of the main subject,—the prophecies which belong to the Christian dispensation: more difficult and exciting not merely on account of the magnitude of the events and the fresh obstacles which necessarily arise, but the far stronger prejudices brought into play, and the party ecclesiastical questions involved. Of course we do not accompany him, but only

alight here and there. On adhering to the literal meaning we have these paragraphs:—

The maxim of interpreting literally, if taken alone, may lead to errors quite as serious as an opposite maxim of unrestrained and perpetual allegory. What do we mean by a literal translation? One in which words have the same sense ascribed to them which they usually bear in daily life. Now this is one-half of the truth needed for a right interpretation of the Scriptures. The word of God is a revelation to man. To be useful to men, it must be definite and intelligible, and in this sense, literal. But it is also a revelation from God. Now, to be divine, it must contain higher truth, nobler thoughts, more full and deep conception, than such as man conveys to his fellow-man. Therefore, in employing human language, it must exalt and expand the meaning of the terms which it employs. It belongs to that kingdom of God which eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man. Hence all its messages bear this same character. They are literal, for they are given to man; they are mysterious, for they proceed from God. To rob them of their mysteriousness is just as fatal as to dissipate them into uncertain allegories.

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These two principles of interpretation have, therefore, to be kept, equally in view, and serve to limit and explain each other. Those allegories are to be rejected which have no definite basis, both in the special features of the text and the general analogy of divine truth. That literature is to be renounced which involves a contradiction to the purified reason, or narrows and contracts the messages of God below the instincts of a holy and spiritual mind. Errors from one cause are as frequent and dangerous as from the other. From a false allegory on the two swords of St. Peter, Popery has extracted the doctrine of the universal jurisdiction of the Roman see, with both temporal and spiritual power. By a false literalism, it has perverted the words of Christ into the senseless figment of transubstantiation—the main key-stone of all its spiritual delusions.

On some of the absurdities to which the attempt to explain the Apocalypse by adhering to the literal sense conducts:—

Thus, Mr. Tyso, who, perhaps goes furthest in the grossness of a pseudo-literal sense, makes the locusts, in the fifth trumpet, "literal insects, bred in the smoke of the bottomless pit, as insects are commonly in a blight." In like manner, the woman in chap. xii. is "some pious and excellent woman, perhaps a queen," who shall exist in the last times. And, on the same principle, he may maintain that the sun and moon shall literally forsake their orbits to form the wardrobe of this pious woman.

Mr. Birks is the triumphant expounder, as we think, of the year-day theory, as compared with the system of most inadequate literalities clung to by the Futurists. Perhaps, he nowhere more satisfactorily acquires himself than in his exposition bearing upon the sacred numbers. But we must not go into the subject, and can only re-

commend it to our readers to examine the passage quoted from Mr. Govett relative to the generally adopted, but, as he argues, erroneously conceived method of calculating time in prophecy, along with what is still more skilfully advanced in the pages at present before us.

Our last citations of all shall be taken from the "Concluding Observations" of Mr. Birks. Altogether independently of weight in his argument, the ideas are rich, abundant, and full of a fervent light. He ably contends that we are not to view fulfilled prophecies as effete and worthless.

On the contrary, there is no part of divine truth which, if patiently studied, would repay the Church more richly with spiritual profit and delight. It has perhaps been too much the case hitherto, that interpreters have rested content with tracing, or seeking to trace, the correspondence of the event and the prediction. It is high time to take a step further onward in this inquiry and to explore still further these treasures of divine wisdom. This would be the best and noblest revenge on those errors which have lately troubled the faith of the Church, and threatened to bring her back to universal scepticism on this part of revealed truth.

The great importance of the distinction of the past and the future:—

Man, in his fallen state, can scarcely pierce at all through the dark veil which conceals coming events from his view. The contrast, in this respect, between fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecy, is complete; and the practical use of each is entirely distinct. But when we rise to look upon the prophecies in their higher and nobler aspect, as the unveiling of Christ, the distinction almost entirely disappears. In the sight of God himself, who is unchangeable, the past and the future are alike transparent, and form one harmonious counsel of manifested love. And the higher the Christian rises in spirit and attainment, the more does he lose sight of that changing point of time which severs the future and the past, and views the whole plan of redemption, reflected in the mirror of prophecy, in the purest unchanging light of eternity.

There is a number of practical benefits to be derived from the proper study of fulfilled prophecies. One of these benefits is to be found in the sacred associations which are thus thrown around all the main objects of classical pursuit.

The period from Cyrus the Great to the time of Augustus, Vespasian, and Titus, was the golden era of classical learning. And this is just the period to which these fulfilled prophecies belong. All the main subjects, named and unfolded in the classic authors of Greece and Rome, here meet us in a new and sacred connexion. And since the diseased woman could say, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole," surely an effect, not unlike, must result from the contact of this new and sacred ele-

ment with these truths of profane history. The conquests of Cyrus, and his appointment as the minister of vengeance on Babylon and mercy to Israel; the greatness of the three kings who succeeded him; the enormous wealth and vast expedition of Xerxes; the changing form of the leopard dominion of Greece; the might, and victories, and rapid course of Alexander, and the divisions of his kingdom, the court of the Ptolemies, the abode of art and science; and the power and fall of Antiochus, are subjects which meet us everywhere in the standard authors of Greek and Roman literature. Now these are the facts which the prophecy here singles out for notice. And surely nothing else could be so effectual a cure for the moral taint which is so apt to infect the pursuit of classical learning, amidst the records of heathen history, and the triumphs of Grecian oratory, and the subtle and deep speculations of Athenian sages, that One was standing among them whom they knew not; and that the victories of Thermopylæ and Marathon, and the minutest events in those proud triumphs of Greece and Rome, were revealed links in that mighty chain of events which was to prepare for the higher and nobler triumph of the everlasting kingdom of Christ.

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*Library of American Poets.* New York.

THE first volume of this series, published several years ago, having fallen in our way, has suggested the idea of throwing together a few rapid and general observations; first, relative to the characteristics of English literature, and, secondly, to how far does its culture in America differ in appearance and spirit, or may hereafter differ, from what has already grown up in the mother country.

What is literature? Let us, in starting, inquire and endeavour to answer. The following definition and description, which appear to be not far wide of the exact thing, have been offered: literature is the product of the mind of man as made manifest and made permanent by language. Language and literature must ever be united; the one being the body, the other the spirit; they must ever act on each other, and advance with an equal pace. Now, the English language may, we think, challenge the entire circle of tongues, ancient and modern, both as regards the measure of its capacities, and the readiness with which it adapts itself to uses the most varied. It is rich in phraseology, powerful in utterance, flexible for all purposes. If so, English literature must exhibit similar excellencies, equal command, beauty, and grace. But we must go closer to the subject.

Literature, to view it according to its compass and capabilities in every sphere and region, comprehends whatsoever is powerful in eloquence, profound in philosophy, acute in argument, and instructive in history; all that is delightful in fiction, enchanting in the strains which poets sung, wild in romance, and tearful or mirthful in the drama. In short, whatever has been conceived in thought,

and has received the proper dress or sensible body, which expression and imagery communicate, being stamped upon the records of time, is literature. The literature of our age must then be the collected representation of the philosophy, the morality, the poetry of the period,—of whatever has emanated from uncommon genius, and been destined to bequeath its tokens and impressions to the future. The literature of a people must be the records thus left by the gifted men of every preceding age in their history; that of one nation differing from every other, just as the character of race or community, has its distinctive features, moulded by climate, geographical position, political institutions, and many other more or less obvious causes.

To understand, then, what are the characteristics of English literature it is absolutely necessary to have a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the English people as a nation.

Now the English are a reflecting and practical people at the same time; they reflect in order to be able to act, to know how to put into form and action the principles arrived at in the course of cogitation. Their object is not to think for the sake of thinking, but to obtain its end. They thoroughly believe in the importance as well as the reality of truth, their hearty and honest attachment to truth both as a principle, and as the straightforward avenue to success and happiness constitutes one of their broadest and most characteristic qualities. No doubt they are frequently cajoled and deceived, in their over confidence, by quacks and mere speculators. But the moment John discovers his mistake, he promptly endeavours to make the best use of the lesson, so that the mortification experienced does him all the more good; serving, in fact, to strengthen his attachment to the true. It results from all this that his natural share of sagacity is steadily cultivated, and that in matters of business, he not only thinks much, but seeks eagerly to think aright. Hence his proverbial penetration, his great foresight; astonishing the gay and mercurial Frenchman, and demonstrating to the speculative German, that although Mr. Bull may be laughed at because he is so practical, yet that he manages some how or another to place himself far before either, even both of his neighbours,—to command greater respect and trust among changes, and more power as well as independence at home. Above all, in questions of morals and religion, he asks what says conscience, and what the written word? To be sure he is not very new-fangled, even when suffering under grievances; although when he begins to put his head to the work of reform and amelioration it is done with his accustomed regard to real and home reaching consequences, not to the display of a brilliant experiment, or the illustration of an airy beauty of fancy.

All these lineaments and peculiarities are stamped upon English literature with a firmness and plainness which the most superficial

cannot but perceive, even when the purpose is merely to amuse or to be gay. You see in all the English authors who have a name constant proofs and evidences of a reflective turn of mind, of one that looks to the substantial for a basis, that philosophises relative to man as a social and domestic being, and very generally as man is conditioned in relation to the highest destinies. In fiction, for example, no one can be a successful writer for the English people, who is not a philosophical observer of man in his practical capacity ; and, in poetry, correct thinking, truthful delineation, is peremptorily demanded by the nation. The poet must so speak that the heart shall listen, or he speaks in vain ; and therefore thus to speak requires deep reflection and constant close observation, relative to the heart's nature and workings. If you examine into genuine English wit and humour, you will meet with similar proofs of earnest reflection, and desire to rest in truth. Hence the strong faith which lends such a warmth and such a manly reliance in regard to realities or truths, thoroughly believed to be such ; without which there can be no power and no enduring influence. Imagination may dazzle you, and cunningly combined sounds may tingle in the ear, but to reach and to abide in the heart, to carry the judgment along, even the poet must have both faith in truth and an eager eye to it ; all which requires necessarily long and earnest inward gazing. The Germans reflect deeply it is true ; and Englishmen have much in common with them, with this advantage that our countrymen are equally eager to put their thinking to a correct and profitable purpose. The French must first learn to think thus earnestly, and next to think aright, before they can either, in respect of reflection or of action, display the strength and breadth of Mr. Bull's characters and taste in letters.

In perfect accordance with what has now been said is the aspect as well as the soul and genius of English literature in all its graver departments. In these departments indeed, as must be expected, if the foregoing views be just, English writers will excel. And such is the fact we repeat : any other nation, perhaps all the other nations, of the world cannot present such a valuable body of truth, political, moral, and general, as the peculiar philosophic turn of the English mind has discovered, and treasures up in imperishable records. No other people can boast of so many sterling treatises, and so various, of which principles pointing to the most important ends are both the base and the superstructure. For principles have Englishmen, with unmatched perseverance and steadiness, thought, spoken out, and commandingly written ; for principles they have most manfully fought, bled, and died ; their intense reverence being not merely for the abstract existence but the actual and living never ceasing efficacy of principles.

Inseparable from this prominent feature, Englishmen boldly and

openly discuss principles, and are ever seeking to make them be felt. It is not only freedom to think, but freedom to declare his thoughts, that John Bull stands up for. Nothing was ever dearer to him, or more sturdily contended for, than the native rights of the mind. But that which we particularly seek to arrive at is this,---that these rights of the mind have not merely found fields of action in the course of national events and strong movements, and in the growth of her institutions, but of display and of real being in her literature. The feature spoken of has imparted a similar and identical cast, in most unmistakeable characters, to every species of writing, but is eminently displayed in the multitudes of volumes of a controversial and philosophic character,---one of the strongest evidences of stern strife for truth. In this broad field we might name a host of champions who have exhibited mighty prowess,---the majestic Hooker, the indignant Milton, the pungent Louth, and hundreds besides, whose weapons and method of fight have varied from the dextrous use of the flaming broadsword to that of the polished foil ; from the thunder of the cannon to the sharp biting missile of the rifle. We might conduct the enquirer within the walls of parliament, to the political arenas, to the sacred fanes, to the courts of law, in each of them laying our hands upon trophies and achievements which have never been matched for number, or surpassed in worth, in any country or age.

The philosophical characteristic of the English mind, which we are so hastily passing under review, it would be easy to show, has been eminent in the department of history, and even in the popular modes and trains of thought which the essayists have cultivated. It will be urged by foreigners that our country remains in the back ground, and is sadly deficient in respect of the science of mind and morals ; that we have no name deserving of celebrity in metaphysics and the science of being ; and that all we can pretend to is skill in applying principles to politics and morals, just as we are remarkably successful in relation to adopting wisdom when the object is practical and social matters. Be it so ; so long as we have the good clear sense of Locke and Reid, we may afford to dispense with Kant and Cousin : so surely as we possess the penetrating and far-seeing Bacon, with his oracular thoughts and crystal words, a purer or more lofty ideal of the scientific mind cannot be offered to the English imagination ; a better or more faultless model the English philosopher must ever despair to meet with, should he be so weak and far misled as to dream of the prodigy.

But to what land can you point the finger that shall take rank with England for genuine *humanity*, for manly feeling and character ? or where did a literature so healthy, robust, fresh, and heart-reaching ever grow to maturity. The Englishman has been accused of reserve, of coldness, of haughty and prideful bearing, to all who



may visit his insular shores. True, he is slow to form attachments ; he is a dull scholar in the arts of excessive politeness ; and he cannot well reconcile himself to the habit of giving license to his sensibilities. But balance the want of these externals with the firmness of his friendship when once formed, with his earnestness and depth of emotion and sympathy, even when apparently cold and austere, and his liberal hand in need, when an appeal is made for relief, succour, or countenance. He loves not to declaim but to act ; to boast of his generosity or idly to manifest it. Yet he proves himself not to be in reality deficient in these respects by the most irrefragable and tangible evidence. And then, along with all his depths, he is endeared with the loveliest sensibility to every genuine vein, even of humour.

Hence it is that the English excel in every department of poetry and fiction, in the apparently most opposite spheres. Whatsoever demands vigorous and lofty imagination, fervid feeling, high-wrought passion, condensed and controlled by a severe taste, it might be predicated distinguishes the sons of Britain. And yet it is not less true, that whatsoever calls for broad and resistless humour or flashing wit, has been best achieved by the same islanders ; the grand study by them being never to overstep the modesty of nature ; so that the fact is, while the writers on the continent do much very well, they have done little *so well* as the best of our own authors. The native good sense of the English character may be pronounced as the secret of the triumphs of English genius. Without this solid foundation even Shakspeare himself, with all his amazing resources, and the transcending magic of his unrivalled powers, would not have eclipsed every other man ; nor, again, would he have achieved his wonders, had he had any other than the English character from which to collect his materials. Without the English mind, and the English mine, he would have been a very inferior poet and dramatist to what he was. But, with these in possession, we have from many writers the three following elements,---thought and passion, rigid and reserved with respect, and a deep sensitive vein for wit and jocund laughter. In short, though foreigners complain of our unmoved coldness, no nation equals us for open-handed charity to the unfortunate and oppressed, nor for wonderful sublimity, passionate fire, tender touches, and genial genuine fun and pleasantry.

Everything that has now been stated, as achieved by English genius, is matter of history, and could be illustrated at a length, and by means of such a multitude of proofs, as might occupy volumes. But there is still one other characteristic above and beyond those we have so hurriedly glanced at ;---the spring, indeed, of some of them, and which modifies the whole,---that must not be overlooked, either in advancing to come to a just estimate

of the English mental and moral character, or that of the nation's literature :—we mean the pervading belief in religious truth, and the general sensibility of religious obligation.

Now, in viewing the influences hence shed upon the national literature, we do not so much look to it as giving a new form and spirit to its theology and books of devotion, as to its entering into the very substance of the community's mind. Faith, or belief in things not seen, as a moving spring of action, works another character to the men and the nation over which it bears rule, giving to their graver emotions a deeper tone, and to their warmer sympathies a more moving, a more comprehensive and yet definite tenderness. Superstition, by its narrowing influence, enfeebles and limits the powers ; scepticism dries up the loftier sentiments, and leads to sneering satire ; and formality is an enemy to freshness of thought and heartiness of feeling. But faith, as it brings man in contact with objects the most excellent and the most stirring, gives him vigour by the strong emotions which it begets, and the severe conflicts to which it subjects him. It makes him look abroad and upward, and thus enlarges his mind, while it elevates its sympathies. Think for a moment of the powerful spell which the English Bible has had upon the poets of this favoured land, upon almost every English writer who has been truly great, and whose works are destined to be immortal on earth. On the other hand, look to France, and compare the literary triumphs in the same walk throughout that land, during the period when no poet of eminence dared to derive his inspiration from the sacred source. Hence there was no rich substratum of earnestness and power, no speaking from the heart to the heart.

True, a man gifted with poetic fire and a vigorous imagination, may, as Byron has done, take the master passion of his own soul, and ring eternal charges upon this one theme ; but those who listen will fail to be permanently moved, except as they sympathise with his depressed peculiarity, or are startled by the poet's power. And yet the noble bard was not a little indebted to his inward reachings after faith, and which he could not repress. Though his ideal of a perfect man was incorrect, yet there is an irrepressible longing for peace between his passions and himself, which lends that mournful tone to all his verse which is not its least potent charm. From the depth of his restless spirit there comes up an under tone of mournful wailing which moves upon our sympathy and calls forth our tears. Contrast him with Scotland's favourite poet and noble son, the intensely human Burns. Every page of his poetry bespeaks the same convictions intertwined within the fibres of his heart, the same human sympathies beating vigorously in his inmost breast. Burns's ideal of man crowned and beautified his other great attributes with the heavenly grace of faith ; and though he

often wrote that which proved his forgetfulness of what he honoured, yet never does he speak with the fervour of his own most serious spirit and the inspiration of an honest heart, except when he contemplates man as he is allied to an elevated destiny, and holds within himself the awful trust,—free and accountable will.

Such is a most imperfect and extremely hasty glance at the great characteristics of England's literature, as it is affected by the principles, the spirit, and the faith of the English people. Well has it been said that our literature is a noble inheritance; and that the world can show no other like it. It is a magnificent repository of the just and the manly, of the tender and the heroic. And that it is estimated as such an unspeakably precious treasure, not only by multitudes of our fellow subjects, but by the enlightened and reflecting throughout America, where our language is equally their inheritance, is a most gratifying truth. In these trans-atlantic lands, it is to be hoped, that this immense inheritance will receive accessions, beautiful and substantial as that which has been received from our forefathers,—new wealth of the same ore, in its original and proper purity.

“ It is not to be thought, that the flood  
Of British glory,—which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flow'd, ‘ with pomp of waters manifold,’—  
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In their halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible knights of old :  
They must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spoke, the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held. In everything they're sprung  
Of earth's first blood,—have titles manifold.”

The question has been a good deal discussed, whether there has yet sprung up in America a literature of its own ; and if so, what are its merits ? Others, again, who deny its present existence, maintaining that all which America has yet produced is imitation, make it a question, whether there ever will be any such thing, and if so, what it will be.

With regard to what is, few will be so preposterous as to argue that, with some few distinguished exceptions, the books of American production have been other than contributions to the common literature of England, or that those books constitute even the germ of such a body of letters as shall reflect the peculiar American national spirit, and so as to re-act for salutary ends upon the national mind.

It seems to us to have been said with great justness, that before American literature can have a distinctive character, and before it

can perform its proper functions, it must be essentially shaped and impressed by the peculiar spirit of the American people; that however voluminous, elaborate, or elegant may be the works produced by the writers of American birth, if these be not American in tone and spirit, in the cast of ideas and sentiments, the literature of that people will always be to them, to a certain extent, foreign, and in some such measure as translations from the French or German are to the people of Great Britain; and that being deficient in the life and power of an original growth and culture, intertwined with all the associations, habits, and modes of thinking of the people, it cannot have a proper sway over their hearts, will have no adequate aim, and will perform but a trifling part in history. On the other hand, it is mentioned, when literature in America becomes conscious of the dignity of its functions, and grapples in earnest with the natural mind to lead it to elevate it, to controul it for worthy ends, it will immediately, and without an effort, adapt itself to the people, become distinct, stately, and authoritative throughout the entire domain of mind.

By keeping a steady eye upon the peculiar origin of the American people, upon the structure of their society and their government, an approach perhaps may be gained towards the solution of the question at issue; peradventure we may arrive at some not very erroneous guess concerning the sort of literature that is to spring into being in that country, bringing rich accessions to our already treasured wealth, fresh flowers and naturally flavoured fruit, gathered in a still unbroken or uncultivated field; if, indeed, it be destined that any such harvest is ever to ripen, and appointed to be reaped.

Let the speculation be relative not only to what must not be, but what ought to be, the characteristics of an American literature,---a literature, as already explained, which will not be a mere imitation of English models, not such as only catches the tone and apes the manners of our own fugitive productions, but such as may boast of a national epic, and a full body of national dramatic poetry.

There is a vast deal of the tone as well as body of the literature of the old world, which is closely allied, and indeed identified with the sentiment of loyalty, and this as distinct from patriotism. An Englishman, in his language, writings, and even in his daily learning, although he may happen to be one of the noisiest bawlers of radical dogmas, can hardly ever divest himself of the feudal sentiment. The truth is, we are a lord-loving people, paying an unconscious homage to high birth and rank, and proud, in spite of the most vociferous democracy, to count kindred with an aristocrat. We believe that the fiercest levellers, who leave our shores to settle in the American States, are at the first quite puzzled at the absence of this sentiment, and not only perplexed but ready to take offence

at the presumed vulgarity—that comes in its stead. Certainly, to the British novice there is at least the want of that romance which he has been in the habit of conjuring up when contemplating the feeling with which a Highlander looks on the hereditary chieftain of his clan,—the feeling with which a faithful vassal followed his superior to war without even a passing thought about the reason of the quarrel in which his all was perilled,---the feeling with which a hearty Englishman naturally regards his lawful sovereign. True, this feeling is on the wane amongst us, still it will long outlive the feudalism in which it originated ; so that at this day, when the shout or the song “ God save the Queen ” rings throughout a theatre or rends the air, it is not alone that she is beloved as the chief magistrate, but that she has a hereditary and personal right in us, is entitled to our warmest homage and greatest services in defence of her crown and inheritance.

But the American, to be consistent, can cherish, can understand little or nothing of this sentiment, this loyal feeling. He can only bring it home to his imagination by a strong effort, instead of finding it implanted in him, as an indissoluble thing ; a principle, an existent reality, to give a character to his speech, his ordinary discourse, to his daily learning, and chief of all to the volumes he may compose, be they in the shape of fiction, or even of bitter controversy with that of which he cannot divest himself, viz., an inbred respect and allegiance. We were at one time familiar with a learned professor, who was looked upon by all who knew him to be one of the most consistent, as he was assuredly one of the most respectable and able denouncers of the monarchical principle that the country could produce. Yet when, for the first time, he beheld a king,—one too whom he was in the habit of mentioning in terms not the most complimentary, he forgot all his democracy and all his previous disrespect: he huzzaed and he tossed his hat with the lustiest and least informed of the joyous crowd ; and he afterwards declared that he could have knocked any man down near him who should at the moment have attempted to mar the loyal burst ; nay, that he experienced such an enviable amount of not only loyalty to his sovereign, but love for his rejoicing fellow-subjects, and pride in his father-land, that he thought nothing which the world could ever offer would tempt him to choose another home than that over which the Fourth George wielded the sceptre.

We contend that this is a sentiment that deeply imbues all our literature, all our associations, and all our actions. But no such thing can properly find room in an American mind, or in an American book of genuine birth and sentiment.

Other feelings akin to that of loyalty amongst us, which pervade many of our most ordinary thoughts, colouring our opinions, swaying our movements, and determining perhaps the entire current of our

lives, may be pointed to as quite natural and necessary to our well-being, but as scarcely compatible with American forms of society and American pretensions. Take the pride of birth, for example. Now, we do not mean that the son of a man morally great, or who has worthily earned wealth, influence, and distinction, on the other side of the Atlantic, is not to be proud of such parentage, or of a line of equally illustrious ancestors. To argue in this way would be to contradict a beautiful law of nature. But what is intended is this,—that in American sentiment, or the books that record the complexion and soul of the national feeling, titles, honours, or superior distinctions of any sort can never consistently minister to family pride, unless the earners of the enviable honours have achieved eminence by their efforts to confer the greatest happiness on the greatest number, and unless the heirs labour in the same walk with a like diligence and sincerity. In a country where it is proclaimed that all hereditary honours, all distinctions founded upon parentage are scouted and non-existent, it would be absurd to exhibit either in manners or in books what politically and socially is quite national and indeed wholesome in England, as an element of natural character, viz., feelings of pride and feelings of that relationship which have grown out of our long established feudal structure of society; feelings which cannot be disjoined from the laws of entail and primogeniture, or the growth and support of those great families which give to England such a decided complexion and spirit. Of course, we are not at present presuming to pass a judgment on the question,—which is the better condition, which the institutions and the abstract principles that promise most for the many. It is only with matters of fact that we are in the first place dealing; and secondly, with the literary consistencies in relation to those facts.

Again, the feudal sentiment of honour has had a great influence over the literature of England, and that of all European countries: for the code of honour is appropriated to the higher classes, conventionally and aristocratically speaking, and therefore must have extensively influenced large sections of the nation,—large at least in respect of sway, patronage, and fashion. How monstrously absurd, then, as well as morally heinous, would it be to find any portion of a proper and purely American literature,—be it in the form of fiction or of history, of statistics or of ethics,—expended about feelings and incidents which a consistent theorist could never imagine to have an existence; the nation being so boastful of equality, so loud about every man being born the heir of like honours with the son of the wealthiest or most influential magistrate,—and so eloquent concerning all sorts of honest labour being with them equally honourable. "With us," say they, "there are thousands of legislators, magistrates, and officers, who cultivate their own acres with their own hands, and who think none the less of themselves on that account,

and are none the less thought of by their fellow citizens." Surely, after this, we in England are entitled to require that no more shall be heard of the feudal code of honour, either in the life or the literature of America. Judge ye, our readers, how the fact stands at present.

Once more, the term *labour*, and the theory relative to it, claim a word when speaking of an American literature that can reasonably be called distinctively such. Say our transatlantic brethren, in the Old World, the contempt for honest toil, and the contempt for poverty, are inseparable; being pampered to a monstrous degree, in England, for example, by the circulation of "tales of fashionable life," and other books having the same tendency. Now, literature of the kind just mentioned can never properly have birth or acceptance where the state and pomp of aristocratic idleness is theoretically scouted, and held to be alien to the genius of the people and the entire institutions of the country. In the meanwhile we leave it to the reader to speculate with regard to the realization of that possible condition of the States, when no spot in the vast Union shall be profaned by a fettered step, or by the stroke of an unwilling hand, but when every where jocund labour shall look up to heaven in the conscious nobleness of perfect freedom. When that epoch arrives, there may be expected to have arisen, or to be about to astonish the world, a new and legitimately transatlantic contribution to the literary treasures of the Anglo-Saxon race.

So much for the negative views which we have speculatively taken. But what of the positive? Well, then, if America is to be true to her pretensions; if her sons and settlers are to fulfil the destinies which many in England contemplate; if the grandest experiment in government and the history of civilization is to be carried out in that country, it must needs be necessary that certain other feelings should be cultured, than those which have established and sustained the monarchies in the Old World, and that elements of still greater intrinsic worth and essential strength than those which were exercised during the feudal ages should characterise the new republic.

What must there be looked for to take the stead of royalty, for example, which is certainly a consolidating as well as a heart-stirring and elevating sentiment amongst us? The answer of an American must in all consistency be, a greater and more enlightened measure of patriotism, than can ever exist where society is divided into orders, and where even argue our younger brethren, patriotism in the lower orders is a dangerous thing. "Every one with us," say they, "who is not dead to virtue, loves his country with a manly affection,—thinks, reasons, inquires, acts for his country's welfare; whereas in Europe patriotism is another name for revolution. With us a citizen's pride is not that he is born of better blood than any one of his countrymen, but that he is the descendant of the *heroic age*, the men

of Bunkershill and of Yorktown; while his hopes for his posterity are identical with his hopes for his country,—are all patriotic, not personal." Now, this is all very well; but when we see their literature bearing the distinctive stamp of this exalted and unmatched sentiment, we shall then be able to cite something that is truly national and a precious accession to what has sprung up in Old England.

Just as in the case of loyalty there is a variety of republican virtues and civic principles which the American constitution and its admirers lay claim to, and which it would be most desirable to see mirrored in their native-born books, that appear to be akin to and inseparable from the extraordinary patriotism promised. We can at present, however, only glance at some of these beautiful and desirable points. For example, there must be a peculiar regard for law, as distinguished from the mere reverence for power, or that obedience which is rendered to the expression of the sovereign will. The government must be looked to as the organ, and the law as the expression of the popular reason and the popular will. Again, frugality and simplicity of manners are republican virtues, if theory may be trusted. Expenditure is to be lavished for the sake of the great federal republic, not upon the great men of the republic. And lastly, to be a national literature, that of America must not only inculcate and mirror all these features and virtues as being real, genuine, and of paramount controul, but it must be a literature for the people, and not for any one class; whilst an indispensable element of it must be the spirit of the Christian religion. "When," says the sanguine republican, "the American system shall have been perfected, and the whole population shall have been trained under its influences, there will be a reading population,—one to be moved and charmed by poetry, to be enlightened and elevated by history, to be taught, argued with, respecting their rights and their duties. Then how many millions upon millions of readers will constitute that public to which American literature shall address itself."

The picture, even in imagination, is beautiful; one loves to dwell upon its outline, upon every portion of its expanse. But then the reality, the realization? When and where? Is it all a Utopian dream? We would fain lay our hand upon some strong anchor of hope. We wish we could even say that the external characteristics of America have already been impressed upon the literature of the nation, and given to it colourings and shadings commensurate with the mighty features of its untamed forests, its limitless prairies, its majestic rivers, its ocean-like lakes. Something, no doubt, has been done in this way: but much more, we trust, is in reserve, even were it but of the character of description and in the various departments of natural history.

Do not despair. The nation is young: she has already achieved wonders; she is daily bounding into lustier life: and will yet have



leisure to look within and to test her mental strength. She is mainly of the best stock, and she has treasures the same as our own. Literature, in all probability, will cease to be viewed by the many as a merely elegant amusement; will be taken as a severe, a manly subject and weapon, calculated to advance the interests as well as to take strong hold of the affections of the American people. There is great hope in this, there is almost certain triumph.

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## NOTICES.

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ART. XIII.—*The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments: a Translation of the First Book of the Rationale, &c., of Durandus; with an Introductory Essay.* By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, and the Rev. B. WEBB.

WE have been unwilling to go into this volume, seeing that the task would inflict upon us the duty of discussing the merits of Puseyism, and a variety of the resuscitated notions that have for some time been distracting the Church of England. It may be sufficient to state that the sometime bishop of Mende, in the mystical and excessively Catholic spirit of a bygone age, discovered a spiritual signification and a sacred symbolism in certain architectural arrangements and forms; and that the authors of the Introductory Essay would have all those artists who undertake to plan and to construct ecclesiastical edifices not only to be guided by the recondite principles of their symbolism, but to be inwardly filled and moved by a *sacramentality* of principle and feeling; nay, that they should be set apart for this mystical and heavenly service, something after the manner of those who take orders in the Catholic Church. They should understand, perpetuate, and everlastingly be guided by the genius of symbolic representation and conformity. According to the Essay, simple artistic knowledge "will no more enable a man to build up God's material, than his spiritual temples;" for a Catholic architect must be a Catholic in heart." He must, it would appear, if Durandus is to be taken for an interpreter, devoutly cherish the thought, that "the refectory is the love of holy meditation; the cellar, holy Scripture; the dormitory, a clear conscience, with a whole array of such cabalistic understanding and spiritual intent, more or less to be expected in a superstitious age, but hardly agreeable to the professions of Protestantism, unless when sublimated by Puseyite conceit and the revival of antiquated and monkish lore.

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ART. XIV.—*Thornton's British Empire in India.* Vol. V. Part VI.

THIS Part contains a general Index of the entire work, besides the title-page and contents of the fifth and finishing volume. We are disposed to speak of the Index as a model in its way, being not only ample and em-

phatically worded, but pointing the eye in a perspicuous order to the salient points and to the substance of the whole book. It is to be observed, however, that few publications of the magnitude of the present could prompt to such a satisfactory epitome; so lucid is the arrangement, so graphic the narrative, and so steady the views. But we have so frequently, as the parts serially made their appearance, expressed in short notices our sense of the value of the work, that it would be only to go into repetition were we in a similarly confined space to pronounce a judgment. Both as regards subject and treatment it is a production meriting an elaborate review; so that all we shall undertake to say on this occasion is that the book displays in unmistakeable characters the calm dignity of an accomplished historian, and one who has gone to his task in the full possession of its great requirements, and with a profound sense of his responsibility.

ART. XV.—*Schonberg's Chain-Rule*. 2nd Edition, improved.

We spoke in deservedly very laudatory terms of this clever work when it first appeared, and would be more than justified in repeating the opinion, especially in the case of an improved edition. The author has displayed remarkable ingenuity, and this has been for an important end, where amendment and simplification were really required. It is a pretty little volume, and contains besides sound instruction, subjects and illustrations that cannot but prove interesting in an attractive way to the learner, be he young or of mature years. In short, it is a near and pleasant cut to Arithmetic.

ART. XVI.—*Proverbs for Acting*. By Miss PICKERING.

A SWEET volume, crammed with truth and entertainment. Nature and Dramatic point, perfect facility and cultured taste characterize these dialogues and scenes. The Will,—The Uncle,—The Wedding Day,—The Return,—The Fortune-Hunter,—To be, or not to be,—The Reception—and The Report, are each and all fraught with sense, accurate delineation, and happily conceived situations. The book is one of the best for the holidays, but will at all times impress with wholesome as well as touching lessons; conveying a very high notion of the qualities of the lamented writer's heart and head. We must leave it to the juvenile and every other generously curious reader to exercise their ingenuity for the discovery of the solutions of these cleverly concocted little dramas.

ART. XVII.—*The United States of America*. Vol. I. Edinburgh Cabinet Library. By HUGH MURRAY, F. R. S. E.

THE first of three volumes to be devoted to the United States of America, and promising to be equal to any of the other publications which the firm of Oliver and Boyd have issued under the designation of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*. The work is to comprise the history of the States from the

earliest period, their industry, commerce, banking transactions, and natural works ; their institutions and character,—political, social, and literary ; with a survey of the territory, and remarks on the prospects and plans of Emigrants. The Illustrations of Natural History are by James Nicol ; the Portraits and Engravings by Jackson. The volume before us is historical, giving an account of the discovery of the country, the origin and establishment of the several colonies, and a sketch of the revolutionary war down to the declaration of Independence. Of course the work is a compilation in one sense of the term ; but as we have had occasion to remark relative to earlier portions of this Library, it is done by a person who has thoroughly digested all the particulars and made them his own. Instead of being a scissors-and-paste piece of business, rudely and inartistically put together, it is the production of a skilful craftsman, and one who is ever ready to enrich his collected materials with original observations and critical wisdom. The war with the mother country is discussed with uncommon closeness and weight. The chapter is brief but charged with light and truth.

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ART. XVIII.—*Glimpses of Nature, and Objects of Interest Described during a visit to the Isle of Wight.* By Mrs. LOUDON. With Illustrations.

THESE Glimpses by the author of "Botany for Ladies," and other warmly appreciated works, are "designed to assist and encourage young persons in forming habits of observation." And Nature is not only the wide and varied sphere contemplated, but the survey and the reflections are all conducted in the most natural and effective way. Mr. and Mrs. Loudon undertake along with their little girl, an excursion to the Isle of Wight, and seize every opportunity not only to observe but to lead the child to a profitable and pleasing method of conducting her observations, so as that the conviction that everything in nature—however common—place it may to the unreflecting appear, is seen to be rife with unbursting suggestion, and may at all times be rendered the text of valuable truths and beautiful illustration. The work abounds with facts, which, however, are not pressed into service by the shoulders. On the contrary they are uniformly, as well as the lessons from them, quite unforced ; the intelligent child's queries, which have a good deal of character about them, drawing her parents out, it may be, about an ordinary shell or sea weed. Writers for juvenile minds will do well to take a lesson from Mrs. Loudon, both in regard to the business of how to observe and what to observe for the accomplishment of teaching, and also how and when to impress the tender and inquisitive mind of childhood, with wholesome truths, and to beget habits that will never become tiresome.

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ART. XIX.—*The Influence of Respect for Outward Things: in Two Dialogues.*

THE author of these Dialogues in one passage thus speaks : "I assert that all opinion which is characterized by the corrective and beneficial influence of truth, is invariably formed in the depths of society ; and that all forms of

thinking originating in other quarters, in proportion as they are at variance with it, are necessarily and radically false and injurious. This power of forming and diffusing that opinion which is to regenerate every part of social organization is the line of demarkation between ancient and modern times. It is a distinction of the utmost moment. A labouring population possessing a vast numerical superiority, free, growing in intelligence, trained in some degree in the discussion of human rights, impelled by the experience of sufferings to unremitting inquiry into its causes, and adopting to some extent those elevated ideas of virtue which contact with the sterner realities of life elicits in nobler minds, is a new feature in the moral world and renders all reasoning from the past to the present and future nugatory. The exquisite misery which distinguishes modern civilization is destined to fulfil a high office, that of directing the whole amount of mental activity to the solution of a problem so grand as to leave no man of ordinary benevolence the shadow of an excuse for the guilty presumption of thinking upon any subject wholly unconnected with it,—How to obtain the benefits which flow from the development of the human mind with the smallest admixture of incidental evil." In this passage, and indeed throughout the two dialogues, there run indications that the author has pretty clearly apprehended not only external signs, but some of the deep-flowing elements of new adjustments as well as of established principles in the development of civilization. All right minded persons perceive and feel a feverish anticipation, intense solicitude for the future, an eager craving after a state of things when sympathies shall be largely and tenderly reciprocated between the higher and the lower class, instead of the arrival of that threatened collision which many actual and operating circumstances in real life, as well as less openly expressed prejudices have so long served to produce. In the single matter of education there has been little in common between the two extremes of society,—between the worthy and privileged few, and the labouring masses. Toil, privation, and discontent on the one hand have very largely been the tutors, while on the other, a system of exclusion, leading not only to ignorance but a perilous contempt of those conventionally far below, have been working so as to threaten total disorganization and perhaps a deadly contest. It affords at the same time some grounds for hope and consolation, that while among the upper classes education both in academies and by the resistless voice of the age is becoming more practical, the light which is breaking in upon the million promises to be directed in a great measure by an intermediate class of searching and sobering minds, while this million itself may ere long come to such a conviction of truths elemental to the well-being of the entire community, as to work healthily as well as strenuously to the establishment of that new order of sympathies and relative position which all feel to be inevitable, although no one seems to be sufficiently far-sighted as to apprehend and measure. A work like the small one before us will, however, be consulted at least with that sort of profit which results from calmly and ingeniously directed speculation, especially when a benevolent interest imbues the spirit of the writing.

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FOR

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ART. I.—*Music Explained to the World; or How to Understand Music and Enjoy its Performance.* From the French of FRANCIS JAMES FETIS, Director of the *Musical Review* of Paris. Translated for the Boston Academy of Music. 1 Vol. Wiley and Putnam.

AT an early period, in the history of the first human family, we read of a father or teacher of all who played upon the harp or organ. Tubal, a son of the family of Cain, is the first man on record of whom we learn anything as founding a science, which has ever been most highly valued, even from that remote age. From this we may be justified in the remark that the Creator of the Universe sanctioned the noble art of giving health to the "swelling organ's pipes," and vibration to the solemn harp-strings, as a powerful aid to man in chanting the praises of Him who had made the world from nothing. This record shows us, then, that wind and stringed instruments were of a date almost contemporary with the creation. They are often mentioned in the Scriptures, and these, with the remarks of historians of early date, shew us a gradual improvement in their construction and general use. Timbrels, cymbals, psaltery and harp,—the pipe and organ,—are often referred to in Scripture, and in the works of ancient writers;—and to them—to the simple *avena* of the days of which Virgil sang, and the "unequal reeds" with which the strains of the sylvan Pan were chanted, are we indebted for all our musical instruments.

The Greeks were indebted to the Phœnicians for whatever of music, as an *art*, they possessed. The first music mentioned in their history is that of the *Idæi dactyli*, which was performed at the feast of Jupiter, being merely a rhythmical clash of swords. But the lyre was the first regular stringed instrument of which we find any mention as having had an existence among the Greeks; and the account given by their own writers of its origin is not unamusing, though, of course, as a part of their national mythology, purely fabulous. Horace tells us that the lyre was invented by Mercury, under the following circumstances. This wily patron of thieves had abstracted a portion of Apollo's herd, and sought some cave unvisited by the beams of the day-god, where he might secure his booty unmolested. As he was entering his den at the foot of the Arcadian mountains, he observed a tortoise feeding, which he killed and ate. The shell afforded him amusement after his repast,—and by drawing a thong carelessly across it, he was pleased to discover its capability of producing a musical sound. Out of thongs of the oxen's hide, he made strings which he fastened upon the shell, and thus made for himself a new kind of music to divert himself with during his solitude. That this was the commonly received account of the origin of stringed instruments is apparent from other facts. The lyre held by Amphion in the celebrated Grecian group in the Farnese palace at Rome, and many other antique relics, especially the ancient celebrated globes or zodiacs, which have come down to the present age, on which are represented lyres made of the entire shell of a tortoise, with three strings, seem to be corroborative of the narrative just given, which thus proceeds:—Mercury afterwards presented his lyre to Apollo, who methodised the art of playing upon it, and, by the aid of the Muses, added other strings to extend its compass. Pindar calls it the “lyre of seven tongues,” but upon consulting another authority we are led to the opinion that the Greeks owe even this tradition to their more ancient neighbours, the Egyptians. It is certain that the Mercury who is described as having invented the lyre, is the same called by the Egyptians Hermes Trismegistus;—and an obelisk, erected, as is supposed, by Sesostris at Heliopolis, presents to the eye of the curious, the figure of an instrument furnished with two strings, which allowed—such was their construction—of being tuned in fourths, so as to produce a seventh—and in fifths, so as to give an octave. Moses was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, and thus we account for the music of the Israelites, so intimately associated with our ideas of the customs and manners of that ancient people.

But wherever *practical music* may have originated, it is certain that it was more cultivated in Greece than in any other country of which we have any history. Need we in support of this assertion do more than allude to the Pantheon of that lovely land? Apollo with

his seven-tongued lyre—the Muses dancing in cadence to his notes—the oak-crowned god with his shouting crew of Bacchanals—all proclaim it true. Her poets too—the brute-taming Orpheus, who, it is feigned, “drew stones, trees, floods” by the sweet strains of his harp—whose lyre was placed among the stars after his death, and near whose tomb the nightingales sang with sweeter melody than elsewhere. And Homer—for the honour of whose birth seven cities contended—Hesiod, the sweet Bœotian, whose drowned corse entranced dolphins drew on shore—the burning Sappho—nine-crowned Anacreon, and all that undying host, whose numbers yet are chanted throughout enlightened nations. Her poets, too, were all musicians.

We learn that Pindar, who was a native of Thebes in Bœotia, was son of the musician Scopelinus. He lived about five hundred and twenty years before Christ; upon his lips while yet in their lyrical infancy, it is said a swarm of bees were attracted to settle—a presage of his future eminence in the divine science. His odes remain alone of all his lyrical performances, and these have been translated by various hands, but excepting a few short fragments by Mr. Walsh, of Trinity College, Cambridge, prefixed by him as specimens to his excellent translation of some plays of Aristophanes,—never so as to be at all worthy of the original. The muse of Pindar was almost ever employed in celebrating the exploits of victors in the Grecian games.

The poet of the Iliad, to whom, as such, all Greece was not content with paying honour—but worshipped him as a god—was not, probably, a practical musician; although such is the euphony of his language—the rhythm of his lines,—and the numerous allusions to music contained in his poems, that one is naturally led by the perusal, to inquire into the probable state of the art in the era when he wrote. This era it is difficult to settle, as the accounts of the great poet's birth are many, and not easily to be decided upon. Yet the best reason exists to warrant us in the belief that, beside the lyre, the flute and trumpet were in use in Homer's time.

The mythology of the Greeks contains a curious tradition touching the flute. Minerva was wont to play upon this instrument in the presence of Juno and Venus, who ridiculed by mimicking the distortion of face caused by her exertion to perform with skill upon it. Minerva, though the goddess of wisdom, was yet of a sex not unapt to dread a diminution of personal charms—she fled to Mount Ida, and convinced herself of the justness of the ridicule she had received, by looking at her face in the fountain that flowed at her feet,—threw away her flute, and denounced death to him who should find it. Marsyas, a piper of Phrygia, is said to have found it,—and upon it made such proficiency as to be tempted to challenge Apollo to a trial of skill, which resulted in the Phrygian's defeat and death.

It is probable that Marsyas was the earliest performer upon this instrument, and perhaps, the inventor. The fable of his having discovered Minerva's flute, is no doubt a mythical compliment to his style of performance upon it. There was, also, in the time of Homer, an instrument called the syrinx, said to have been invented by the Sylvan deity. It was a pipe consisting of seven unequal reeds.

Horace, who lived sixty-three years before the Christian era, was a Roman citizen, and thus whatever may have come to us through his works upon the subject of practical music, will furnish an important chain in the link of its history. In his epistles, he tells us that formerly only very simple wind instruments had been used, having but few ventages,—but that there were none which could vie with the Roman trumpets. He is supported in his complaints against the loudness of these instruments by other poets of nearly a contemporary date; who, being obliged to raise their voices to an inconvenient pitch, while reciting or chanting in public, were thus cheated of a satisfactory display of their vocal as well as poetical talents. That such was the taste for vociferous music among the Greeks, may be inferred from an anecdote related in the history of a flute-player, named Harmonides, who, at the Olympic games, intending to electrify his audience by the intensity of blast, commenced a solo upon the flute so violently that he breathed his last breath and died upon the spot. And tradition tells us that at these games the trumpet players used to think it a subject of especial congratulation to have escaped rending their cheeks or bursting their blood vessels.

So far had Greece directed the progress of this science, under the four Roman Emperors; and, particularly under Nero, who is said to have regaled himself with music while Rome was burning before his eyes, music was cultivated as an object of luxury. The *gentle* monarch just mentioned, employed five hundred singers and musicians,—thus seeming to furnish a contradiction to the poet's belief that in the world there was

“Nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage  
But music, for the time, doth change his nature.”

Having traced, in a manner far too cursory to give anything but a guide for future research, the progress of this art from its origin to the commencement of the Christian era, we are led to allude more particularly to music, as a part of the religious exercises of the early Christian church. The ancient fathers have left their testimony to the use of songs in the services of the Christian communities of the first century; and Ambrosius himself digested a complete church music for the use of the Western churches. This, without doubt, was characterised by all the imperfections of modulation which the



rude state of the art rendered inseparable from its performance. The Grecian and Roman hymns were probably at first applied to Christian purposes, by exchanging the words merely. From the active performance of these services women were rigidly excluded, they being performed by the males in alternate solos and choruses. The reason of such an exclusion was no doubt founded upon the principle advocated by St. Paul, in one of his epistles, that it was "a shame for women to speak in churches." The application of that principle, however, was soon relinquished, and finally gave way to better policy and better taste.

Towards the close of the sixth century, Pope Gregory Magnus established a school for the instruction of boys in music. This prelate collected and adapted all the songs of the Church to ancient melodies, and added some new ones. It was under his auspices that the chant, called after him, as a generic title, the Gregorian, was introduced. It may be called the foundation of Christian church music. Keeping pace with these improvements, the organ and other instruments were generally introduced to heighten the splendour of religious worship, till the sixteenth century. The era of the Reformation is not without its musical incidents. *Luther*, the venerable composer of two noble pieces of psalmody, destined to outlive the entire works of many a more modern writer, was a constant labourer in the work of improving the style of music and of creating and fostering a taste for its purity. After him, other composers, both sacred and secular, arose, flourished, died and left valuable additions to the accumulated stock of musical lore. Allusion to a few of these, as illustrating some views which will be taken of the different schools, will be made in the course of our remarks.

The origin of music is to be referred to the very construction of our nature. Every moment we live we are liable to meet with incidental proofs that such is the indisputable fact. Look at the helpless infant in the cradle, or in its mother's arms; the inarticulate sounds which alone express its instinctive feelings, are a language as prevailing as the most distinct enunciation. Now, cannot the mother, cannot every one understand those feelings by the tone of that feeble voice? Cannot any one distinguish fear, desire, anger, joy, as there expressed in nature's own language? This being perceived, and those tones once being discovered, prolonged and varied under different circumstances, and by the volition of different minds, how natural, for the purpose of reproducing the feelings expressed by those tones, to repeat them! and how obvious the inference from this well known fact, that the first germ of music has its root in our very nature! The next step is rhythm. The harmonious, or rather the equal division of song into parts, or constantly recurring alternations in time. Rhythm is undoubtedly natural. The child who knows not the meaning of a word he hears, will learn to detect

false measure in the nursery-song, long ere it be able to fathom the story it conveys. The cooper paces around his cask, the thresher strikes his flail, the smith hammers upon his anvil, with reference to a rythmical division of time; and the most savage nations evince that this principle has been given them by their great mother, Nature, to regulate and vary their wild dances. Fine illustrations of this are given at Catlin's Indian Gallery at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, where the songs and dances are the most interesting part of the exhibition. Thus have we traced the origin of the two essential elements of song—sound and measure—the one, to our common nature, the other to an artificial state but one step farther on.

This, then, seems to be the whole history of the origin of *theoretical music*. Its early development, like that of all first principles, was slow,—but, as it proceeded upon the simplest rules, and kept pace with the improvements in every other science, which from age to age took place,—and particularly, as it ever has been used as a source of pleasurable emotions,—it is not surprising that it soon became identified with the character and customs of every people. Its laws were more and more investigated,—their application further and further extended, and, at length, the divine science shone forth in its present beauty.

There are those who institute a comparison between music and poetry, and much to the prejudice of the former. They agree that the intellect has nothing to do with music, and that it is ridiculous and absurd in those who speak not Italian, to pretend to derive any satisfaction from listening, for two or three hours, to music in a language they cannot understand—affecting, at the same time, to comprehend the sense to be conveyed, by the sounds they drink in with such assumed rapture. This appears to be far from just reasoning. Doubtless there is a great deal of affectation in the fashionable world upon the subject of music in general, and of the opera in particular; but we have no right to judge our neighbour's taste by our own—perhaps, after all, it may turn out that our own is defective or false. Perhaps intellect has not a little to do with music as well as with poetry.

In judging of pieces adapted to music, we should be lenient on the subject of the thoughts, if the design and story have variety enough to afford a basis for a corresponding variety of musical ideas. The most common expression of any passion may be tolerated, when the music, *not* the poetry, is to form the embellishment. Who cares for the story—the plot—in listening to the Italian opera? Nay, more—are not the finest and most beautiful of them, as pieces of music, vulgar and weak as poetical compositions? Is not the musical composer the genius of the piece? While the poet utters some such trash, as “I shall support myself by feasting on your beautiful eyes!” the composer so varies the expression of his music, that, in truth, the

thought becomes refined, just as it would if the poet had presented it in something like poetry. To say, therefore, that the repetitions in music are nonsense, is only to profess ignorance of the science. The words convey a sentiment which the musician undertakes to increase—to soften—to embellish, through a series of fine ideas, of which those who have neither musical taste nor ear have not the least conception.

Words, considered as auxiliary to music, merely show the subject on which the emotion rests, but have nothing to do with the emotion itself; *that* is produced by music alone—and long before any words are known to an air, the emotion will have been produced. We shall have imagined the subject—and when we come to know the words, we shall discover one of three things; that the subject is what we imagined—that it is something analogous to our perception, or, if neither of the two former, that the words and air are ill adapted to each other. Indeed, what do we mean by saying, “these words are adapted to the air,” if the air have no character of its own? And what is its character but its peculiar power of awakening certain emotions? Admitting that it is better that fine poetry and fine harmony should be united, when it is possible, and that this union, of course, produces additional delight to a refined mind—it still seems to me very absurd to condemn the pieces which are constructed upon ideas conveyed in poetry of an inferior class, merely because such is the character of the poetry. Music is here the governor of the heart, and all it asks of the language is a subject.

To say that music unaided by language has no meaning, or no influence upon the mind, is contrary to our every day's experience. What are tones but the foundation of all language? In the whine of a cat or the crying of a dog, do we not listen to a recital of distress: and when a variety of tones is urged upon our attention, is there any reason for declaring that they have no meaning, if the composer have executed his work faithfully, in accordance with his subject? Listen to a march played by a full band, or even upon a single instrument, and say whence arises the disposition to move in its tune and take inspiration from its character. Who that has listened to the Dead March in Saul has not felt that there was a feeling conveyed by the composer of a mournful and funereal character? The tones go down into the very chamber of the soul—the silent and narrow house of the dead is opened, and as the band proceeds, the whole inner man is left in a state of calm yet sorrowful reflections upon the destiny of the living. A writer, whose name we are not able to mention, but whose great ability and taste in detecting the *poetry* of instrumental music is evident from his composition, has given a fine illustration of our position, and, we are certain, wherever a similar taste is exercised, the result will always be found of a like character.

At the Philharmonic Concert, June 3d, 1837, I heard Beethoven's symphony, "the Eroica," and, in the estimation of all, it never was played with more success. The night was mild, after the seven months' dreary weather, and the instruments were no longer restricted by the cold, but vibrated pleasantly; so much does the state of the atmosphere affect and operate upon musical sounds. This symphony is even a more powerful display of the author's imagination than that of the "Pastorale." He wrote it in honour of Bonaparte, and intended to call it "Sinfonia de Napoleon;" but, the consul assuming the imperial robe, Beethoven said he was no better than the rest of the tyrants that had preceded him, and changed the title to that of the "Death of a Hero." The performance occupied nearly an hour, during which a dead silence was preserved by the audience, except the applause that took place at the end of each movement. The compositions of this great master are invariably played first, to ensure the unexpended energies of the performers; and, on this evening, it was allowed that more mind and attention were thrown upon the piece than at any previous trial. It opens with two massive shocks, like the firing of cannon; after which spring up, apparently at a great distance, a solemn bewailing melody from the violincellos, re-echoed by the grave and pensive horn. This strain is taken up, in turn, by all the instruments, gradually increasing and swelling in sound to an overwhelming degree. The ingenious author keeps the melody constantly in view, playing upon *platforms* of harmony, while these steady masses of sound are made to slide through the different keys. At the 65th bar a collision takes place, reiterated several times, and between every shock, the dragon-like wings of the violins dart among the instruments with fearful asperity. The whole scene is wild confusion, in which some of the instruments grow mad with rage. For a moment something like repose takes place, when a running flight is represented by the violins and basses in *staccato*, driving after each other with increased rapidity. Successive crashes of sound depict the battle in close combat; the oboes and bassoons deplore the fate of the wounded, and out of the crowd rise tones of despair and death. Here the orchestra seems exhausted, and discomfited voices try to resume the original melody, but always without success. Wild floods of harmony still undulate in massive waves, upon which the double basses carry the opening subject triumphant to the end. After this most extraordinary movement, the funeral march is heard at a distance—a strain of solemn beauty and simplicity. This is *sung* by the voices of the wind instruments, while the violins and basses, by soft touches at regular intervals, imitate the muffled drums. The weeping oboe, and the solos from the bassoon fill the whole strain with gloom and sorrow. This is followed by a soldier-like savage song that runs into the last movement, expressing tumultuous joy. The blaze of harmony is intense, but agreeably relieved by the flutter of the violins, casting a veil over the loud instruments, and mitigating the sound. Near the end is a delicious strain from the wind instruments—a prayer to the Supreme Being, whom this author, in his inspired moments, always conceived to be at his elbow. A few sublime crashes of sound terminate this wonderful piece.

It will now be our design to give a rapid sketch of the character of music in some other countries. It is to Italy unquestionably that

we are principally indebted for the refinement of music at the present day. The Italians are decidedly the most musical people now existing. They were the first to encourage the study and the practice of the science, and it is not strange that music has so fully entered into and formed a portion of the national character. Go where you will in Italy, and next to the salutation and the compliments of the day, some inquiry is made respecting some object connected with music. Visit the opera, and you find it crowded with an audience alive to every note, and capable of directly appreciating every beauty. Enter the churches, and the loud anthem breaks forth to elevate the soul and to lead it to lofty aspirations. Such being the state of music, the proficiency of their composers in refinement and elegance is not to be wondered at, while it is remembered that the field of their operations has been of a nature so well adapted to receive and propagate the seeds of melody cast upon it. The character of Italian music differs from that of every other country in the neatness and elegance of its construction. It resembles the climate and scenery of the country. There is little in it that is severe, morose, or heavy. It partakes more of fancy and feeling than of mind and lofty intellect. The Sublime is seldom found in it—the Beautiful always. It is evolved, one would suppose, by passion rather than reason. When their composers go beyond this—when their subject leads them to portray the higher emotions of the mind, they fail to produce effects upon their countrymen—since that which they cannot feel they cannot truly appreciate. Hence the failure of operas *there*, which have been successful elsewhere, where the genius of the people has been of another cast.

The Germans, including the Dutch, and the French, possess styles, also, peculiar to themselves. The German music partakes largely of the German character. Their melodies sleep and awake fitfully. Now a few bars partake of mortal tunes, and now others, as it were, of unearthly echoes. The more elaborate compositions are mystical; they excite by sudden transitions, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as though some spirits of the holy, or of the fallen were passing by, during the progress of the theme, and had lent their notes to eke out the harmony. If transitory human passions and feelings are aroused by the music, the excitement is only of limited duration, for the introduction of some passage is sure to lead to associations connected with the dark future or with the mysteries of existence. Their music abounds in wild beauty, majestic and sublime harmony, austerity and mystery. How different from the French music! The French, again and again, have endeavoured to claim an equality and unison with the Italians in the art, but without success. It was the aim, it will be recollected, of Louis the 14th and Cardinal Mazarine to establish in France a style like that of Italy, but, through the natural taste, temper and character of the peo-

ple, together with other causes, it gradually declined from this forced character, and assumed a nature so distinct, as to raise a dispute as to which was entitled to preference. The French contended that they did not lose sight of the laws of the drama in their construction of operas, as regarded the poetry and plot; and that they had the advantage of bass voices in the music—that their masters were superior on the violin, oboe, and flute, and that the choruses and dances were unrivalled. In their defence, the Italians said that their language was best adapted to music, as it abounded in more sonorous vowels than that of the French—that the invention of their masters was inexhaustible, while that of the French composer was limited and circumscribed—that though the French airs were generally easy, soft, and mellifluous, yet that the Italians were superior, inasmuch as they could pass from the different keys, and use the most unanticipated dissonances and the boldest cadences. With regard to elaborate compositions, it was added, that the melody of the upper part only was preserved, whereas in the Italian the melody was equally excellent in all.

The style of French music is airy, gay, and frivolous. It lies upon the surface—abounds in embellishments—and is ephemeral in its character. When we reflect upon the geographical position of France, we are struck forcibly with the reflection, that though situated between two musical countries, and highly advanced in every science, yet music has been produced with a sparing hand, or so produced as to have no great effect upon the musical minds of neighbouring countries.

The music of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, will next claim our attention, as in each of these countries the national melodies have a character of their own, easily to be distinguished by the slightest attention. At least, this is particularly true of the first two countries. There is an evident similarity between many of the airs of Scotland and Ireland, although considering the close proximity of the two countries, the national musical character of each has been well preserved—and here we may remark that the efforts made by the two countries to continue their national musical character are worthy of imitation. Is it difficult, except by the nicest analysis, to mark distinctly the characteristics of the two styles. Examples will furnish the easiest method of exhibiting the peculiarities of each. That the melodies of the Scotch and Irish should be everywhere admired, is a proof of the power over the feelings of the human heart, and adds another evidence to the position lately assumed, that good music may affect the soul without the aid of poetry. Many of these melodies have been transplanted into Italy, and through their innate musical beauty, excite the warmest emotions of delight.

Wales, which at a very early period was the nursery of song, is still celebrated for her musical character, and still retains much of

her primitive taste. The yearly *Esteddfof*, or Congress of Bards, does much to encourage this and to transmit the simple melodies of the country unimpaired by innovation.

In bestowing a glance upon the composers of England and the character of our music, while the comparative destruction of our national musical character is to be lamented, we shall account for it by promulgating a startling truth, which, if more generally known, might be productive of good to our national music. It is this : Foreign composers of eminence, scarcely without an exception, have first produced their musical works in England ; and to this country have come to gain that emolument which has been denied to them at home. Four-fifths of the musical composers of foreign countries, it is certain, have earned their bread in this country ; and when we have this proof to back the opinion that foreigners are more encouraged than our own countrymen, can we wonder that English music is permitted to decline ? Is it not fair to presume that, were more liberality extended to natives of the soil, the character of our music would be much higher than it is ? It is impossible that great advances should be made by our countrymen under the present state of things, and it is wonderful that, with all these bars against us, we are able to boast, beyond this liberality to others, the works of such men as Arne, Arnold, Purcell, Busby, Stevenson, and those of the present day, who are able to compete with their adventurous rivals.

It would be interesting to trace the progress of our composers, and to speak of their number and genius, but our remarks must be confined, on the present occasion, to our old melodies. Their character is peculiar, inasmuch as they derive much of their excellence from the nice adaptation of the words which accompany them. That highest point of the art—the blending of the sister-arts—seems to have been a main object with the composers of the last century. In every popular melody the words run in harmony with the notes, as may be seen by an examination of any one of them. That such excellent music is suffered to decay is to be accounted for by the introduction of that ornamental style of singing which is encouraged every year to the detriment of youthful talent, and, we fear, of genuine melody. It is well known that the difficulty of having new operas at her Majesty's Theatre arises from nothing else than a satisfaction on the part of the audiences at listening to new cadences introduced into old operas—so that an impression is gaining ground that some of the popular Italian singers have not the ability to study new music. This is an abuse of music, for where it is only used to astonish, its legitimate end, which is to please and touch the heart, is forgotten.

ART. II.—*Sanitary Report.—Supplement. Interments in Towns.*  
 By EDWIN CHADWICK, Esq., Barrister at Law. Presented to  
 both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty.  
 London: Clowes and Sons. For Her Majesty's Stationary  
 Office.

THE importance of the question of the disposal of the dead in crowded and populous towns, and with regard to the sanitary condition of the people, is obvious enough. It would seem clear to the casual observer that some municipal regulation ought always to be enforced to ensure the decent sepulture of the numerous daily and weekly dead of a large city without injury to the feelings or the health of the survivors. Strange, however, as it may appear, on the mooted of the subject, high medical and a large body of other evidence has been adduced to prove that the emanations from the dead and putrid bodies are, really, *quite innocuous*: but this evidence, on closer examination, only affords another proof that habitual familiarity with particular danger goes far to blunt, in the minds of those exposed to it, the feeling and even consciousness of its presence. The truth of this fact is exhibited in the present instance to a curious degree. The witnesses admit readily, upon inquiry, of instances perfectly and entirely subversive of their general position, and yet, from the force of habit, repeat their extraordinarily-erroneous conviction, without appearing at all to notice the startling nature of the contradiction to which they have given utterance. Habit, indeed, in many cases, is much more than a "second" nature;—it is frequently a completely new and distinct one, and altogether exclusive of the original;—but it will be difficult for the most actual "bundle of habits," as Paley once called man, in existence, to retain such an opinion after a view of the facts now collected bearing on the subject.

Dr. Warren, of Boston, a gentleman accustomed all his life to dissecting rooms, after allowing that in a season of hot weather the emanations from the corpses were of such a nature "that they paralyzed the hands, producing small pustules and an excessive itching," adds that his "general health was in nowise affected." M. Parent Duchâtelet says that dissecting students experience nothing worse than "a nausea and a dysentery for two or three days at the commencement of their studies;" but we have the authority of Sir Astley Cooper, that,—

"There is no doubt that there are few persons who during the anatomical season are engaged for many hours daily in a dissecting-room for a considerable time, whose health is not affected in a greater or less degree; and there are some whose health suffers considerably. I have known several



young men who have not been able to prosecute their studies in the dissecting-room for more than three or four weeks at a time, without being compelled to leave them and go into the country."

Dr. Dunglison, when writing on public health, denies that there is "satisfactory proof that malaria ever, arises from animal putrefaction singly," and yet in another place allows that an atmosphere highly charged with putrid miasmata may produce occasionally grievous disorders, and even mentions an instance where, of four candidates attending an anatomical demonstration before the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, the subject given being too far advanced in decomposition, three were made severely ill,—one of them *fainting on the spot*, and actually *dying within three days!* In another paper, M. Parent Duchâtelet actually instances, as a proof of the innocuousness of the exhalations from putrid animal remains, the disinterment, without special injury to the neighbours, from a crowded churchyard in France, when it appears that the reason for making these disinterments was, the inhabitants of the surrounding houses were unable to bear the pestiferous stench and its horrible effects! These effects were perfectly dreadful, and, except on good authority, almost incredible; among others, meat in a house so situated, became almost immediately putrid: infectious disease there remained longest unsubdued, and exhibited during its presence the most deadly virulence: the moisture generated on the walls of underground cellars was of a character so potently morbidiferous, that from a workman *merely placing his hands on the wet wall*, and then, warned of the danger, *wiping it immediately on his apron*, "at the end of three days the whole arm became numb, then the hand and lower arm swelled with great pain, blisters came out on the skin, and the epidermis came off!"

Evidence against this monstrous fallacy pours in from every quarter. It is asserted that grave-diggers, sextons, undertakers, professors or students of anatomy, attendants in dissecting-rooms, men engaged in slaughter-houses, all, generally, enjoy good health. It is uniformly found upon inquiry that those who really have an average degree of good health, are those who have assistants to perform for them the more directly offensive parts of their duties, while those who have been in fact exposed to the miasmatic influence are, as a class, pallid and shrunken in aspect, and debilitated in constitution. On a broad scale, they appear to lose at least one third of their natural available and useful period of life. From an average of the three professions for one year in London, it appeared that the mean duration of the life of a medical man is 45, while that of a lawyer is 50, and of a clergyman 57. The question can surely no longer admit of any scepticism. Common sense, and the common instinctive feelings of nature, by which every human being turns away with the most irrepressible loathing from the smell and sight of putrefac-

tion, will perhaps be listened to, when enforced by such a weight of evidence as this.

But it is not only that these exhalations are vaguely and generally injurious to health; the worst feature of the case is this;—it is clearly demonstrable that from the same cause is frequently communicated *specific disease*. It is indubitable that the direst forms of the most fearful maladies are conveyed to fresh sufferers as well by the putrid emanations from the infected corpses of their victims as by the presence of the living patient; and that too, apparently, exaggerated and intensified by joining in the work of death the virus of specific disease with the miasma of general animal corruption. The cases to prove this are numerous; and some of them indicate a most amazing virulence of morbid power.

The body of a man who had died of the small-pox was brought into the Windmill Street Theatre, London; four students entered the room; *only one* of them touched the body;—yet *all four* caught the disease. Sir Benjamin Brodie mentions similar cases within his own knowledge.

The following case was mentioned by Dr. Copeland to the Committee of the House of Commons:

“About two years ago (says he) I was called, in the course of my profession, to see a gentleman, advanced in life, well known to many members in this house and intimately known to the speaker. This gentleman one Sunday went into a dissenting chapel, where the principal part of the hearers, as they died, were buried in the ground or vaults underneath. I was called to him on Tuesday evening, and I found him labouring under symptoms of malignant fever; either on that visit or the visit immediately following, on questioning him on the circumstances which could have given rise to this very malignant form of fever, for it was then so malignant that its fatal issue was evident, he said that he had gone on the Sunday before (this being on the Tuesday afternoon) to this dissenting chapel, and on going up the steps to the chapel he felt a rush of foul air issuing from the grated openings existing on each side of the steps; the effect upon him was instantaneous; it produced a feeling of sinking, with nausea, and so great debility, that he scarcely could get into the chapel. He remained a short time, and finding this feeling increase he went out, went home, was obliged to go to bed, and there he remained. When I saw him he had, up to the time of my ascertaining the origin of his complaint, slept with his wife; he died eight days afterwards; his wife caught the disease and died in eight days also, having experienced the same symptoms. These two instances illustrated the form of fever arising from those particular causes. Means of counteraction were used, and the fever did not extend to any other members of the family.”

The late Dr. Pett, of Hackney, had, in examining the body of a lady who had died from some local inflammation brought on during her confinement, handled the diseased part. During the

same evening his attention was attracted by a feeling of pain in one of his fingers; by the next morning his whole appearance was sadly changed, and *within five days* he breathed his last.

An undertaker, while removing from the London Fever Hospital the corpse of a woman who had died of typhus, found a little moisture oozing from the body had been rubbed over the thumb of his left hand where there was an unhealed scratch; on the *second day* he exhibited *severe typhus*—and on the tenth day died.

Out of the immense number of cases we will give one other, as peculiarly decisive :

“Mr. Hutchinson, surgeon, Farringdon-street, was called on Monday morning, the 15th March, 1841, to attend a girl, aged 14, who was labouring under typhus fever of a highly malignant character. This girl was the daughter of a pew-opener in one of the large city churches, situated in the centre of a small burial ground, which had been used for the interment of the dead for centuries, the ground of which was raised much above its natural level, and was saturated with the remains of the bodies of the dead. There were vaults beneath the church, in which it was still the custom, as it had long been, to bury the dead. The girl in question had recently returned from the country, where she had been at school. On the preceding Friday, that is, on the fourth day before Mr. Hutchinson saw her, she had assisted her mother during three hours and on the Saturday during one hour, in shaking and cleaning the matting of the aisles and pews of the church. The mother stated, that this work was generally done once in six weeks; that the dust and effluvia which arose, always had a peculiarly fetid and offensive odour, very unlike the dust which collects in private houses; that it invariably made her (the mother) ill for at least a day afterwards; and that it used to make the grandmother of the present patient so unwell, that she was compelled to hire a person to perform this part of her duty. On the afternoon of the same day on which the young person now ill had been engaged in her employment, she was seized with shivering, severe pain in the head, back, and limbs, and other symptoms of commencing fever. On the following day all these symptoms were aggravated, and in two days afterwards, when Mr. Hutchinson first saw her, malignant fever was fully developed, the skin being burning hot, the tongue dry and covered with a dark brown fur, the thirst urgent, the pain of the head, back, and extremities severe; attended with hurried and oppressed breathing, great restlessness and prostration, anxiety of countenance, low muttering delirium, and a pulse of 130 in the minute.

The varieties of manner in which this morbid influence is exhibited, are innumerable. Depth of burial, which has sometimes been recommended, has been tried and found useless. The escape of a deleterious miasma has been observed from graves more than twenty feet deep, and even when the direct escape to the surface is prevented, the evil is by no means removed—its course has been altered, but it remains itself under another aspect, or, in another

place, in full vigour. If precluded from immediate ascent it will steal away laterally, carrying its baleful influence in every direction, poisoning springs, interfering with all subsoil operations, adding to the pestiferousness of sewers and drainage, and working its own mischief wherever it finds an outlet.

All the dangers and ill effects of contagion to the survivors are immensely aggravated by the pernicious practice, though often, perhaps, having its rise in a feeling of affection, of keeping bodies much longer than necessary previous to interment. Strange to say, this custom obtains most generally where its effects are most hurtful,—among the poorer classes. The shocking scenes to which it gives rise are almost beyond belief, and utterly defy exaggeration. In the crowded and pestilential courts and alleys inhabited by the lowest ranks of a densely-populated town, there are thousands of families of six, seven, or eight individuals, having positively but one small room in which to live as well as to sleep altogether! On the occasion of a death, in this room, *still inhabited by the family*, the coffin is placed sometimes *on the bed*, sometimes on a table or chairs; and this state of things continues for a week (hardly ever less) or ten days, till the medical attendant or parochial officer not unfrequently finds the children playing on the floor amid the loathsome animalculæ generated by the stream of liquid corruption distilled in mephitic repulsiveness through the joints of the coffin from the death-diffusing putrefaction within!! Let us not be accused of wantonly disgusting and offending our readers, by the useless exhibition of such hideous and harrowing details. We cannot ourselves, more than can, we imagine, any one who reads it, contemplate the picture without a shudder of horror. But we have not selected the subject either wantonly or in thoughtlessness. The disagreeableness of a duty forms no plea for its non-performance; and while scenes such as these are of daily and hourly occurrence, it is the imperative duty of every one who can even stir a finger in the matter, to do so to the utmost of his power, with a view to their future prevention. It is highly gratifying to see that the subject is likely to have the notice of the Legislature, the Report of Mr. Chadwick which we are now considering having been made by him at the desire of the Home Secretary, and presented by Royal Command to both Houses; but, in the world at large, it is very probable that many who could not give the time requisite to wade through a long and in great measure statistical document of nearly 300 closely printed pages, might yet in our journal thus become acquainted with some of the chief features of the case, and a slight sketch of the proposed remedy. If we can in this way add at all to the number of those who are aware of the evil and take an interest in its removal, we shall rest satisfied with the conviction that this portion at least of our space has not been unworthily or uselessly occupied.

This harmful delay of interment beyond a reasonable time after death, arises chiefly from the difficulty felt by the poorer classes in meeting the expenses of a funeral. These, in the present way of managing such matters, are generally much greater than is really necessary. The ceremony, in a majority of instances, is performed, as it is called, "two or three deep:"—that is to say, the relatives apply to some pseudo-functionary, who applies to a second, who applies to the real undertaker; each party of course pocketing a handsome per-centage.

The desire to obtain for themselves and families a decent interment, praiseworthy in itself, leads to associations for that purpose. The horrible circumstances to which these associations themselves sometimes lead, require to be examined. Their remote consequences are as revolting as they are unforeseen. "Burial clubs"—almost invariably got up between an undertaker and a publican for their mutual benefit—are societies to which the members pay small weekly or monthly subscriptions, and a premium for admission; in return for which they receive a stipulated allowance at the death of each member of their family, or secure a sum to be paid to their family on their own decease, to provide for the funeral. By the rules of the society, it is always provided that the funeral shall only be performed by that one undertaker, as well as that a good proportion of the club-money shall be spent in liquor at the periodical meetings held at the public-house, and an allowance for liquor is even made on the occasion of each funeral. Another rule is added, that any member of the society imputing blame to either of these worthies and unable to make good his allegations to the satisfaction of the proper officers (*viz. the accused parties!*) shall be fined—and this beautiful society is thoroughly organised. Of course the only probable or possible results of these combinations of low cunning against the necessities of poverty and the blindness of ignorance are,—first, considerable gain to low publicans and greedy undertakers; secondly, a never-failing spread of drunkenness and all its attendant demoralization among the entrapped members.

This alone would be quite sufficient to call loudly for the removal of such societies. But this is nothing. The system of jobbing introduced by the publicans and undertakers soon spreads to the members: and their imitation and its consequences proceed as might be expected from so iniquitous a beginning.

The insecurity of the burial societies has, under the anxiety of feeling of the working classes, lest they might fail of their object from the failure of the club, led to multiplied insurances for adults, thence for families, and for children; and thence has arisen high gains on the death of each child,—in other words, a bounty for neglect and infanticide. Those who are aware of the moral condition of a large proportion of the population, will expect that such an interest would, sooner or later, have its operation on some depraved minds to be found in every class.

Mr. Robert Hawksworth, the Visitor to the Manchester and Salford District Provident Society, recently stated to me,—“Here, the mode of conducting the funerals—the habits of drinking at the time of assemblage at the house, before the corpse is removed, renewed on the return from the funeral, when they drink to excess, the long retention of the body in the one room, are all exceedingly demoralizing. The occasion of a funeral is commonly looked to, amongst the lowest grade, as the occasion of ‘a stir;’ the occasion of the drinking is viewed at the least with complacency.” A minister in the neighbourhood of Manchester expressed his sorrow on observing a great want of natural feeling, and great apathy at the funerals. The sight of a free flow of tears was a refreshment which he seldom received. He was, moreover, often shocked by a common phrase amongst women of the lowest class—“Aye, aye, the child will not live; it is in the burial club.”

The actual cost of the funeral of a child varies from 1*l.* to 30*s.* The allowance from the clubs in that town on the occurrence of the death of a child are usually 3*l.* and extend to 4*l.* and 5*l.* But insurances for such payments on the deaths of children are made in four or five of these burial societies; and an officer mentioned to me an instance where one man had insured such payments in no less than nineteen different burial clubs in Manchester. Officers of these societies, relieving officers, and others whose administrative duties put them in communication with the lowest classes in those districts, express their moral conviction of the operation of such bounties to produce instances of the visible neglect of children; of which they are witnesses. They often say—“You are not treating the child properly; it will not live: is it in the club?” and the answer corresponds with the impression produced by the sight. Mr. Gardiner, the clerk to the Manchester Union, in the course of his exercise of the important functions of registering the causes of death, deemed the cause assigned by a labouring man for the death of a child unsatisfactory, and on staying to inquire found that popular rumour assigned the death to wilful starvation:—

“The child (according to a statement of the case) had been entered in at least ten burial clubs; and its parents had six other children, who only lived from nine to eighteen months respectively. They had received 20*l.* from several burial clubs for one of these children, and they expected to receive at least as much on account of this child. An inquest was held at Mr. Gardiner’s instance, when several persons, who had known the deceased, stated that she was a fine fat child shortly after her birth, but that she soon became quite thin, was badly clothed, and seemed as if she did not get a sufficiency of food. She was mostly in the care of a girl six or seven years of age: her father bore the character of a drunken man. He had another child, which was in several burial clubs, and was a year old when it died; the child’s mother stated that the child was more than ten months old, but she could not recollect the day of her birth: she thought its complaint was convulsions, in which it died. It had been ill about seven weeks; when it took ill, she had given it some oil of aniseeds and squills, which she had procured from Mr. Smith, a druggist. Since then she had given it nothing in the way of medicine, except some wine and water, which she gave it during the last few days of its life, when it could not suck or take gruel.

It was in three burial clubs; her husband told her that they had received upwards of 20% from burial clubs in which the other child had been entered; none of her children who had died were more than eighteen months old.

"A surgeon stated, that he had made a *post-mortem* examination of the body of deceased; it was then in an advanced state of decomposition, but not so far gone as to interfere with the examination. There was no appearance of external violence on the body, but there was an extreme degree of emaciation. The brain was healthy, and gave no indication of convulsions having been the cause of death; the process of teething had not commenced; had such been the case, it might have led to the supposition that fits might have occurred; the lungs, heart, stomach, and intestines were in a natural and healthy state.

"The jury having expressed it as their opinion that the evidence of the parents was made up for the occasion, and entitled to no credit, returned the following verdict:—'Died through want of nourishment; but whether occasioned by a deficiency of food, or by disease of the liver and spine, brought on by improper food and drink, or otherwise, does not appear.'"

No further steps were taken upon this verdict; and the man enforced payments upon his insurances from ten burial clubs, and obtained from them a total sum of 34*l.* 3*s.* for the burial of this one child. Two similar cases came under the notice of Mr. Coppock, the Clerk and Superintendent-Registrar of the Stockport Union, in both of which he prosecuted the parties for murder. In one case, where three children had been poisoned with arsenic, the father was tried, with the mother, and convicted at Chester, and sentenced to be transported for life, but the mother was acquitted. In the other case, where the judge summed up for conviction, the accused, the father, was, to the astonishment of every one, acquitted. In this case the body was exhumed after interment, and arsenic was detected in the stomach. In consequence of the suspicion raised upon the death, on which the accusation was made in the first case, the bodies of two other children were taken up and examined, when arsenic was found in the stomach. In all these cases payments on the deaths of the children were insured from burial clubs: the cost of the coffin and burial dues would not be more than about 1*l.*, and the allowance from the club is 3*l.*

It is remarked, on these dreadful cases, by the Superintendent Registrar, that the children who were boys, and therefore likely to be useful to the parents, were not poisoned; the female children were the victims. It was the clear opinion of the medical officers that infanticides have been committed in Stockport to obtain the burial money. Cases of the culpable neglect of children who were insured in several clubs had been observed in Preston. The collector of a burial society, one of the most respectable in Manchester, stated to me strong grounds for believing that it had become a practice to neglect children for the sake of the money allowed. The practice of insuring in a number of these clubs was increasing. He gave the following description of the frauds to which the clubs were exposed:—

"A great number of individuals have themselves and family in two or more societies, and by that means realize a great sum of money at the death of any of them; and I have no doubt at all in saying that a great many

deaths are occasioned through neglect, when there is a great sum to be obtained at their decease. Such cases as these generally happen amongst the lower orders of society.

"In reference to cases of undoubted imposition, I will just name a few out of a great many. A person residing in Manchester wished to enter herself and grandchild into our society. We went to the house, and there were from ten to twelve individuals present, the greater part of them children,—two of them somewhere about three months old. I asked who it was that was going to enter? The mistress of the house spoke up, and said it was herself and her grandchild. I asked which was her grandchild? She took up a very fine child in her arms and said that was it, and asked me would it do?—to which I answered yes. The other was a very thin ghastly-looking child. I asked what was the matter with it? She said she could not tell; it had been so from the time it was born. I assure you, sir, it was an awful sight to look at. A thought struck me when I came out, that if the child died they might say it was the child I entered, so I determined to keep my eye on it every time I called, which was once a fortnight. In four months afterwards this thin child died, and according to my anticipations they brought a notice of death for the child I had not entered. I went down to visit, and on looking at it, and examining it, I pronounced it not the child I had entered. She said it was, and a great contest arose for about an hour, during which time I asked her were there not two children about the same age when first I came into her house? which she denied at first, but afterwards admitted it. I then asked her was not one of them a very fine and the other a very thin child? to which she answered yes. I then asked her whether it was the finest or the thin one I entered? She answered the finest one, I then asked her was that the fine one? She said, yes. I then asked her where was the thin child? She pointed to one that was sleeping in a bed, and said that was it. I looked at it, and said this was the child I entered. I then asked her how it was that this child which was sleeping had become so fat and the other so thin? to which she said she could not tell. Now I said to her, it is clear enough how you have done this; you showed me that living child, and gave me the name of the one that is dead, which she denied having done; and so we were compelled to give her the money because we had no means of finding it out but by some one in the house telling of her. But since, a little light has been thrown on it by her husband uttering a saying when he was drunk one day when I was there. This was the saying!—"A bright set of boys you are, burying the living for the dead!"—meaning that we gave burial money for a living child; but he was immediately stopped by his wife.

"Another case, a woman in Salford, entered herself and two sons, and one of them was far gone in consumption; this we discovered, and on asking why she did it, she said she thought she could get a few pounds to bury him. Another, a man entered his wife, and she lay dying at the same time. When we asked him where his wife was, he pointed to a woman that was sitting by the fire side, and said that was her: but his wife died before she became a member. Another person, in order to obtain the funeral money, kept his child three weeks, until it was in a state of decomposition. The last case, out of many more that might be named, is rather ludicrous:



"A man and his wife, residing in Cotton-street, agreed that one of them, namely, the husband, should pretend to be dead, in order that the wife might receive his funeral money; accordingly the wife proceeds in due form to give notice of his death; the visiting officer on behalf of the society, whose duty it was to see the corpse, repairs to the house, enters the chamber, and inquires for deceased; the should-be disconsolate widow points him to the body of her late husband, whose chin was tied up with a handkerchief in the attitude of death; he surveys the corpse—the eyelids seem to move; he feels the pulse, the certain signs of life are there; the officer pronounceth him not dead; she in return says, *he is dead*, for there has not been a *breath* in him since 12 o'clock last night. The neighbours are called in; a discussion ensues between the wife and the officer: some declare they saw the husband at the door that morning giving a light. He (the officer) requires her to bring a doctor; she goes, and says she can't get one to come; the officer goes and brings one, who ordered him to be raised up in the bed, and having obtained some water, the doctor, while the man was sitting up, dashed it in his face."

The man was apprehended and taken before the magistrates for the fraud. Sir Charles Shaw, the Commissioner of Police, directed that he should be produced in court in the same dress in which he had been laid out and was apprehended, which produced a very salutary effect.

The downhill path of crime when once entered, is trodden with a fearfully increasing rapidity. From the want of feeling and recklessness of character generated by such societies, they soon learn to turn a safeguard against distress into a means of gain. The prospect of pecuniary advantage from the death of a child, working on people in whose eyes life, whether their own or that of others, has long been rendered comparatively valueless by the want of every human appliance to make it happy or desirable, soon and inevitably produces a carelessness for its safety; which, as the above extract too plainly shews, leads to its actual *murder* by culpable neglect. But even the crime of infanticide—the horrible and unnatural murder of a child by its parents for the sake of gain—is not the blackest item in this appalling list of consequences. There are cases on record, in which not only is the actual crime committed a more awful violation of the laws of God, although beyond the reach of those of man, but where the disregard of life by the owner caused by protracted misery, and the absence of moral feeling in all likelihood to be traced to hopeless ignorance, are mingled with such an evident strength of disinterested natural affection, as to render the sad end a still more fearful and infinitely more melancholy subject of contemplation. A man, having entered a society on such terms that his burial money amounted to about £50, enquired of the secretary whether in the event of his committing suicide his widow could still be entitled to the money. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he immediately took poison !!

A system whose ultimate results are such as to hold out a premium to infanticide in the form of immediate gain, and to work up men rendered desperate by misery to the commission of suicide by the perversion of their best affections, must be rotten at its heart's core. It is from the government alone that an adequate remedy can be expected, and a national evil more deeply needing redress, and with more irresistible claims on their attention, there does not and cannot exist.

So enormous is the waste of life in crowded and ill-regulated town districts from many different causes,—but of which the one we are examining is unquestionably the monster evil—that the annual number of the deaths in London vary from one in thirty (and even in some parts still more) up to one in fifty-six as giving the greatest duration of metropolitan life. Provincial towns are sometimes still worse. In some of them, in the worse conditioned districts, the average reaches the appalling amount of one in twenty-four. In healthy rural districts the average age is about sixty-four. These are facts established beyond controversy by district statistical returns. The horrid truth then is now apparent, that the mean duration of life to the population of our large towns is shortened by about one half of its proper length. When we remember that an individual seldom arrives at his proper degree of usefulness to the community before the age of twenty, we perceive that this in effect reduces *the worth of a man's life to his country* to between *one half* and *one-third* of its legitimate value. A state where the cost of rearing and maintaining children to the age of manhood, is, in a large proportion of instances, repaid by a term of serviceable existence so far short of that ordained by nature, cannot but experience in that single fact a potent drawback on her prosperity. Looking upon the matter as a point of political economy, there is clearly in a well-ordered flourishing state whose members attain their true natural age, in the enjoyment of average health, some fixed portion of the aggregate capital of the community continually employed in the bringing-up of children. A general shortening of life, by diminishing the period to be assigned to the labours of one generation, of course demands a larger proportionate supply of children, and with it necessitates the employment of a greater share of the national wealth in their maintenance and education. By whatever amount, therefore, this portion exceeds the former, to that amount is the body politic prejudiced by the sinking of that fraction of its capital in a non-remunerating investment. In asking for legislative aid, we may appeal as confidently to the mere politician as to the philanthropist.

The case of burials is strictly analogous to that of births. The cost of every funeral above the fixed number properly proportionate to the population, is so much capital necessarily employed without any profitable return, and therefore so far a positive detriment to the com-

munity. The gross amount of this item of course would be much below that of the former, but still, far from inconsiderable. It appears upon calculation, from statistical returns, that the expense of the total number of funerals in England and Wales in one year is about £4,871,000. Evidence was given by a Mr. Wild, an undertaker, that the existing expenses of funerals might by good management be reduced at least one half, and the respectability of the ceremony at the same time increased rather than diminished. Were this carefully done, and by proper sanitary regulations an average length of life restored to the dwellers in towns, by which we might hope certainly for a diminution of one fifth of the number of burials, we should then have the yearly sum required by England and Wales for their burials only two-fifths of the above, or £1,948,400; leaving an annual saving to the nation, exclusive of Scotland, of £2,922,600 in the item of interments alone. We shall presently have to mention what would seem to be the most appropriate application of this surplus, were the plan herein suggested to be adopted by the legislature.

The grand engine in the work of diminishing the many evils of interments would be found in those sanitary measures which should remove their present appalling frequency. This being done, it is proposed that all burials in towns or within churches, without any exception whatsoever, should be forbidden by law. In order to guard the public against the necessities of sepulture being turned into a pecuniary speculation by either individuals or joint-stock cemetery companies, it is advised that national cemeteries should be erected by Government, which, together with the whole superintendence of the public health, should be entrusted to the care of an efficient corps of responsible officers duly qualified by medical and other knowledge.

There appear to be but two claims of existing interests to compensation that require consideration;—those of the clergy and the body of undertakers. Neither of these need present any real obstacle.

In the case of the ministers of the Established Church in large towns, the surplice fees, including the burial dues, are to be considered as the main parts of their incomes. They have no tithes, and no other means of livelihood. But the burial dues are so variously regulated—in some places by custom, in other places by local Acts—that it is scarcely practicable to lay down any one scale in respect to them that would not operate unequally and unjustly. Complaints from cemetery companies are made in respect to the existing scales of compensation, which did not appear to be within my province to investigate. It appeared to me that the only satisfactory mode of determining the amount of compensation would be an adjudication and examination of the case of each parish. This would be a service, which the Commissioners for the Commutation of Tithes would be competent to render.

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If it be decided that the protection so much needed by all classes, especially by the poorest, in respect to the expense of interments shall be given, by empowering officers of health to carry out regulations the same in principle as those which have given relief and satisfaction in well regulated communities, it may then be submitted for consideration, whether the cases of the tradesmen who have devoted themselves entirely to the business of supplying funeral materials and service, and who will be wholly superseded, could not be brought within any legitimate principles and precedents of compensation, for the loss of their existing multiform monopoly by the whole or any portion of the supply having been transferred to officers responsible to the public. By means of such transference, the public gain will, in proportion to its completeness, be immense. Without it there is no apparent means of change or compensation that will not increase the existing expenses, and also increase the train of existing evils consequent on those expenses. Whatever may be the sacrifice or inconvenience experienced by this class of tradesmen from such a transference, it were a lamentable misdirection of sympathy to sustain their pecuniary interests at the expense of the perpetuation of the enormous pecuniary sacrifices of the poorest and most helpless classes. But it may be submitted that the large work of charity and justice to the public from the change proposed, need not be accomplished by the sacrifice of the real principals in the business of undertaking. If the alterations proposed were not made, it is nevertheless probable that this business will be considerably changed. The practicability and advantage of the consolidation of the business of the supply of funeral materials and services under one general management with the cemetery, and the acceptability of the institution of a place for the reception and care of the dead previous to interment, are attested by the fact of which I am informed, that in consequence of the proposed measures having been necessarily developed by the course of the present inquiry from a multitude of witnesses, joint stock companies are now preparing to adopt, as a source of emolument, similar arrangements.

The selection of the sites of national cemeteries would, of course, be entrusted to competent authorities, and only made after a careful and comprehensive survey. It is remarked, and the suggestion we think not unlikely to be found valuable, that for those connected with London an advantageous situation might perhaps be found on the banks of the river; which, if such were the case, would certainly have one great recommendation in the facility and economy of conveyance by appropriate funeral barges over "the great silent highway." This advantage it would be of much more importance to secure in the metropolis than elsewhere, to avoid the unseemly delays and interruptions inevitable during the progress of a funeral through the streets of a crowded city. The purchase of the ground and the structural arrangements would be appropriately confided to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

The great question of the expense forces itself on the attention early in the consideration of such a scheme, and is met by Mr. Chadwick at once, and in a sensible and business-like manner. We have

shown that, under proper management, we might expect an annual saving to the nation of upwards of two millions; and in this it is calculated there would be found, indirectly, a fund amply sufficient to defray all the costs of the erection of national cemeteries within some years, as well as to make due compensation for all losses suffered by existing interests. The proposed manner of applying and exhibiting it is as follows: The primary expenses of the cemeteries should be raised by loans bearing interest, the repayment of the interest and principal of which should be spread over a term of several years. (Suppose 80.) This repayment would be defrayed in point of fact out of the above-mentioned national saving, but it would be charged directly as part of the reduced expenses of interments. The public, that is, by having the full ultimate benefit of economy in funerals deferred for a time, would themselves unconsciously pay off in a few years the whole of the original outlay.

Burial fees and existing dues would still be collected, and it is expected would form a fund sufficient to pay all compensations awarded by Parliament to such present interests as might be injured; leaving perhaps a surplus to be expended in sanitary measures for the benefit of the general health.

On the eight chief cemeteries opened in the metropolis by private companies, and comprising about 260 acres, or considerably more than the space occupied by all the parochial and private burial grounds whatever, a capital of about £400,000 has been invested. The expenses of litigation and of procuring Acts of Parliament, and purchasing grounds, must have been excessively heavy; and it appears probable that, for an amount not much greater or not exceeding it by more than one-fifth, superior national cemeteries, with houses of reception and appropriate chapels, may be formed on the present scale of expenditure of these companies, and in a style commensurate with what is due to the metropolis of the empire. If the charge of the purchase of the land and the structural arrangements be spread over 50 years, and the payment of the money charged, with interest, on the burials of persons of the higher and middle classes, the amount might be included in the total charges for funerals above estimated for the several classes, which charges, though so much below the amount at present usually paid, are yet higher than asserted to be necessary by respectable tradesmen, ready to verify their assertions by sureties to supply the materials and service of an equal or of a better description for the public than that which they now obtain. If the charges of the new cemeteries and establishments at such rates as those suggested were taken as substitutes for the existing rates of charge for graves, the new rates would be for the middle and higher classes greatly below the charges usually found in undertakers' bills and executors' accounts. If those new expenses were levied in the shape of a poll tax, or as burial dues, a sum of about 5d. per head per annum (exclusive of the expense of collection) would suffice in the metropolis to repay the principal and interest of purchase-money in thirty years, and also to defray the annual establishment charges.

The chief features of the general idea here broached are taken from the regulations in force with regard to the national cemeteries at Munich and Frankfort. A detailed account of their management is given in the appendix, as well as plans of the buildings attached to them. It is impossible to go through them without at once seeing their excellence, and acknowledging the credit they do the governments under whose administration they were produced. We were surprised, on perusing them, to find how very far some of our continental neighbours have surpassed us in so important a point of domestic polity. The neglect of it so long, in an age of such widespread general improvement, and in the midst of such fatal evidence of its importance, seems almost a species of national fatuity. We will not fear that this unaccountable apathy can continue much longer. It is impossible that such astounding facts as are here disclosed, can be made publicly known, without exciting a general movement for redress that cannot fail in its intent.<sup>4</sup> The labour and skill which have evidently been bestowed by Mr. Chadwick on the preparation of this report, may well be expected to prove in their effects a valuable boon to the country. A very great portion of it is naturally a mass of minute numerical and statistical detail, into any of which it would be quite beside our province to enter. We shall be content to close with a passage on the decoration and improvements of cemeteries, showing how attractive an object a place of national sepulture under proper auspices may become; and how easy to avoid aggravating the horrors of death to weak or timid minds by the revolting ideas presented by the crowded and festering charnels of the metropolis.

Mr. Wordsworth, in a paper first published by Mr. Coleridge, has thus expressed the same sentiments, and the feelings, which it is admitted, are entitled to regard, in legislating upon this subject:—

“In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities, and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the way sides.

“I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate on the beauty which the monuments thus placed must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature, from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running within sight or hearing, from the beaten road, stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shades, whether he had halted from weariness, or in compliance with the invitation, ‘Pause traveller,’ so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as

one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves;—of hope undermined inensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that has fed it, or blasted in a moment like a pine tree by the stroke of lightning on the mountain top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These and similar suggestions must have given formerly, to the language of the senseless stone, a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison.

"We in modern times have lost much of these advantages; and they are but a small degree counter-balanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within or contiguous to their places of worship, however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary may be the associations connected with them. Even were it not true, that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares; yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of renovation and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare, in imagination, the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed."

Careful visible arrangements, of an agreeable nature, raise corresponding mental images and associations which diminish the terrors incident to the aspect of death. Individuals who have purchased portions of decorated cemeteries for their own interment in the metropolis, make a practice of visiting them for the sake, doubtless, of those solemn but tranquil thoughts which the place inspires as personally connected with themselves. The establishment of a cemetery at Highgate was strongly opposed by the inhabitants, but when its decorations with flowers and shrubs and trees, and its quiet seclusion was seen, applications were made for the purchase of keys, which conferred the privilege of walking in the cemetery at whatever time the purchaser pleased. If the chief private cemeteries in the suburbs of the metropolis were thrown open on a Sunday, they would on fine days be often thronged by a respectful population. Such private cemeteries as have been formed, though pronounced to be only improvements on the places of burial in this country, and far below what it would yet be practicable to accomplish, have indisputably been viewed with public satisfaction, and have created desires of further advances by the erection of national cemeteries. Abroad the national cemeteries have obtained the deepest hold on the affections of the population. I have been informed by an accomplished traveller, who has carefully observed their effects, that cemeteries have been established near to all the large towns in the United States. To some of these cemeteries an horticultural garden is attached; the garden walks being connected with the places of interment, which, though decorated, are kept

apart. These cemeteries are places of public resort, and are there observed, as in other countries, to have a powerful effect in soothing the feelings of those who have departed friends, and in refining the feelings of all. At Constantinople, the place of promenade for Europeans is the cemetery, at Pera, which is planted with cypress, and has a delightful position on the side of a hill overlooking the Golden Horn. The greatest public cemetery attached to that capital is at Scutari, which forms a beautiful grove, and disputes in attraction, as a place for readers, with the fountains and cloisters of the Mosques.

In Russia, almost every town of importance has its burial place at a distance from the town, laid out by the architect of the government. It is always well planted with trees, and is frequently ornamented with good pieces of sculpture. Nearly every German town has its cemetery at a distance from the town, planted with trees and ornamented with public and private monuments. Most of the cemeteries have some choice works of art or public monument, which alone would render them an object of attraction. For instance, at Saxe Weimar, the cemetery contains the tombs of Goethe and Schiller placed in the mausoleum of the ducal family. In Turkey, Russia, and Germany the poorer classes have the advantages of interment in the national cemeteries. In Russia it is the practice to hold festivals twice a-year over the graves of their friends. In several parts of Germany similar customs prevail. At Munich, the festival on All Saints' Day (November the 1st) is described as one of the most extraordinary spectacles that is to be seen in Europe. The tombs are decorated in a most remarkable manner with flowers, natural and artificial, branches of trees, canopies, pictures, sculptures, and every conceivable object that can be applied to ornament or decorate. The labour bestowed on some tombs requires so much time, that it is commenced two or three days beforehand, and protected while going on by a temporary roof. During the whole of the night preceding the 1st of November, the relations of the dead are occupied in completing the decoration of the tombs, and during the whole of All Saints' Day and the day following, being All Souls' Day, the cemetery is visited by the entire population of Munich, including the king and queen, who go there on foot, and many strangers from distant parts. Mr. London states that, when he was there, it was estimated that 50,000 persons had walked round the cemetery in one day, the whole, with very few exceptions, dressed in black. On November the 3rd, about mid-day, the more valuable decorations are removed, and the remainder left to decay from the effects of time and weather.

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ART. III.—*History of Letter-Writing from the Earliest Period to the Fifth Century.* By WILLIAM ROBERTS, Esq.—Pickering.

MR. ROBERTS has given us a very complete and satisfactory work, so far as the title of his volume indicates or requires. It is a production of extensive learning, great labour, and that of one who has been sustained by a love for his subject; and no doubt it will become a



standard library book, to be often consulted by the philosophical as well as the classical reader. Indeed it traverses in a masterly manner a field which never before has been systematically and historically examined, at least by any English author. Leaving little that is essential to be supplied by future labourers; at the same time that it furnishes a mode which may very serviceably be observed and followed throughout other and future times.

Mr. Roberts observes that Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny have given incidentally some apposite and spirited remarks upon the proper style of an epistle, and that after them Philostratus, of the era of Severus the First, wrote sensibly on the same subject. Libanius, the preceptor of the Emperor Julian, and Symmachus, who was raised to the consulship about the close of the fourth century, appear not only to have been indefatigable letter-writers, but to have considered themselves as authorities and models in that department. The letters of Libanius amount in number, we believe, to nearly two thousand. Gibbon speaks contemptuously of him. Many of them were written to Julian, who in return sometimes acquitted himself well in the same line. Gregory Nazianzen, a Christian father of the same age, was eminent for epistolary elegance, and in writing to his friend Nicobulus expressed himself happily on some of the properties and rules in this department. We shall, before closing our paper, cite the epistle, both on account of its interest as a specimen, and for its correct suggestive criticism.

From the time of the bishop just now mentioned, Mr. Roberts is not acquainted with any other writer who has professedly dwelt on this species of composition till Erasmus, in his treatise *De Epistolis Conscribendis*, promulgated laws on the subject. There were, however, multitudes who wrote letters in the Latin tongue; so pedantically indeed as to retard the advances of epistolary improvement in the slowly formed vernacular languages of modern Europe, especially in French, English, and German; for the Italians and Spaniards, prompted perhaps by constitutional attributes of mind, although very different in their features, and also by the less reluctant character of their tongues, appear to have employed themselves in making collections of private letters, before any publication of the kind appeared in the other countries of modern civilization which we have named. Montaigne not only represents the Italians as the chief publishers of letters, but says, he possessed in his own library, a hundred volumes of such publications; and many collections have since his days enriched the literature of Italy. With regard to Spain, there the scholars printed letters in their own language, before the polished age of Charles the Fifth. The French, however, at length became great writers and collectors in this way, Voiture and Balzac being for some time the favourites of Europe, serving to lend ease, fluency, and polish to their language. In Germany the amiable

Gellert seems to have been long the favorite; displaying, as Hayley has characterized him, "an uncommon share of that tender melancholy, that religious fervour, that innocent playfulness of fancy, and that spirit of genuine friendship, which gave such attraction to the correspondence of Cowper."

It would carry us far beyond our limits were we to attempt a *catalogue raisonnée* of English letter-writers, much more would the effort to apportion to each of them their proper station. Nay, the office even would necessarily prove an ungrateful one were we to endeavour to balance the merits of the French and the English in this branch of composition. If we are to believe Melmoth and Warton, our gay neighbours have greatly the advantage of us. Still this concession may have been too readily and contemptuously yielded. Certainly, it must not be granted that either this branch of composition is so low—so unimportant, or that the mental features of our national character are so feeble and inferior, as to lead to the disparaging conclusion which some amongst us have come to.

"Letters," says Bacon, "such as are written from wise men, are, of all the words of men, in my judgement the best." "The writing of letters," to quote Locke, "enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid shewing himself in composition of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make this use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense, and his abilities to a severer examination than any oral discourse." In the words of Gibbon,—“We all delight to talk of ourselves, and it is only in letters, in writing to a friend, that we can enjoy that conversation, not only without reproach or interruption, but with the highest propriety and mutual satisfaction.” And Dr. Johnson in his *Rambler* has amongst other dicta said that nothing is to be refused admission in a letter which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject;—that letters are written to the great and the mean, to the learned and to the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. How ample then is the scope, how varied the demands of this species of composition! And can it be probable that the affluent, the deep-toned, and the genial witted minds of the English people are altogether barren or greatly deficient of ability and meritorious display in such a capable and expanded field?

Lord Collingwood, in one of his letters to a daughter, containing a variety of admirable advice, thus expresses himself on the subject of epistolary writing, when by a lady especially:—"No sportsman," he says, "ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art; unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it is to mend a rent in your garment, or finish

the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If in a familiar epistle you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains; and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed; and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology, for having scrawled a sheet of paper; or bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her hand writing. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope, that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense."

Now, all this is excellent advice to young ladies, and was beautifully becoming the gallant writer, who, separated from his family by public duty, still strove to conduct the education of his children, and to inculcate every female accomplishment as well as every sterling virtue. But still, it is as impossible, by rule and lesson to make a first-rate epistolary correspondent, as it would by schooling, to form and fashion a William Cowper, whose letters are by many thought almost unrivalled in the English language; and this not merely because there was something in and about the man that cannot be matched, but because he imprinted upon paper, in his letters, with unequalled fidelity and simplicity, his own attractive and extraordinary character,—his real and actual history, social and mental, with far more accuracy and particularity than the most impartial closet companion could possibly have done.

As for the letters of Pope, they are extremely elegant, but too rhetorical and declamatory; in fact, they are not properly familiar letters at all, having been written for the world, not to his friends merely—not in the consciousness of privacy, but as disclosing universal secrets. Swift, no doubt, was free from these faults and certain other sources of failure; but then, although models in the way of a clear business-like style, they are the records also of a sour and

embittered spirit, and are without the language of the heart, wanting which, friendly letter-writing is a term which seems self-contradicting. Poets, it has been said, might be presumed to furnish the best specimens in this kind of composition; inasmuch as it is supposed that he who finds himself at liberty to escape from the trammels of composition, will glide into unaffected wit, or sober quietly down into the familiar sensible man. Accordingly, not a few of the rhyming race have won laurels in this field, among whom Gray holds a very high rank. He was most elaborate in his poetry,—scholastic and finished. But in his letters he becomes comparatively easy, is extremely graceful, and displays much feeling and true sentiment. You admire his fine understanding and are struck with the strength of his sagacity. Nevertheless, he is even here too sustained, too correct, and too polished to appear perfectly natural. Horace Walpole seems to have formed his style upon that of Gray, with whom he travelled, and is remarkable for sprightly garrulity and facetious sarcasm. But he was in all things the slave of elegant trifles; everything about him, it has well been said, was in little. Even what he had of heart was much artificialized, or governed by conventionalities.

How contrary or superior to all that can be stated of the foregoing celebrities is the praise that must be bestowed upon the literary correspondence of the poet of Olney! How unwitting is his wit! How unstudied his pleasantry! How profound and true his feeling! Do you ever grow weary of his letters, read them often as you may, even of the most trifling texture or on the more trivial and commonplace occurrences? This is an excellent test.

The letters of eminent men cannot but always make very curious reading; but the world could never have properly known the extraordinary nature and the lovely eminence of Cowper had it not been for his correspondence. Long before the appearance of the collection, he had no doubt enjoyed a high popularity as a poet, still very little was understood of a man who lived so entirely secluded; there were no anecdotes circulated abroad of his habits and daily conversation. But in his letters the world has obtained a most minute and very full idea of his entire soul and life, in which romance and purity, genius and refined delicacy commingled in an amazing manner. What strange contrarieties and conflicts have won for him universal admiration, sympathy, and love! In him there were combined the most sensitive shyness and the noblest ambition, a passionate desire for the most sequestered retirement and the truest knowledge of the world, the most terrible depression arising from constitutional horrors and enjoyment of the most playful imagination, all directed by a manly understanding and animated by the mildest affections. How then could his letters be other than inexpressibly delightful, seeing that they are the faithful transcript and the artless embodiment of his own

mind! There, some one has remarked, you have the most becoming attributes of the child, the woman, and the man in wonderful conjunction. Innocence and pleasure—enjoyment, sincerity and sentiment, warmth and principle, overflowing of heart and simplicity of purpose, are everywhere apparent to an attractive degree in every epistle, even when you are prepared for the most perfect playfulness; or he indulges in the highest badinage. Such were some of the features of this most loveable of poets,—such some of the excellences of his unrivalled epistles—such a few suggestions concerning the secret of a rightly constructed and variedly rich collection of letters.

The history of letter-writing in a large sense must be the history of civilization. Could we distinctly mark and trace its impulses, its aids, and its objects; we should be able also to present an account if not of the origin, at least of the early growth and complete development of several other tests of the advancement of society. Letter-writing is, in fact, an art not only of the useful but of the liberal kind, that must have had very extensive and influential bearings.

But still the familiar interchange of letters must have been a comparatively late feature in the history of civilized society; and as proved by this fact amongst others, that *Posting* on any national systematic footing, such as is now established throughout Europe, is but a modern invention. France, it appears, was the originator and propagator of the system. No doubt, in very ancient times, the conveyance of despatches, royal letters, and state messages by regular couriers was known, and this in certain recorded cases on a magnificent scale. But still these arrangements were contrived merely for the service of governments and of courts. True, there were also, prior to the establishment of Post-offices, modes adopted by which business and private correspondence might be conducted. The conveyance and delivery of letters were often part of the occupation of travelling pedlars. When commerce began to advance, regular conveyances for correspondence were established between some of the principal cities either by municipal authorities or by concert of individuals or associations. It is easy to see however that all such facilities must have been too irregular and insecure; that nothing short of a uniform, legalized, and protected system of post conveyance could meet the necessities of highly advanced society; and that till trifles, the most ordinary occurrences in family affairs, and the gracefulness of badinage found the readiest and cheapest means of transit and interchange, there never could have grown into anything like perfection the epistolary style of composition so prevalent at the present day.

The origin and growth of still more subtle intellectual improvements might be noted and accompanied were we in a condition to point out and trace the early history of letter-writing. The first

employment of symbols to represent language, the invention of alphabets, the discovery of substances upon which to impress signs, the fabrication of instruments to engrave or to write words, would be more or less perfectly arrived at, did we know with any degree of exactitude the beginning and primitive improvements in familiar correspondence. What an impulse must have been lent by the obvious facilities afforded by paper or substances akin to that material. And how nearly contemporaneous with a smooth surface, a pliant material for folding, and the use of a flexible sort of pen, may have been the skilful practice of a *running hand* as well as a fluent style of correspondence! All these and sundry other stages of advancement in the world's civilization must have given reciprocal advantages, and been curiously identified in respect of the time of their development. But not to theorize further, or to pay particular attention to the traditionary stories relative to the inventors of letter-writing, or even to dwell upon the very earliest specimens now known to exist, let us approach the classic age of antiquity.

In the rich mass of ancient Grecian literature, we find no collections of familiar letters, which are entitled to be called genuine, of any great value as such; even those Greek epistles which have come down to us, being elaborate compositions for the most part, and disquisitional on matters of general interest or contemplative inquiry. There are absolutely no collections earlier than the familiar correspondence of Cicero and Pliny that can at all be compared with theirs; because the letters of philosophers and rhetoricians to princes cannot properly be classed with the sort of literature which we are immediately considering. Now, when reflecting on the passion for news which animated the Greeks, and the extreme vivacity of their character, as well as the probability that the libraries of Athens were not destitute of such an amusing branch, it seems rather surprising that we not only find such a small number of early Greek epistles, but so little said even by the rhetoricians, about the most admired of their epistolary writers. It is not till we arrive, as above remarked, at the era of Tully, that we find transmitted to us specimens of familiarity and friendship in correspondence belonging to the order of compositions we are more particularly reviewing. To show how desirable it would be to become intimately acquainted with the illustrious characters of Greece, in her days of glory, by aid of their familiar letters, it is only necessary to point to the fact that compositions of the kind have been in remote times too, fabricated for the purpose of ascribing them to such splendid men as Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, and others.

It was, as Mr. Roberts observes, under the influence of Cicero's genius, that the Romans took a sudden spring, were we even to confine the development to letter-writing, for he at once gave and completed the pattern. It is at this point that we first begin to meet

those genuine and excellent specimens of the art which make it not only the medium of free thought and intelligence, but the simple and confiding vehicle of domestic intercourse and private affection. Bolingbroke, many of whose epistles are admirable, goes the length to say in a postscript, "Pliny wrote his letters for the public, so did Seneca, so did Balzac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them we pry into a secret, which was intended to be kept from us—that is a pleasure—we see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were; and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be; or as historians and poets have represented them to ours; that is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint; follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber." We, however, cannot altogether yield to the happy illustration of Bolingbroke, or admit the accuracy of his judgment about the intentions and motives of Cicero, some of whose letters were certainly designed for the public eye, for his passion for fame and his vanity were rather inordinate. Let us here cite from Mr. Roberts a passage of striking clearness and soundness of view. After having stated that it was with the pen of Cicero that letter-writing began to take its rank in polite literature as a specific head or department of composition, he goes on to remark as follows:

As the illustrations and rules of poetic composition were borrowed by Aristotle from the example of Homer, who has left to the world the earliest and best specimen of the epic model; so the practice and authority of Cicero appear to have furnished rules best entitled to determine the character and merit of the epistolary style. According to that high authority in every department of literature, it was a species of writing enjoying the privilege of great ease and familiarity, as well in its diction as in its treatment of its subject, and to considerable liberty in the employment of wit and humour. He admits that the composition of a letter may be allowed to vary with the subject-matter, yet the general style most suitable to its character and spirit he considers to be that which is most in use in the ordinary and daily intercourse of society. Thus, in one of his letters to Pœtus, he expresses his admiration of his simple and playful use of words, and especially his indigenous humour, such as characterized the old Romans,—preferable in his esteem to that which had the title of *Attic*. He even asks his friend whether he himself does not seem in the letters he writes to him, to adopt a common and almost plebeian manner of writing, which he confesses to be rather his aim, being accustomed to affect only words of every-day stamp in his correspondence. There is reason to think, however, that Cicero usually took pains with the style of his letters, and that it was not his frequent practice to write in haste,

though on some occasions he must have done so ; as when he wrote reclining at an entertainment, which was the case when he despatched a letter to the same Postus, describing on his tablet the persons present and the topics of their conversation. It cannot be doubted, however, that he wrote some with a view to their publication.

After quoting from the orator himself a passage which proves that he was preparing to give a certain number of his epistolary compositions to the world, Mr. Roberts proceeds thus to report and to remark :

In Cicero's view of letter writing, its style and manner ought to vary with the complexion of its subject-matter, and can be subjected to no abstract system of rules. In a letter to Curio he propounds three principal kinds, or genera, of epistles, giving the first place to that which simply conveys interesting intelligence, being, as he says, the very subject for which the thing itself came into existence ; the second place to the jocose ; and the third to the serious and solemn. But whether used as the vehicle of playful thoughts or of matters of serious import, it was the opinion of Cicero that there was something sacred in its contents, which gave it the strongest claim to be withheld from third persons where it was of a private nature, and chiefly because in such communications we give the freest scope to our feelings and fancies ; for " who," says this great man in his second philippic, " that is at all influenced by good habits and feelings, has ever allowed himself to resent an affront or injury by exposing to others any letters received from the offending persons during their intercourse of friendship ? What else," continued the orator, with the same warmth of expression, " would be the tendency of such a conduct but to rob the very life of life of its social charms ? How many pleasantries find their way into letters, as amusing to the correspondents as they are insipid to others ; and how many subjects of serious interest which are entirely unfit to be brought before the public."

The plan, design, and execution of Mr. Roberts will enable the reader not only to become fully acquainted with the theory of letter-writing, but with its practice as it obtained in the ancient world,—that is, down to the Roman empire in the West ; considering it, as it does, " like literary justice to antiquity to produce whatever tends to bring it into fair comparison with our own times, in those arts especially, in which their sober genius has supplied models worthy of being studied by their posterity for their weight, correctness, and simplicity." Besides, our author has been influenced by the just and generous feeling that the nearest approach that can be made to the inherent and treasured properties of a language, be it Greek, Roman, or the tongue of any other refined people, is, through the medium of epistolary specimens, because he thinks that there its felicities and flexibilities must principally exist. Again, he is impressed with the idea that examples from histories and other sources, will present to the reader many lively traces of mental habit and character. Nor has he confined himself to the letters of the wisest and most accom-



plished heathens, but has added pretty copious samples from "the evangelical church of the fourth and fifth centuries, in whose epistolary intercourse there will be found matter of the gravest import, and the fullest exhibition of a class of men, whose habits of thought and expression were framed after a model entirely different from that which furnished the standard of heathen morality."

A glance at the titles of the chapters into which Mr. Roberts divides the matter of his stout volume conveys a fair idea of the abundance and variety of the specimens, the subject being further enriched and worked out by his numerous able as well as learned comments, by historical and biographical notices, and by many pertinent illustrations,—the whole thrown into a chronological order. First, we have several preliminary sections, the subjects being, the Origin and Primitive History of Letter-Writing,—the Mechanism and Materials of Letter-Writing,—Pens, Pencils, and Ink,—the Forms of Ancient Letters,—and Conveyance by Post. Next, are considered and cited the Letters attributed to Phalaris,—the Pythagorean Correspondence,—and the Spurious Greek Epistles attributed to Themistocles, Xenophon, Alciphron, &c. We do not see very clearly the propriety of swelling the volume by means of these fabrications; and object to their position in a work professing to be framed according to a strictly chronological plan; even although a certain interest attaches to them not merely as having been the themes of vehement controversy in modern times, but on account of the merit of some of them both intrinsically and as trials of strength and imitative talent. After the *spurious* come the Genuine Heathen Greek Epistles,—the Early Letter-Writing among the Romans,—Letters to Cicero from his Friends,—Letters from Cicero to his Friends,—Letters of Augustus Cæsar,—Letters of Seneca,—Letters of the Younger Pliny,—Letter-Writing from the time of Pliny to that of Philostratus,—from Philostratus to the time of Libanius,—and lastly from the time of Libanius to that of Lidonius Apollinaris.

We proceed to extract specimens of the Letters, and a sentence here and there from the collector's comments and illustrations. The epistle to which we first of all invite notice has been considered a model of princely politeness. It is from Philip of Macedon to Aristotle, on the birth of Alexander, as handed down by Aulus Gellius.

Know that a son is born to me, for which I am grateful to the gods; not so much for the birth of a son, as that he comes into the world in your time; for my hope is that, under your education and instruction, he will be worthy both of us, and of the succession to the government of this empire.

The letter from which we next quote,—Catiline to Catulus,—is strongly characteristic. He seeks to cover his desperate designs on the ground of provocation and of self-defence.

Goaded by injuries and contumelies, being deprived of the fruits of my labour and industry, and not obtaining my proper station in the commonwealth, I undertook the cause of the miserable, as has been ever my practice. I was able to pay my debts contracted on my own account, from my own property; while those contracted on the account of others the liberality of Orestilla could pay out of her own means and those of her daughters: it was not, therefore, the desperation of my circumstances that has forced me to act as I do, but because I saw that unworthy men were preferred to posts of honour, and that I was excluded under a false charge. On this account I betook myself to ways sufficiently honourable in my circumstances for preserving the remains of my dignity.

In the letters of Cicero, says our author, very happily, "all that the Latin language could produce of effect and impression by its peculiar idiom, and the secret graces which are locked up in the nationality of its allusions and associations, was, doubtless, in full exercise." The remark is not less well favoured, that his correspondents in writing to the orator seem to have reflected the radiance which his own peculiar genius threw around him. His era too was the most remarkable in the history of the world, not only in respect of actual events and pregnancy for the future but of great actors, who must always both be produced by, and be the originators of, extraordinary occurrences. And highly interesting it is to come into familiar communion with such men as had received and cultivated all that human nature could discover, and at a period, "when the wisdom of this world, with all the gifts and endowments which the schools of man's teaching could confer, stood on the verge of that new and glorious system with which, it was soon to be brought into comparison."

Among the letters to Cicero from his friends, none have been deemed more worthy of notice than that which Servius Sulpicius wrote to him, on the death of Tullia, the orator's beloved daughter, the wife of Dolabella. The letter is not merely deserving of particular attention on account of its elegance and feeling, but of its poverty in relation to the only great sources of consolation from which the bereaved can ever draw adequate support. We cite a few of its sentences and a sample of its arguments.

When word was brought me of the death of your daughter Tullia, (she died at the age of thirty-two and in childbed) the news affected me exceedingly, as it was natural it should do, being an affliction which I looked upon as shared between us. Had I been with you at the moment of your loss, I should have mixed my sorrow with yours. Although this is but a miserable and poor consolation, coming as it must from near friends and relations, who being in the same affliction with the bereaved person, cannot administer comfort without adding their own tears, so that they may seem rather to need comfort themselves, than capable of giving it to others; nevertheless, I resolved in a few words to write to you such thoughts as have come into

mind upon this occasion. \* \* \* How is it that your grief has taken so violent a hold upon you ? Consider how fortune has hitherto dealt with us ; that those things have been taken from us which ought to be as dear to us as our children—our country, our commerce, our dignity, and our honours. To such a weight of grief, can this one sorrow be felt as an addition ? \* \* \* Alas, how often must the reflection occur to you, for indeed it has to me, that, in times like these, those are not the least mercifully dealt by who are permitted without much suffering to pass from life to death. \* \* \* Call off your thoughts from these subjects to the proper consideration of your own character and personal dignity, and the duties which are implied in that consideration. \* \* \* Do not forget that you are Cicero ; one who has always been accustomed to advise and give counsel to others, nor act like those physicians who, while they affect to cure the diseases of other men, are unable to cure their own, but turn to your own profit the lesson which, in the same case, you would give to others. There is no sorrow so great as not to be alleviated by length of time ; but it would be disgraceful in you to wait for that time, and not to anticipate it by your own wisdom. Moreover, if there be any knowledge in the departed of what passes here, such was her affection and piety towards you, that she cannot but lament to see you so afflict yourself. \* \* \* We have sometimes seen you bear your prosperity nobly, with great honour and credit to yourself ; let us now see that you are able, with the same equanimity, to bear adverse fortune.

How cold and unsatisfying must all this elegant argument have been to the yearning heart of the parent, longing for some unnamed and unknown comfort, and striving in vain to find a rock on which to build up his trust in the beatitude of the departed ! Seneca has some familiar letters, where he laid the philosopher aside, or at least adopted a playful style, although the thoughts were laden with touching truths. The specimen we quote has his characteristic nervous force, his refinement of sentiment, and that morality of precept, along with all its familiarity, which must have helped to make St. Jerome rank him among Christian writers. The subject is the *shortness of life* ; and the epistle is to Lucilius :

Whithersoever I turn myself, spectacles, reminding me of my old age, present themselves. I went the other day to my country house just without the city, and was complaining how much it seemed out of repair, notwithstanding the money which I had laid out upon it. "It may be so," said my bailiff, "but it is from no want of care in me. I have done all in my power to it, but the truth is, it is very old." Now, you must know this villa was of my own raising, and has grown to its present state under my hands. What then have I to expect, if stones laid down in my own time have begun to show symptoms of decay ? Being put by this a little out of humour with the man, I laid hold of the first occasion of finding fault. "It seems to me," said I, "that these plane trees have been neglected. How rotten and withered are these branches ! In what a wretched and foul condition are these stems ! This would not have happened if any one had dug round it, and given it water." Upon this my bailiff swears heartily that he

and some at his elbow, and spread as I look, but that they were old. Your answer, however, I planned these things, and witnessed their fulfilment. Thinking to see you, I said, "And pray will a man decapitated not follow when you leave, perhaps through neglect mine, with his face turned towards the door?" "Where is the sword that you took my life from?" "What wine is this to bring the strange corpse with my name?" "What! don't you know me?" says the old man; "I am Fulcra, in whom you used formerly to bring joyrings. I am the son of Plautina, your former hostess: your little favourite playfellow." "Silly," said I, "the man is out of his mind. He my little playfellow! The thing is impossible. But it may be, for I see he is shaking his teeth."

As the letter proceeds, one sees how much he was master of ornament and simile, and, according to the fashion of the age.

Thus am I indebted to my villa for reminding me, at every turn, of my old age. Let us embrace it, let us love it. To him who knows how to use it, it is most attractive. The last potation is the most agreeable to the lovers of wine; and every pleasure is most valued when it is coming to its end. Decay, when it is gradual, and not precipitate, is really pleasant. I don't fear to pronounce a man standing on the very ultimate verge of life to have his solace; or at least we may say that the absence of all want is itself a sort of pleasure. How sweet it is to have lived out, and taken leave of, all anxious desires!

But you will say that it is painful to have death before our eyes. My answer is in the first place, that it ought always to be before the eyes as well of the young as of the old; for we are not summoned as we stand in the register. And then that no one is so old as to make it sinful to expect another day. \* \* \* He is the happiest man, and the secure possessor of himself, who waits for the morrow without solicitude:—he who can go to bed at night saying; "I have lived" in the full sense of the phrase, rises every morning with a day gained.

Mr. Roberts is ever ready for pertinent remarks and useful illustration in the progress of his chronological arrangement of specimens, while carrying his readers through what he calls the "comfortless regions of pagan darkness." His selections from Seneca, for example, are followed by impressive and just views of that illustrious man's attainments as well as deficiencies. So very near, observes our author, *the fountain of the water of life*, and yet perishing with thirst. The general character given by Mr. Roberts of the letters of the younger Pliny, afford a fair sample of our author's style, taste, and critical judgment. We quote part:

The letters of the younger Pliny savour of a period in which the Roman state was much altered from its condition in the days of Cicero. He held the same offices as Cicero, and a similar provincial command, but he held them under a master to whom he was expected to account for all the particulars of his public conduct. His opinions and actions were all under a

superintendence, and kept the germs of any great qualities, if there existed any in his mind, from fully disclosing themselves. His public attainments seem to have been either cramped or naturally diminutive in comparison with those of the great man whom he professedly imitated ;—one, when in Rome, Rome regarded as her patriot and preserver, and who in exile or in foreign command carried with him the genius of Rome wherever he went.

The letters of Pliny are, however, very full of good sense and entertainment ; and of a more domestic character than either those of Cicero or Seneca. They shew the decisive marks of the gentleman and the scholar, and deserve great respect for their polished and social urbanity. They are replete with the topics and interests of busy and contemplative life ; but they contain little to illustrate the charm imparted to letters by a great unfettered choice of familiar words, of imagery controlled only by the discipline of taste, the restraint of principle, and the awe of public opinion.

Pliny, as governor of Pontus and Bithynia, under the Emperor Trajan, was closely concerned in the persecution of Christians, and deeply interested in the vain effort to crush the progress of the new religion of which his master was so jealous and fearful. Mr. Roberts has particularly directed attention to the correspondence bearing upon this grand novelty ; fervently and manfully, as is his uniform practice, announcing the glorious superiority of divine light over all the displays of heathen genius. In fact, throughout the latter sections of the volume, where the correspondence of the Fathers engages the compiler, it takes a decidedly religious turn, Mr. Roberts cherishing the warmest sympathies for that class of men, and being of opinion that the present is a juncture at which copious specimens of their letters will prove especially interesting. We shall extract one of these Christian samples already promised, for the benefit of those of our readers who may be studying the art of letter-writing, rather than of such as dip into the wells of theological controversy. We quote from Gregory of Nazianzas to Nicobulus, on epistolary correspondence :

Of those who write epistles, my opinion is, that some make their letters lengthy, and others far too short for the occasion. Both these depart from the just mean, as archers miss the mark, whether they shoot beyond it, or come short of it. For the error is the same, though it is committed in opposite ways. The right measure of letter writing, is the requirement of the subject matter. For we neither ought to belong where there is not much to say, nor brief where there is a press of matter. What then ? Is it proper to measure wisdom by the Persian line, or by the cubits of children, and to write so incompletely as to write, in fact, nothing ; imitating the noon-tide shadows which lie immediately before as at our feet, the limits whereof are scarcely visible, and are rather glanced at than seen, and are, if I may so say, the shadows of shades ? Whereas the right proceeding is to avoid excess in either way, and to adopt a middle course. Concerning the concise method of writing this is my opinion.

Concerning perspicuity this is plain, that we should avoid as much as possible the style of an essay, and aim rather at a familiar phraseology, and to say all in a few words. That is the best epistle, and the most happily composed, which is calculated to bring its matter home both to the learned and the unlearned—to the one, as being accommodated in language to the level of the multitude; and to the other, as being raised in height above that level; and which is understood as soon as read. For it is equally incongruous that a riddle should be plain, and that an epistle should need interpretation.

The third requisite in letter-writing is grace of expression. But we must avoid altogether a diction dry and harsh, and expressions that are coarse, inelegant, and dull; as where a letter is devoid of pointed sentences, adages, and apophthegms, yes and of jests too, and enigmatical allusions, by which this sort of composition is rendered pleasing. But let us avoid excess in the use of these things. By the want of them we are dull and insipid, by the adoption of them we are in danger of being carried too far. We should use them to the same extent as purple is admitted into the texture of woven garments. We may introduce figures, too, but these should be few, and not immodest. But let us cast to the sophists antitheses, gingling words, and balanced sentences with similar terminations. Or if we do occasionally introduce them, let it be in a playful way, and not when we are treating of serious matters. I will end my observations on this subject by mentioning what I once heard from a man of wit about the eagle. When the birds were contending for the throne, and some came adorned in one way some in another, it was his greatest ornament to appear before them unadorned. This also should be especially observed in epistles.—to be without the affectation of ornament, and to come as close as possible to nature.

To conclude, we cite a few of our author's closing remarks upon the writings, principles, and opinions of the Fathers of the Church:—

The scope of this undertaking (the History of ancient Letter-Writing) necessarily brought under notice the epistles of the fathers of the church, particularly of those of the fourth, and the early part of the fifth century. In this part of the work, it is hoped that no indication has been given of a want of that respect and reverence for the fathers, which their character and services claim at our hand. There were many of them excellent and holy men, and of all the actors in the greatest affairs of mankind, there are none concerning whom it is more important that the truth should be spoken. We are indebted to them largely for their lessons of vital holiness, and for their general specifications of the fundamental writers of an orthodox belief. But still they are very erring men, often at variance with Scripture, often at strife with each other, and often, very often, on particulars involving or affecting the mysteries of our faith, letting their genius loose in unsober speculation. They were under considerable disadvantage, many of them being late converts to Christianity, and not becoming such, till their minds had been deeply impregnated with the Gentile philosophy, which they had not only learned, but efficiently taught in the schools of Athens, Antioch, Rome, and Alexandria.

Happy it is for us that with the scriptures of truth lying before us, we are not cast, in single dependence, on the vague authority of human dictation, for the grounds of our hope and trust. \* \* \* Fallible and feeble hands unauthorized and unqualified to add a syllable to the contents of the record, or to interpret those contents with certainty, or to furnish an article of belief which those contents did not comprise and promulgate, were yet capable of preserving and transmitting the record itself. And for this tangible subject of traditions we have greatly to thank them.

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ART. IV.—*A New Theory of Gravitation.* By JOSEPH DENISON, Esq. Whittaker and Co.

MR. DENISON seems to be a writer of very varied powers; tragedy and philosophy fall equally within the grasp of his comprehensive mind, if we may judge from the list of his works which is inserted at the end of his theory of gravitation, from which it appears that while his reasoning faculties have been engaged upon the abstract sciences, and in confuting the vain theories that have been advanced by the mathematicians of the last century, and blindly followed by those of the present time; his imagination and his tragic powers have been employed on "the remorse of Orestes, king of Argos, Lacedæmon, Mycene (as Mr. Denison's new theory of spelling has it) and Sicyon, son of Agamemnon;" but if Mr. Denison's dramatic performance (supposing it to be a drama, which we cannot assert with certainty, from our not having read it) bears the same relation to a tragedy that his new theory of gravitation does to true reasoning, we can only say that it must be one of the richest burlesques ever published, and worthy of being ranked with "Othello according to Act of Parliament," "Virginius, the Rum-un," and other dramas of that class which are received with much laughter at our minor theatres.

Mr. Denison's work commences by giving us a few of the reasons which led Newton to his theory of gravitation, gently touching upon the presumption of the latter in attempting to account for natural phenomena while he was yet in his youth, which animadversion is certainly rather misplaced, seeing that Mr. Denison, if not a child in years, is doubtlessly a child, and by no means a precocious one, in intellect; and hinting how he will annihilate poor Newton by strict mathematical proof in the course of his work.

When Sir Isaac Newton discovered gravitation as a principle pervading the solar system, "he found," says his biographer, "by comparing the periods of the several planets with their distances from the sun, that if any power like gravity held them in their courses, its strength must decrease in the duplicate proportion of the increase of distance. This he concluded by

supposing them to move in perfect circles, concentric to the sun, from which the orbits of the greatest part of them do not much differ. Supposing, therefore, the force of gravity, when extended to the moon," (that is, from the earth,) "to decrease in the same manner, he computed whether that force would be sufficient to keep the moon in her orbit."

Newton's computation, proceeding upon this hypothesis (viz. that the force of gravity is inversely as the square of the distance) showed that the force of gravity was not sufficient to retain the moon in its orbit round the earth; and he concluded that some other force must join with gravitation in producing the revolution.

Newton was twenty-four, or at most twenty-five years of age, when he made the discovery of gravitation; and because this principle of action appeared insufficient to account for the moon's revolution round the earth, he abandoned, for about twelve years, all consideration of the subject. Mr. Whiston (in his Memoirs, page 33) says that Newton told him he thought Descartes's vortices might concur with the action of gravity in retaining the moon in her orbit.

It is much to be regretted that Newton's calculations at that time are not extant, whereby we should have known upon what data he proceeded, and in what manner he investigated the subject. It would appear, however, that he assumed that gravitation resembles light as emanating in rays from a centre, and he ascribed to the force of gravitation that well-known property of light, that its effulgence decreases inversely as the squares of the distances.

Newton's biographer informs us, that Picart having, 1679, accurately measured a degree of the earth, Newton by using Picart's measures, found that the moon is retained in her orbit by the sole power of gravity, and *consequently* that this power decreases in the duplicate ratio of the distance, as he had formerly conjectured.

It appears that Newton's resumption of his investigations which he had so long discontinued, was occasioned by his becoming satisfied with the accuracy of Kepler's analogy between the periodic times of the revolution of the primary planets and their mean distances from the sun. Newton, in his System of the World, has, with his usual brevity, stated the grounds on which he "infers that the circum-terrestrial force decreases in the duplicate proportion of the distances." His reasoning is founded on demonstrations not exact, but resting on approximations, which, notwithstanding his great authority, are not conclusive; and the duplicate proportion which he *infers* from those premises is altogether at variance with the circum-solar forces of the planets as ascertained by strict mathematical proof, as will presently appear.

After stating Kepler's analogy between the periodic times of the planets and their distances from the sun, and overwhelming us with astonishment at his unlooked-for urbanity in admitting the truth of the analogy, Mr. Denison, having mis-stated the course adopted by Newton to establish his theory of gravitation, kindly vouchsafes to give his own theory to the world.



It is obvious that if Newton had first ascertained the gravitating forces of the planets, and then compared those forces with their distances from the sun, he might have discovered, from the comparison, whatever analogy or relation exists between the forces and the distances. This is the obvious and natural course, and is that which we shall pursue in this treatise. We shall accordingly proceed to ascertain, by the established principles of dynamics, the respective forces of gravitation on the primary planets; on comparing which with their respective mean distances from the sun, it will be found that *the forces of gravitation on the planets are inversely as the square-roots of their mean distances from the sun*; which is the substance of our new theory.

We now come to an extraordinary piece of burlesque argument in which Mr. Denison appears to great advantage as a philanthropist in getting the world, by a powerful exertion of mechanical ability, out of a very awkward predicament; for which act of charity all mankind, if they were only aware of their obligations, would undoubtedly be eternally grateful.

Now, the mean distance of any planet from the sun is equal to that space which the planet would uniformly describe along a right line in one-fourth of its periodic time, by its centrifugal force alone, if its gravitating force were abstracted. Thus 95,008,098 miles, which is the mean distance of the earth from the sun, is equal to that space which the earth would uniformly describe along a right line by its centrifugal force alone, in one-fourth of its periodic time  $= \frac{365 \cdot 25}{4} = 91 \cdot 31$  days; that is, with a velo-

city of about 1,040,411 miles per diem, which constitutes the earth's centrifugal force; and this centrifugal force may be conceived to have originated in a momentary impulse communicated to the earth in any point of its orbit, and generating that constant velocity. The path of the planet in its orbit is the resultant of the composition of its centrifugal and centripetal forces, which forces are equal to each other, (1 Principia, Scholium to Proposition 4,) and for our purpose the orbit may be taken as circular. Now, the centrifugal force is that which generates a constant velocity in the direction of a right line at a tangent to the curve. Let  $x$  represent the position of the earth in any part of its orbit considered circular, moving from  $x$  towards  $e$  in the arc  $xe$ ; and let  $xs$  represent the distance of the earth from the sun, and the direction of the earth's centripetal force at the point  $x$ ; draw  $xb$  at right angles to  $xs$ , and equal to it, and complete the square  $xbes$ . Then will the arc  $xe$  be one quarter of the earth's orbit, and the point  $e$  will be the earth's position at the end of 91·31 days after moving from the point  $x$ . Now it is obvious from the nature of the composition of forces, that if the earth had been impelled at the point  $x$  by the two equal forces  $xb$  and  $xs$ , each generating a constant velocity of 1,040,411 miles per diem, she would arrive at the point  $e$  in 91·31 days after moving from the point  $x$ ; consequently the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the earth at any point  $x$  in its orbit, are together equivalent to two equal forces, each generating a constant velocity of 1,040,411 miles per diem, one of

the forces acting in the direction towards the sun, from  $x$  to  $s$ , and the other in the direction from  $x$  to  $b$ , at right angles to the right line  $xs$ . But the centrifugal force of the earth is equal to 1,040,411 miles per diem, for, if less, the point  $x$  would fall nearer  $s$ , as in  $b$ , and consequently the earth, at the end of 91.31 days, would be in the point  $d$ , contrary to the hypothesis: or, if the centrifugal force is greater than 1,040,411 miles per diem, the point  $x$  would fall further from  $s$ , and the earth, at the end of 91.31 days, would be beyond  $e$ .

It follows that the centripetal force of the earth is equal to a momentary impulse conceived to be communicated to it in any point of its orbit, in a direction towards the sun, and generating a constant velocity of 1,040,411 miles per diem: for we have already shown that the centrifugal and the centripetal forces of the earth are together equal to two equal forces of 1,040,411 miles per diem each; and as we have shown that the earth's centrifugal force is equal to 1,040,411 miles per diem, it follows that if we take these equal parts from the equal wholes, the remainders will be equal; that is, the earth's centripetal force, or the sun's gravitation on the earth, is equal to 1,040,411 miles per diem.

From hence we gain many new lights on the subject of mechanics; in the first place that it is velocity which constitutes (not causes) centrifugal force, thereby establishing a complete identity between force and velocity, to the utter overthrow of all our previous notions on these subjects: when we have a little recovered our senses under the astounding shock, and digested this mighty and novel *truth*, we continue our perusal of the new theory, and are informed that the path of the planet in its orbit is the resultant of the composition of its centrifugal and centripetal forces, which forces are equal to each other. Mr. Denison gives as the sole cause of centrifugal force an impulse communicated to the earth at any point of its orbit; though we will say nothing to the exquisite absurdity of any impulse generating a continued force, but at once proceed to Mr. Denison's system for starting the earth in space by means of a central force and an equal centrifugal force (i. e.) an equal force in the opposite direction. Now it is perfectly true that the centrifugal and centripetal forces in a circular orbit are equal to one another; but Mr. Denison seems to scout the common opinion that centrifugal force cannot exist till the body has a velocity impressed upon it, and endeavours to project the earth in space by means of two equal forces acting in opposite directions, in which case most people would imagine that the earth would be totally unmoved; but in this threatening state of affairs, Mr. Denison discovers that the centrifugal force produces a velocity in a direction perpendicular to its line of action, and relieves our planet from its embarrassing situation, for which energetic action the human race ought to lose no time in sending Mr. Denison a general letter of thanks. Having furnished us with these two invaluable axioms, the author seems to consider us capable of comprehending the demonstration in the next two pages

of his work, though formidable by a diagram and several large numbers, but Mr. Denison has in his superabundant modesty, over-rated the powers of ordinary mortals compared with his own, for we must confess that we cannot understand it at all, for which defect in our understandings we are heartily sorry, as it deprives us of the enjoyment of some very original deductions from the parallelogram of forces. Notwithstanding Mr. Denison's assurance that centrifugal force produces a velocity in the direction of the tangent, we have still some doubt on the subject in our narrow minds, and the prejudice which we have long entertained against the idea that the parallelogram of forces is applicable in any case but that in which the forces continue to act in the same directions, prevents us from entering into the spirit of any conclusions drawn from applying the parallelogram of forces to two forces, the direction of whose action is continually shifting.

From the above delectable proposition it follows, says Mr. Denison, "that the centripetal force of the earth is equal to a momentary impulse conceived to be communicated to it also in any point of its orbit, in a direction towards the sun, and generating a constant velocity of 1,040,411 miles per diem," thus asserting the identity of impulsive and finite forces, and he now proceeds to show that it is all the same for his theory, *as it undoubtedly is*, whether the earth moves in a circle or in an ellipse. His arguments can only be given in his own words.

We may here observe, that since, by the properties of the composition of forces, the two forces  $x\ b$  and  $x\ s$  acting at right angles to each other, have no tendency either to increase or diminish one the other, so the equivalent centrifugal and centripetal forces have also no such tendency. It is true that the continually shifting direction of the action of gravitation occasions the earth to move in the curve or arc  $x\ e$ , whereas its path, if it were impelled by the two forces  $x\ b$  and  $x\ s$ , would be in the diagonal or chord  $x\ e$ ; but in each case the earth would arrive at the point  $e$  in the same time, moving quicker in the curve than it would do in the diagonal; so that the continually shifting direction of gravitation makes no alteration in the effects or results of these two different combinations of forces at the point  $e$ . So the elliptical form of the earth's orbit makes no difference in our conclusions drawn from the hypothesis of the earth's orbit being circular, though it occasions the earth's motion to be variable; for the ellipse and the circle would intersect each other four times in every revolution of the earth, and at the points of intersection the earth's velocity would be the same in each case, whether her orbit were elliptical or circular; so that the earth's elliptical motion, which is quicker at her perihelion, and slower at her aphelion, than it would be, if, according to our hypothesis, she moved in a circle whose radius was her mean distance from the sun, is a continual recurrence at the points of intersection to what it would be if she moved with an uniform velocity in a perfectly circular orbit.

The reasoning in the commencement of this paragraph must be allowed to pass in all its unfathomable mystery, and we only request

to be allowed meekly to hint our impression that, if a body move in an ellipse about a centre of force in the focus, as in the case of the sun and planets, and a circle be described whose centre is the centre of force, and radius the mean distance of the body from the centre of force the circle would only cut the ellipse in two points and not in four as Mr. Denison asserts; but we suppose Mr. Denison knows best, and whether the circle cut the ellipse in two or four points, it will, we venture to say, make not the slightest difference in the new theory of gravitation.

After calculating the gravitating forces of the planets to the sun upon this new system, and indulging in a little pratter about large numbers, in which Mr. Denison seems to take a peculiar delight, we come to another argument for what he calls his quadrantal method.

That our quadrantal method is well founded, supposing the orbits of the planets to be circular, will further appear, if we determine their velocities upon that hypothesis, and then compare the ratios of their velocities with those of the forces, as stated in the table; and we premise, as what we propose to prove, that *the mean velocities of the planets are inversely as the square-roots of their mean distances from the sun.* This proposition is advanced by La Place (*System of the World*, vol. i. p. 236), and I avail myself of the concurrence of so high an authority; but as that author does not demonstrate it, and as I do not find it even advanced by any other astronomer, the following demonstration is offered.

This is a masterly stroke of genius: that the mean velocities of the planets are inversely as the square roots of their mean distances from the sun is a proposition that has been proved by Newton in his *Principia*, and also to be found in every treatise on mechanics we have ever read, and therefore we certainly are not going to dispute the truth of this *discovery* of Mr. Denison's, whatever objection we may have to his new theory. Mr. Denison now having, *en passant*, represented La Place as a sharer in his iniquities, commences the promise annihilation of Newton, and attempts to disprove his theory by the argumentum ab absurdo, that is to say by taking Newton's theory for granted, reasoning upon it by means of his own theory as far as he has at this stage of his work developed it, and bringing an absurd result, (*i. e.*) that the centripetal forces thus calculated do not balance the centrifugal forces of some of the planets; from this result, his own theory being of course infallible, Mr. Denison at once concludes Newton to be in the wrong; and if it were not for the science of mathematics to help him, Newton would be destroyed by Mr. Denison as the elephant in the story is said to have been killed by the comparatively insignificant mouse. But if we take V, F, and R, to represent respectively the velocity, central force, and distance from the centre, any treatise on mechanics will prove that the centrifugal force  $= \frac{V^2}{R}$  and Newton's theory, when not *improved* by Mr.

Denison's gives  $V^2 = F R$  whence  $F = \frac{V^2}{R}$  or central force = centrifugal force. How Mr. Denison has brought a different result we cannot say, but if it *were* possible for his new theory to be false, that would satisfactorily account for the discrepancy in the two results. We are now led by our facetious author to consider where the sun's gravitation comes from, and Mr. Denison gives us his opinion on the subject with another assault upon Newton, who is again indebted to mathematics for his rescue.

We may, therefore, conclude that the force of the sun's gravitation does not emanate from him as rays from a centre, which supposition is the foundation of Newton's theory; a supposition appearing very improbable, when we consider the enormous magnitude of the sun, being such that if its centre were coincident with the centre of the earth, its spherical surface would extend to nearly double the distance of the moon from the earth in every direction.

Our conception of such an enormous sphere, instead of being aided by our sense of sight, is, on the contrary, misled by it. If the earth were so near the sun as that at our equator, his bulk at noon occupied the whole, or nearly the whole, of the visible heavens, the hypothesis would probably never have been entertained that his force of gravitation emanates from his centre only.

As the theory we have been accustomed to receive as Newton's is somewhat different from Mr. Denison's Newton's theory, it may be as well to give the theory as Newton left it, which is in substance this. "Every particle of matter attracts another particle with a force which varies as the mass of the attracting particle directly and as the square of the distance between the two particles inversely." Now if the sun be spherical and composed of such attracting particles, any treatise on attractions will shew that the whole attraction of the sun is the same as if all its mass were collected at its centre, and consequently Newton's theory suffers not at all from the size of the sun, if mathematical proof may be allowed to outweigh what seems probable to the instinct of Mr. Denison, whose luminous views on solar attraction are thus laid down:

The observed phenomena lead us to believe that gravity emanates not from the sun's hemisphere, to each planet, in the figure of a cone, of which the sun's hemisphere is the base, and of which the vortex is the point at which the planet's shadow ends; or, taking the centre of the planet as the vortex of the cone, (which will be near enough for our purpose,) the distance of the planet's centre from the centre of the sun will be the altitude of the cone.

Cones on the same base are to one another as their altitudes, and therefore the *mere* forces of the sun's gravitation on the planets are inversely as their mean distances from the sun. By mere forces, I mean the forces independent of their *action*. But the action of the force on a nearer planet

is more *oblique* than its action on a more distant one ; and this action, from the established principles of dynamics, is directly as their distances.

Let *s* represent the centre of the sun, and *c* and *b* two planets ; the distance of *b* from the sun's centre being double that of *c*. By our theory, the force of the sun's gravitation on *c* (being inversely as the distances) is double its force on *b* ; that is, is as the right-line *sb* to the right-line *sc* ; but the action of the double-force *sb* is to the action of the single or half-force *sc*, as *sc* to *sb*.

Now, if we suppose their mean distances from the sun to be, *b* 100, and *c* 50 millions of miles, the mere force of the sun's gravitation on *c* would be double its mere force on *b*. But the action of *b*'s half-force, *sc*, will be double the action of *c*'s force, *sb* : hence, since *b*'s force is *sc*, if its action is also *sc*, the action of *c*'s greater force will only be the half of *sc* or *sb* ; that is, it will be a quarter of *sb*, or half of half *sb*.

And so it would appear, that if *b* were at triple the distance of *c* from the sun, the action of *b* would be a third of a third of *sb* ; and if quadruple, quintuple, &c. of the distance, a fourth of a fourth, a fifth of a fifth, &c. of *sb*. But the continual ratios of half of half, third of third, fourth of fourth, &c., are the continual ratios of the root to its square ; wherefore  $sb \times sc \frac{1}{2}$  represents the composition of the force and action of gravity on *c* ; and  $sc \times sb$  represents the composition of the force and action of gravity on *b*.

The pages we have just quoted, are the most astonishing specimens of scientific writing in one sense that were ever given to the world, and would have excited fears in us that Mr. Denison had gone out of his mind, if our apprehensions were not calmed by the conviction forced upon us by the perusal of the whole work, that Mr. Denison never had a mind at all to go out of. We are first told of the whole *hemisphere* of the sun, and it certainly is rather a strong measure to cut down the sun, without assigning a reason, from a sphere into a hemisphere, not to mention the violence done to the impressions of the greater part of mankind as to the form of that luminary ; but not content with this atrocity, Mr. Denison lays violent hands on the mutilated orb, and in the most unwarrantable manner, wishes to make his hemisphere the base of a particularly imaginary cone, and since the base of every cone must be a plane curve, the ill-used sun must have been squeezed flat by the gigantic power of Mr. Denison's theory. When we have become reconciled to this somewhat violent treatment of the unoffending sun, we come to the consideration of the above-mentioned cone, whose vortex is the point in which the planet's shadow ends. Now, in the case of a body attracting another of equal size, the altitude of this cone would be infinite, and therefore according to Mr. Denison's theory that the attractive force varies inversely as the square root of this altitude, the attraction of one spherical body on another of equal size would be absolutely nothing, a result much more re-

\* The figure may be supplied.

markable for its novelty than for its probability ; indeed, it would be generally pronounced absolutely impossible.

The reasoning in the remainder of the above quotation we shall not investigate, as it is quite beyond our capacity, indeed we have only given it as an instance of a number of words put together in sentences constructed after the rules of grammar, and yet containing no sense ; and we gaze helplessly at Mr. Denison as we should at a conjurer using a number of high-sounding and incomprehensible words, and endeavouring to persuade us they have some connexion with the feat eventually accomplished by the cunning man. But we contemplate the result of Mr. Denison's cabalistic formulæ with far greater wonder than we ever experienced in witnessing the marvels achieved by the Wizard of the North, and we are struck dumb with amazement when we find that Mr. Denison has eventually proved that the gravitating force of the sun on the planets varies inversely as the square root of the distance.

But unfortunately for the theory thus mysteriously deduced, our unhappy author, in the proposition we have before mentioned concerning the velocities of the planets which he has adopted (much in the same manner as gipsies adopt children), will be found, poor simple confiding man, to have cherished a viper in his bosom ; for his ungrateful protégé and the precious offspring of his own brains (if we are credulous enough to suppose him to have any) have, as we shall show below, fallen at variance, and not only has the adopted child mercilessly butchered its foster-brother, but by way of crowning its ingratitude, has established the very thing which its benefactor wished to overthrow.

Let  $x$   $y$  be the coordinates of any point in the circular orbit of a planet, the centre being the origin, and  $t$  the time from a fixed epoch,  $r$  the radius,  $F$  the central force, and  $v$  the velocity.

Then  $d_t^2 x = - \frac{Fx}{r}$  by any treatise on dynamics.

$$\therefore F = - \frac{r}{x} d_t^2 x$$

but  $(\overline{d_t x})^2 + (\overline{d_t y})^2 = v^2 = \frac{C}{r}$   $C$  being a constant quantity, by the adopted proposition of Mr. Denison.

$$\therefore \overline{d_t^2 x} (1 + \overline{d_t y}) = \frac{C}{r}$$

$$\text{or, } \overline{d_t^2 x} (1 + \frac{x^2}{y^2}) = \frac{C}{r} \text{ since } d_x y = - \frac{x}{y}$$

$$\text{or, } \frac{d^2 x^2}{t^2} \frac{r^2}{y^2} = \frac{C}{r} \quad \text{since } x^2 + y^2 = r^2$$

$$\therefore \frac{d^2 x^2}{t^2} = \frac{C y^2}{r^3}$$

$$\therefore \frac{2 d x}{t} \frac{d^2 x}{t^2} = \frac{2 C y}{r^3} \frac{d y}{t}$$

$$\begin{aligned} \frac{d^2 x}{t^2} &= \frac{C y}{r^3} \frac{d y}{d x} = \frac{C y}{r^3} \frac{d y}{d x} \\ &= - \frac{C x}{r^3} \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned} \text{But } F &= - \frac{d^2 x}{t^2} \frac{r}{x} \\ &= \frac{C x}{r^3} \frac{r}{x} = \frac{C}{r^2} \end{aligned}$$

And therefore the force of the sun's attraction in a circular orbit varies inversely as the square of the distance, and not inversely as the square root of the distance, as Mr. Denison would have it.

What on earth could have led Mr. Denison to admit the truth of Kepler's analogy, from whence the above relation between the velocities of the planets is deduced, we cannot conceive; for as we have shown above, it is that very analogy which proves Newton's law, and consequently brings the direst results on Mr. Denison's unhappy theory; we should therefore recommend him to disprove this obstinate analogy as soon as possible, which we have no doubt he would do easily, as he seems to be a man fully capable of disabusing our minds of any such vulgar errors as that twice three make six, or any similar opinions generally entertained. But till he does this, or shows his own theory to coincide with that of Newton, which we also believe would not exceed his powers, his law of gravitation, though powerfully imaginative, must be considered as not existing, and the sun may be allowed to recover his former shape, and our whole system to go on as it has always done.

We now pass over a few lively pages where some deductions are drawn from Kepler's analogy, and these deductions then employed to prove Kepler's analogy, a fine instance of reasoning in a circle, and come to where Mr. Denison enters upon the consideration of the motion of the moon, under whose influence he has evidently been for many years, and with whom we should expect to find him much more conversant than he appears from his writings.

Now, by our theory, the forces of gravitation are inversely as the square-roots of the distances; and because the moon's distance, 240,000 miles, is about 60 semi-diameters of the earth, the earth's force of gravitation at the



surface is to its force on the moon as  $\sqrt{60}$  to  $\sqrt{1}$ ; that is, as 7.746 to 1; whence we derive this analogy.

$$7.746 : 1 :: 16523.6 : \frac{16523.6}{7.746} = 2133 \text{ miles per diem.}$$

But the centrifugal force of the moon is equal to 240,000 miles in 6.825 days, which is about 35,165 miles per diem; to balance which, our theory gives a gravitating force of the earth on the moon of only 2133 miles per diem. In fact, the moon's centrifugal force is more than double our estimate of the earth's gravitating force at the equator, viz. 16,523.6 miles per diem; but which gravitating force at the equator ought by our analogy to be equal to 272,388 miles per diem, in order that its force on the moon should be equal to her centrifugal force of 35,165 miles per diem; that is, the requisite force is very nearly sixteen times what our estimate makes it.

It is to be observed, however, that this discrepancy does not directly confute our theory, which we have shown to hold good, with remarkable uniformity, both as to the primary planets, and to the satellites of such primaries as have more than one satellite; there being no other satellite of the earth with which the moon's motions can be compared. The moon may be an exception to our theory of gravitation, not because the theory fails as to the gravitation of the solar system in general, but because the moon may be drawn towards the earth by some other attraction or appetence besides that of gravitation; as was supposed by Newton for many years, and permanently by Descartes and others.

But if we apply Newton's theory, that the forces of gravitation are inversely as the *squares* of the distances,

$$60^2 : 1^2 :: 16523.6 : \frac{16523.6}{3600} = 4.6;$$

giving 4.6 miles per diem as the measure of the earth's attraction on the moon, being  $\frac{1}{7453}$  part of the centripetal force requisite, according to our principles (and also to Newton's), to retain the moon in its circumterrestrial orbit.

It appears then from Mr. Denison's words here, that Newton's theory could not be sufficient to retain the moon in its orbit, and it appears from Mr. Denison's words in our very first quotation, that Newton's theory is sufficient for that purpose; and the discrepancy between these two assertions shows a readiness on the part of our author to eat his own words with an appetite for such vile stuff perfectly stupendous. But though Newton would have undoubtedly found his own theory sufficient, yet we are not at all surprised that Mr. Denison, by combining the two theories, brings an absurd result, no more than we should be at a man taking for granted the generally received opinion that twice one make two; and combining it with some theory as ridiculous (if possible) as Mr. Denison's, such as that three times seven are one hundred, and then bringing an absurd result.

But Mr. Denison's own theory, he says, will not retain the moon in his orbit, and as some vigorous proceeding must be adopted to keep the refractory globe in obedience to the new laws, magnetism is immediately brought to bear upon the rebellious subject.

Without, on the one hand, imagining that Descartes's vortices may concur with the action of gravity; or remaining satisfied, on the other hand, that a gravitating force of 4.6 miles per diem would alone retain the moon in her circumterrestrial orbit against her centrifugal force of 85,165 miles per diem, it may be worthy of our inquiry whether we are acquainted with any principle of attraction in nature which is sixteen times more powerful than that of gravitation. Magnetism is an attraction which exceeds the attraction of gravitation, when applied between magnetic bodies of equal weight; and if the magnetic force is capable of an infinite increase, then by an infinite increase of the mass or bulk of the magnet, the magnetic force might be so regulated as to become equal to sixteen times the force of gravitation at any distance.

Mr. Denison seems to have found magnetism as efficacious as the philosophers of his description who have preceded him found comets; and the following remarks of Washington Irving, upon this class of philosophers, may with a little alteration be found peculiarly applicable to the author of the new theory of gravitation.

"Here I cannot help noticing the kindness of providence in creating comets for the great relief of bewildered philosophers. By their assistance more sudden evolutions and transitions are effected in the system of nature, than are wrought in a pantomimic exhibition, by the wonder-working sword of harlequin. Should one of our modern sages, in his theoretical flights among the stars, ever find himself lost in the clouds, and in danger of tumbling into the abyss of nonsense and absurdity, he has but to seize a comet by the beard, mount astride of the tail, and away he gallops in triumph, like an enchanter on his hypogriff, or a Connecticut witch on her broomstick, to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.

"It is an old and vulgar saying about a "beggar on horseback," which I would not for the world have applied to these reverend philosophers: but I must confess, that some of them, when they are mounted on these fiery steeds, are as wild in their curvettings as was Phaeton of Yore, when he aspired to manage the chariot of Phœbus. One drives his comet at full speed against the sun, and knocks the world out of him with the mighty concussion; another, more moderate, makes his comet a kind of beast of burden, carrying the sun a regular supply of food and faggots; a third, of a more combustible disposition, threatens to throw his comet, like a bombshell, into the world, and blow it up like a powder-magazine; while a fourth insinuates that some day or other his comet shall turn upon our world and deluge it with water!—Surely, as I have already observed,

comets were beautifully provided by Providence, for the benefit of philosophers, to assist them in manufacturing theories."

Mr. Denison has, however, neglected the bountiful provision mentioned by the author just quoted, which has been made on purpose for theorists of his class, in order to enable them to prop up their halting theories, and notwithstanding the very many ways in which he might have induced a comet to assist him, such as the supposition (which is completely Denisonian) of a comet continually keeping behind the moon, and perpetually jogging it, in order to persuade it to comply with Mr. Denison's law; which supposition cannot be disproved, as no man can see through the moon, and consequently, a comet may be there performing the office which we have assigned to it, and therefore, as Mr. Denison would observe, if he were to argue on this subject as he has done about magnetism, it is there,—a conclusion which the author whose reflections on the use of comets we have just cited, calls a result drawn from a chain of reasoning, addressed rather to the faith than understanding. Our author has, with the force of an original mind, eschewed this somewhat hackneyed subject, and grappled with the newer one of magnetism, on which it will be sufficient to say that he is as luminous and imaginative as in the rest of his work.

We have now come to the conclusion of this extraordinary performance, and would but remind Mr. Denison that a considerable power of invention and the knowledge of a few technical terms will not supply a total want of the reasoning faculty, when any science is under consideration; and though we believe that the misstatements of Newton's ideas are not wilful, but arise from intense ignorance on the subject, yet it would be as well, before attempting to confute a theory, to be tolerably well informed of what it is and of the reasoning which led to it, and in the present case, to have acquired at least a moderate knowledge of the rudiments of mathematics, for an acquaintance with the higher principles of which science, a few large numbers scattered over the pages and a set of bold assertions by no means compensate. Had Mr. Denison had more information and less conceit, he would perhaps have been prevented from exposing himself in so lamentable a manner; but let us hope that for the future he will keep his lucubrations to himself; or if he must write and publish, let his works be printed for private circulation, and let not the good sense of the public be again outraged by being invited to peruse such senseless stuff as is contained in the new theory of gravitation.

ART. V.—*The Wealth of Nations*, by Adam Smith. Edited by J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. Longman and Co.

IN examining the history and statistics of different nations, we observe the physical, social, and intellectual resources of a state materially influence each other. The consequence of increase of physical prosperity is progress in civilization and social order, and *vice versa*; the effect of the latter is material welfare of a country. Hence, in order to ascertain by what means a nation has attained prosperity in general, we must not limit our research to the process by which *individuals* accumulate, distribute, and consume wealth, such being questions to satisfy the inquiring spirit of the private merchant, manufacturer, or agriculturist. The statesman and legislator, however, has a different task before him, the well-being of the whole nation collectively; and to secure this, he must dive into the means by which the aggregate powers and resources of a country may be brought into full operation, and guarantee their stability, if not even improvement.

The theory of wealth, as taught by Adam Smith, is altogether founded on individual prosperity and the means of its acquirement, while national resources, powers, and conditions, are with him but other terms for a certain mass of individuals—their conditions and resources, and hence his opinion that national prosperity can only be secured by that of the individual.

A couple of instances will suffice to illustrate the views resulting from that theory.

The English merchants used to export enormous quantities of opium to China in exchange for tea and silk. The traffic has proved profitable to the merchants of both nations; and according to Smith's theory, any check inflicted on that traffic must be fraught with injury to the nations themselves, since the commercial intercourse tends to raise and increase both the production and consumption of the respective raw materials of the two countries. The Chinese Government, however, seems to have differed from the learned Doctor's doctrines. They think that *all* the resources of a state ought to act beneficially upon each other, and that whenever the encouragement of material wealth tends to paralyze the intellectual and the moral power of the nation, it can no longer be termed national but individual resources, and ought therefore to be abandoned for the sake of the welfare of the *state*. Such are the different views arising from the theory of *value*, and that of *productive power*.

The history of Portugal, ever since 1703, plainly shows how a country, fertile, rich in resources, and admirably situated for trade

and commerce, can be reduced in power, independence, and wealth, without manufactures of her own,—the soul and spirit of navigation, foreign trade, maritime power, and maintenance of distant colonies. Even the history of our own country shows the futility of the doctrine of free trade. So long as England contented herself with exporting to the Hanseatic towns and the Netherlands only raw materials—such as wool, tin, lead, hides and leather, in exchange for their manufactured goods, her navigation was scanty, her foreign trade in the hands of foreigners, and her agriculture so rough, that the price of corn in proportion to that of meat was three or four times higher than at present. Even so late as the 16th century nearly all finer fruit and vegetables were imported from Flanders. The cultivation of hemp and flax was hardly known, while the rich mines of coals lay unexplored within the earth, and the production of iron was so small as to compel Government to prohibit its exportation. Fisheries were carried on along the English coast by foreign boats; the population amounted, before Edward III., to not above one million and a half, and were, besides, the most disorderly and rapacious in Europe. No country possessed worse means of transportation for inland trade, and nowhere was the traveller more exposed to highway robbery than in merry England. So dependent was this country on the maritime power abroad, that even Henry the VIII. was obliged to borrow from the Hanse towns men-of-war in his feuds with our Gallic brethren across the channel.

It was the manufactures, and the protecting laws attached to them, that gave a new impulse to the working of coal-mines, navigation, intercourse with the colonies, and with it to the maritime power, increase of population, and a greater demand for provisions. That England is the wealthiest and most powerful of all civilised countries cannot be denied—that her manufacturing resources are the root of all this greatness is conceded by all parties; nor is there now a dissentient opinion as to the main cause of the rise and progress of the English manufactories, at a time when the Italians and Germans on the one hand, had already attained an eminent degree of distinction in the useful arts, sciences, and trades, and the English on the other, were still immersed in gross barbarity. The prodigious success in trade and civilization is now generally and justly ascribed to the commercial policy adopted by Edward III. and nearly continued to this day, with but some slight interruptions and alterations called forth by circumstances of the age; nor was France even backward in acknowledging the correctness of that policy, and adopting it for her own country with equal success, until the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the misrules of the later kings of France, have uprooted the seed so happily sown by Colbert's system.

The spirit of sophistry of the last century showed itself also in

the notions of a few sages of that age with regard to manufactures, maintaining that the latter, so far from being the most important, civilizing, and enriching power in a state, cannot even be considered as a productive trade, even in a material point of view, and that the welfare of nations could not be better promoted than by the system of universal free trade; and the whole theory is summed up by *Quesnay* with the maxim, *that the whole world must be considered as an immense republic of merchants!*

The chief error of these reasoners lies in the very starting point of *individuality*, in their trying to investigate the cause of national wealth, by developing the process of *individual* productiveness. In this manner, they ignore altogether all the resources and necessities of a *nation* in general; hence the conclusion; what is right to the individual must of necessity be so to the nation!! That school has evidently been led astray by the cosmopolitical or rather Utopian notion of universal free trade. And to show the injurious effects of protecting laws, its disciples were obliged to assume that universal Republic is in the *coté* of nature.

The two erroneous notions of Cosmopolitism and Individualism have been continued and more fully developed by Adam Smith. Substituting for *produce*, material productive labour and the exchangeable values of productions, he certainly admitted that manufactures do possess the character of productiveness, but he confined that character to its harmony and compatibility with the principle of universal free trade alone, without in the least making allowance for national peculiarities on that head. In all questions apart of commercial policy, A. Smith readily acknowledges, that manufactures are the basis of internal intercourse, of foreign trade, navigation, improved agriculture &c. Indeed we might compile passages from his work in the shape of a large treatise on the nature and value of manufactures. But no sooner does he touch on free trade than manufactures lose all their previous worth with him; he levels all distinction between them and agricultural productions; and reasons upon the whole in such vague and general terms, as plainly to mark his apprehension of expressing himself too clearly in a wrong cause. A few specimens will illustrate his obscure views on production, labour, capital, &c. . . . "Every individual," he says, "knows best how to employ his capital. . . . Freedom is most conducive to production. . . . To wish to control foreign trade, is tantamount to wishing to prescribe to individuals how to lay out their capital. . . . A nation always gains by foreign trade, since imports are always followed by an equal value of exports. . . . Such a traffic would not exist if both parties would not gain thereby in value. . . . From a decrease in imports results a decrease in exports. . . . A nation can never extend their industry beyond the means of their capital, which latter cannot be increased by protecting laws. . . . It is folly in a nation as in an individual not to buy goods where they may be had cheapest, and a tailor would thus act foolishly to try to fabricate his own shoes. . . . Import duties and prohibitive laws cannot increase wealth, but may enrich a few at the expense of society in general, by granting a sort of monopoly to the merchant against the consumer. . . . National wealth is but the aggregate wealth of all the individuals. . . . Every country is in

possession of some advantages peculiar to herself, with regard to certain native productions which she can cultivate and gain with more ease and facility than any other country, but which advantages must necessarily be lost, by the existence of prohibitive laws. . . . Think only of Scotland producing her own wine! . . . Only when a country needs in her defence, the cultivation of a certain branch of industry (England, ex. gr., navigation), prohibitive laws on the peculiar branch may be justified from sheer necessity, since power and independence are more valuable than wealth. . . . It cannot be denied that by protecting duties a few single articles of production might be raised in value, it is nevertheless to be doubted whether a nation will upon the whole be the gainer by such a system, since they must necessarily lose more in other articles than they can possibly gain by articles raised in value by such artificial means."

These are but a few of the numerous arguments tending to establish the position, that England has attained wealth and greatness not *by*, but *notwithstanding* her commercial policy.

Seldom has the political world been more imposed upon by sophistical arguments than by the above, and seldom have sophistical arguments assumed more erroneously the garb of cosmopolitanism and universal anthropology than have those of Adam Smith.

The leading notion in this system of universal free trade is certainly not incorrect in itself. In the same way as the commercial union of several towns or states have proved advantageous to the mercantile classes in them, in like manner might the commercial union of all the countries of Europe, or even of the whole globe, prove profitable to the trading nations of it; but such union presupposes a union of laws, universal confederacy, and the impossibility of war among nations, such as can only be effected by bringing all the nations on earth under one single despotic sceptre, a thing neither very probable nor desirable. But so long as nations stand opposite each other in their natural freedom, so long as the possibility of war still exists, and the preservation of their national independence, power and wealth is the main point for them to consider, it is absurd to talk of free trade among nations so unequally endowed with productive resources to enter the lists of universal competition by dint of labour and sheer exchange of goods. As well might a nation be induced not to repel the invasion of a foreign power, merely to save the expenses of war. Free trade thus, so far from promoting the principles of cosmopolitanism, tends, on the contrary, to establish an eternal and universal monopoly of articles of goods throughout the world, for the various countries where nature affords facilities for their respective production and cultivation.

It is true, that favoured by nature, situation, climate, &c., some countries have the advantage over others in the culture of certain

branches of industry ; that it were thus absurd to cultivate wine in Scotland, instead of having it from France ; or to plant cotton in the latter, instead of importing it from America ; yet this argument can only be strictly applied to raw materials, but not to manufactures, which may successfully be fabricated in nearly all climates of the temperate zone, provided always that those countries are sufficiently peopled and civilised ; in other words, that they possess the requisite moral and physical means thereto ; and history shows, that in the previous ages, manufactories have more prospered on the Continent than even in this island, notwithstanding her great natural facilities. That the argument of the wine-growth in Scotland, so triumphantly advanced by A. Smith in behalf of free trade, cannot be applied to manufactures, is plainly proved by the history of England herself. She has succeeded in supplanting the Netherlands in her woollen goods, though before the time of Edward III. she was deemed fit by nature, in woollen productions, for furnishing the raw material alone ; she has deprived Germany and the Northern countries of their hardware fabrics, though coals were made serviceable to that purpose at a much later period ; nor does she less compete with France in silk manufactures, notwithstanding the greater facilities afforded by nature to the latter country ; and all this is solely owing to the encouragement offered to home fabrics by protecting laws. No country on earth is less called upon by nature for silk manufactures than England ; nevertheless her annual production of silk goods is now estimated to exceed thirteen millions sterling. No country on earth, on the other hand, was more favoured by nature for cotton manufactures than the East Indies, and see how England, by her commercial policy, has surpassed it in these articles !

That "every individual knows best how to employ his capital" is an axiom more applicable to home trade than foreign commerce. All the difficulties attending the former, by heavy excise duties, taxes, &c., must prove injurious to the employment of capital ; but as regards foreign trade, profit to the individual merchant is not always advantageous to the whole class or trade in general ; and Montesquieu already justly observes, "that nowhere is commerce more restricted than in free countries, and that freedom in trade for the nation might easily prove slavery for the individual."

Dr. Smith is certainly also not wrong in the principle, that in a well-regulated society, the tailor does better to have his shoes made by the shoemaker instead of trying to make them himself, or, as *Say* quaintly observes, "that it were folly in the shoemaker, in order to raise his trade, to establish a custom-duty before his door." But it is not less true, that a tailor or a shoemaker does not yet constitute a whole nation. Indeed, the fallacy of the free-trade theory is just seen in the very example of the tailor and



shoemaker, where individual interest is confounded with national. Let us transport, ex. gr., the tailor and the shoemaker to a desert, or deserted island, each being the head of a large family, and suppose, moreover, that the shoemaker shows a disposition to rule over the tailor; in that case, we think the latter not so very foolish to show his independence of the former by dispensing with his work, nor the shoemaker so very wrong in adopting in his turn the same line of policy.

But the greatest bulwark of the free trade theory is the argument: that a nation can never extend its industry beyond its capital, and that the latter so far from receiving an increase by prohibitive measures, only runs thereby into other less productive channels at home. —Before examining the truth of the argument itself, we must observe that the term *capital* in that theory is of a very vague and loose signification, that it means at one time the moral powers arising from their social regulations; again at another time, the material provisions and instruments of a country, the ground or soil and all that appertains to it, while not unfrequently it denotes the improvements effected by labour, as also the medium of exchange (money), neither do the advocates of that theory scruple to convey by that word several of the above objects taken together. It is very difficult to reckon with figures which indicate various numbers, or to reason with terms implying different objects. Nevertheless, though it is evident that this argument is borrowed from *private*—rather than *political* economy, it does not hold even in the former, since by dint of machinery and division of labour, even the individual is enabled to extend his industry, though his material capital has undergone no increase.

It is, however, of the utmost importance, that we should come to an understanding as to the precise or at least reasonable meaning of *capital*, as regards manufactures and commerce, or the question must share the fate of the tower of Babel.

When an agricultural nation, sufficiently advanced in civilization, is about to establish manufactories of their own, they must and do in the first instance possess an abundance of agricultural productions. Agriculture thus, with all its resources and provisions, forms in itself the *main capital* of the manufactures. It furnishes the means for building factories, water-works, and machinery, for supporting the labourers, and furnishing the necessary raw materials. In short, with a civilised agricultural nation, all requisites for the establishment of manufactories are easily found, except the practical skill of the labourer or engineer, and the confidence of those who advance the necessary funds for the speculation, but which are gradually called into existence by encouragement and protecting laws. Now, if the establishment of manufactories and their protection by law, would readily drive—as Smith maintains—capital into less productive

channels, the immediate effect ought to show itself in the impoverishment of the agricultural classes; but so far from such being the case, experience and the history of this very country have shown the contrary result, the progress of prosperity among those classes with the rise and progress of manufactories in the country, and more especially with the full force of the protecting laws.

The reason is obvious; the small farmer never lives in affluence when manufactures are cheap, the quantity and price of his productions are not sufficiently raised to procure him a surplus of net produce above his necessities. This affluence is not merely caused by the excess of his income above expenditure, but chiefly by the increase of his capital—soil and ground,—somewhat between twenty and thirty fold of the proportion of the raised rents of the same.

In extending, however, our investigation into the effects of the protecting laws, we find the objections raised against them utterly devoid of truth. At all times and in all countries were protecting laws the means of drawing from abroad expert labourers and skilful mechanics, experienced speculators, more perfect machinery and instruments, and lastly, considerable capital in money. The historical phenomenon can only be explained by the circumstance, that in proportion as the importation of foreign goods diminishes in a country, the productive resources of those countries which used to supply with goods the former, become superfluous and transported to the new rising manufactories abroad. The pages of English history are replete with facts confirmatory of this assertion. There is hardly a country in Europe from which England has not largely drawn labourers, machines, engineers, speculators, new methods, and more particularly, vast sums of money, in the early times of her manufactures. Venice and the whole of Italy (Lombardy), Spain, Portugal, France, and Germany, Belgium and Holland; each and all have contributed in one way or the other to enrich this island. While now, most of the manufactories in Russia and North America are kept up by English funds, machinery, and engineers.

The following established axioms in political economy, will throw some light on the relation of national resources.

A. The gross production of industry in a civilized country, averages annually from 100 to 200 per cent. of the capital employed, while that of agriculture averages only from 10 to 20.

B. On the other hand, the capital employed in industry, is but one tenth or one twentieth part of that employed in agriculture.

C. The value of the ground property, or rent capital, forms by far the greatest part of agricultural capital.

D. Every sum of productive capital in industry, as also of that employed in internal improvements to facilitate inland intercourse, by rail-roads,

canals, &c., increases from 10 to 30 fold the value of immoveable or ground property in a country.

From these well-known axioms, the following conclusions may be drawn : that,

1. The agriculturists and land owners have their property enriched ten to thirty fold, the sums employed in manufactures, so that.

2. The land proprietors in a manufacturing country are naturally ten to thirty times more rich, than the proprietors of equal extent of ground in a purely agricultural country.

3. The sixth or third part of the value of ground property is sufficient in a country to serve as a mortgage for all the funds necessary for industrial purposes ; that consequently every civilized country possesses the means of giving security for the loans to be borrowed from abroad for the establishment of manufactories.

4. Every political vicissitude which affects the interest of the manufacturers, in a country, rebounds ten to thirty times more on the interests of the agriculturists of the same country.

In considering moreover the great influence which civil and political institutions and measures exercise on trade and ground rent, we easily find, that the great estate-owners are the chief shareholders in society, called *state*, and that their shares rise and fall in exact ratio as the national resources, both material and moral, increase or diminish. Compare, ex. gr., the value of ground in the slave states with that of the free states in the U. S. America, that of Virginia with that of Pennsylvania or other manufacturing states, and the difference will be found amounting to twenty or thirty times as much. In Virginia the acre of land is not estimated at above five dollars, while in the neighbourhood of the manufacturing districts, it averages from 150 to 200 dollars.

But, say the *soi-disant* advocates of free trade—all these advantages can more easily still be attained by free trade ; accumulation of capital by means of free trade must raise the value of ground and with it also that of manufactures. Every individual, they further assert, is the best judge of his own affairs ; while private interest is the best stimulant for the acquirement of national or public wealth, which is merely the aggregate of individual riches. A nation, they continue, in the same strain, only want peace, good administration of justice, light taxes, and a free hand to apply their capital to purposes best suited to their views, in order to attain the highest degree of prosperity. This chain of loose reasonings, solely founded on political individualism and materialism, betrays the ignorance of those politicians, of the real character of national resources. In the connected construction of the present state of society, private interests and individual advantage can at best be brought to bear only on inland trade, but in no way on foreign commerce, or intercourse with other nations when *their* resources must also be consulted collectively,

and he who expects national prosperity to arise from mere private profit in trade, might as well extend the principle and expect a signal victory over an army fighting in closed ranks, from the bravery of irregular individuals each fighting where, and whenever he thinks proper ; as by the same reasoning, the aggregate of the individual bravery of the soldiers constitutes the efficiency of the army. Even *Fourier*, in his construction of social phalanxes, had a better insight into national interest apart from individual. Now, it is the individual who borrows from the nation most of his productive powers, and however great the individual capitalist or his connection with English merchants may be in Germany, it will never enable him to carry on a profitable trade with the East Indies, or to turn to due advantage a great invention without the intervention of the *two nations*.

It is to be hoped, free trade sophistry will not go so far as to exclaim : England having once brought her manufactures—no matter by what means—to the utmost degree of perfection, free trade can only prove her advantage, since foreign competition in her market is out of question in most articles, while her own will be brought to foreign markets free of duty. Alas, statesmen on the continent read history with the same, and perhaps more philosophical spirit than the members of the Anti-Corn-Law League do, and though they may not *speak* so pompously as the latter, they have *written*, and *do* write excellent treatises of political economy on the interests of *all nations* of the civilized world, indiscriminately, without regard to the selfish murmurs of a certain set of individuals in this or any other country.

Moreover, no lasting and solid advantage can ever accrue to any country by a ruinous system or trade of the other countries with which it stands in close intercourse ; witness, the U. S. of America, where the monetary crisis has rebounded upon England, causing more loss to the merchants and manufacturers in this country than even in America itself.

They (the continental statesmen) well know that as soon as the system of free trade is adopted, all idea must be abandoned of ever establishing manufactories in the present agricultural countries, even for home consumption alone ; since it lies in the nature of a manufacturing country to have at command a mass of knowledge, expertness, practice, implements and machinery, wholesome public institutions and regulations, vast connections and wealth, in all of which agricultural countries are deficient, as they can only be acquired slowly and gradually, through an uninterrupted series of ages, and the possession of which is manifest in the comparative *cheapness of the manufactures*. It is the principle of stability, continuation and perseverance, that constitutes the basis of all the great works and institutions realized by the hands of men. The history

dynasties, nations, countries, and towns, as well as of the arts and sciences, corroborate the power of that principle. The latter (arts and sciences) have arrived at their present state of development, as the former did at power, riches, and authority, only through the exertions of a series of generations striving and working to one and the same end, the succeeding generation always taking up the thread where the preceding had left off. By this principle alone, was it possible to erect monuments, the stupendousness of which we now admire even in their decay. To bring the principle more home, inquire of every master-mechanic or manufacturer, and he will tell you, to how many difficulties and expenses the outset of a contrivance is subject, and how comparatively easy and profitable the more advanced progress is. In looking more attentively into the history of the useful arts, and the various departments of industry, which are now brought to so flourishing a condition, we find that one branch has sprung out of the other, and that the success of one depended on that of the others; in short, that they all mutually influenced each other, and that the elements hostile to the principle of stability and continuation—such as civil disturbances, critical periods in trade, and fluctuations in prices, have destroyed in a very short time the labour of ages.

The source of all the fallacies in the *Theory of Wealth*, is the fact that it is but a theory of *wealth* alone—that it has confined its researches to the object of wealth, without first exploring its resources and the powers that produce it. "Wealth of all individuals," says the theory, "is the wealth of the nation." Very well; but the question is not always confined to the value of exchange, barter, and money alone; political economy has a far wider range—it enters into the productive powers or resources of a country in general, which are far different from those of the mere individual, and manifest themselves in the division of labour in general, and the social, civil, political and religious institutions of a country. We can hardly conceive why Adam Smith, the modern discoverer of the law of division of labour (it was already suggested by Aristotle), did not pursue that law to its full extent. In the same way as the individual manufacturer procures a greater extent of work by division of labour, in like manner does also a whole nation in their various branches of industry and agriculture. If a nation divides its resources, so as to allot proportionally to certain numbers of the population their respective employments in agriculture and industry, even the productive powers of the individual must necessarily become more expanded than when a nation confines its collective resources to agriculture alone.

The productiveness of division of labour does not arise from the splitting of the operations alone, but also from the union of the individuals for one and the same end, so that the nearer and closer that

union is, the greater ought the productiveness to prove. Hence, the nearer the agriculturist and manufacturer live together, the larger must their respective produces become, and by a parity of reason, the more they live separate from one another, the less ought to be their produce. A country therefore which unites agriculture and industry within itself, ought necessarily to prove more productive in its resources than when obliged to fetch her manufactures from a foreign market.

That the advocates of the theory of wealth and free trade have felt the importance of *national* division of labour, though they did not express it in plain words—as it would at once be a confession of their mistaken notions—is evident from their own assertion, that the inland trade of a country is ten times more important than its foreign commerce. They thus unwittingly acknowledge that *national* division of labour is ten times more important than *international*, and, consequently, that all the relations by which the former is increased, are ten times more profitable and advantageous than those by which the latter is promoted.

From the same erroneous source flow also the other arguments of that theory—such as, goods ought to be bought where they are to be had cheapest—productions are only bought with productions—the values of exports and imports ought to balance one another—from a decreased importation arises a decreased exportation, &c. They do not consider that in a *national* point of view, the importance of international trade depends less on the question, whether there is loss or gain in the values of the exports and imports, than whether there has been called forth an increase or decrease in the productive powers, independence, and welfare of the state. A most striking instance of the diversity of opinions resulting from the two systems, was furnished a few years ago by the discussion about the linen trade with France. The question was not, whether France furnishes in return in wine, silk, &c., the exact value of the imported linen, but whether the manufactural powers of France are thereby brought to a fair proportion with the agricultural? Indeed, those who consider the abolition of the Corn Laws the best means to secure foreign trade, never consider that the continental nations can impossibly forego the elementary principle of *national* division of labour, without incurring the risk of being reduced to the state of the English before the time of Edward III.

England herself, in adding to her already great staple of manufactures also those of linen and silk, has herself taught the European nations the importance of *self-sufficient home*—of uniting *all* the branches of industry in one small compass of territory. It is absurd to ascribe, on phrenological principles, to the English more native talent and skill in affairs of industry and manufacture than to the continental people. Before the period alluded to, no Englishman ever

dreamt of competing in those talents with the Italians, Belgians, and Germans; and it is only owing to the commercial line of policy adhered to by the English Government from age to age, with but a few slight interruptions, that they have left the other nations so far behind them.

That it is of the utmost consequence for an *agricultural* country to see that her imports do not exceed her exports, has been but too evidently proved by the money-crisis in North America, the source of which may be dated from 1833, when the Tariff was there so lowered, as to induce English manufacturers to inundate the American market with goods in such quantities as to preclude all possibility of their ever being balanced by exports.

*Dr. Bowring* has repeatedly pointed to Switzerland, as a practical illustration of the theory, that manufactures may flourish without protecting laws. But he forgot that Switzerland owes the prosperity of her industry to advantages peculiar to herself, to her corporation and guild laws, to the privileges of the townspeople over the peasantry, to the immigration in the former ages of the persecuted in religion and politics, to whom she offered her gates, and lastly, to her geographical position, situated as she is between Germany, France, and Italy, whither smuggling is carried on to an enormous extent. Moreover, Swiss industry does not embrace national objects of general use, but is rather confined to a few articles of luxury which are but ill suited to the home market. Add to all this, the little expenditure of the Government, the insignificant taxes and cheap living, and no wonder that the Swiss have but little to fear from foreign competition.

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ART. VI.—*Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth, Mylodon Robustus, Owen.* By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., &c. Van Voorst.

BARON CUVIER, the great modern student of nature, who worshipped truth whose basis was facts lighted by the torch of science, was pre-eminently the Comparative Anatomist. His extensive and profound knowledge, his accurate and searching observation, enabled him to ascertain and to classify the remains of numbers of animals,—many of them never before heard of,—with a precision scarcely inferior to the regular analysis and arrangement of recent Zoology. In his Essay on the Theory of the Earth,—for he it was who was born to demonstrate the intimate connexion which subsists between Geology and Zoology,—he classified the fossil fragments of seventy-eight different quadrupeds. Of these forty-nine are distinct species, he declared, unknown to preceding naturalists. Eleven or twelve others have such entire resemblance to species already known, as to

leave no doubt whatever of their identity; and the remaining sixteen or eighteen have considerable traits of resemblance to known species. But it was in his work on Fossil Bones that his triumph was completed, not only to his own unmixed delight and exalted pride, but to the establishment of an epoch in the history of scientific discovery.

In the vast work last named, he furnished to the world not merely the ample results of his individual labours and personal superintendence in the vicinity of Paris and other parts where his public appointments placed him, but gathered with a discriminating hand those numerous and rich fruits of research pursued by other naturalists, to the earning of that extraordinary celebrity which must for ever attach to his achievements.

He thus, with that confidence yet modest assurance which in most cases will characterize the utterance of new truths, and the announcement of wonderful discoveries, delivers himself:—"When," says he, "the sight of some bones of the bear and the elephant, twelve years ago inspired me with the idea of applying the general laws of comparative anatomy to the re-construction and the discovery of fossil species; when I began to perceive that these species were not perfectly represented by those of our day, which resembled them the most, I did not suspect that I was every day treading a soil, filled with remains more extraordinary than any I had yet seen; nor that I was destined to bring to light whole genera of animals unknown to the present world, and buried for incalculable ages at vast depths under the earth. It was to M. Veurin that I owe the first indications of these bones furnished by our quarries: some fragments which he brought me one day having struck me with astonishment, I made inquiries respecting the persons to whom this industrious collector had sent any formerly: what I saw in these collections served to excite my hopes and increase my curiosity. Causing search to be made at that time for such bones in all the quarries, and offering rewards to arouse the attention of the workmen, I collected a greater number than any person who had preceded me. After some years I was sufficiently rich in materials to have nothing further to desire; but it was otherwise with respect to their arrangement and the construction of the skeletons, which alone could conduct me to a just knowledge of the species. From the first moment, I perceived that there were many different species in the quarries; and soon afterwards, that they belonged to various genera, and that the species of the different genera were often of the same size; so that the size alone rather confused than assisted my arrangement. I was in the situation of a man who had given to him *pêle mêle*, the mutilated and incomplete fragments of a hundred skeletons belonging to twenty sorts of animals, and it was required that each bone should be joined to that which it belonged to. It was a resurrection



in miniature; but the immutable laws prescribed to living beings were my directors. At the voice of comparative anatomy, each bone, each fragment, regained its place. I have no expressions to describe the pleasure experienced, in perceiving that, as I discovered one character, all the consequences, more or less foreseen, of this character were successively developed. The feet were conformable to what the teeth had announced, and the teeth to the feet; the bones of the legs and the thighs, and every thing that ought to re-unite these two extreme parts were conformable to each other. In one word, each of the species sprung up from one of its elements. Those who will have the patience to follow me in these memoirs, may form some idea of the sensations which I experienced, in thus restoring by degrees these ancient monuments of mighty revolutions. This volume will afford much interest to naturalists, independent of geology, shewing them by multiplied examples, the strictness of the laws of co-existence, which elevate zoology to the rank of the rational sciences, and which, leading us to abandon the vain and arbitrary combinations that had been decorated with the name of *systems*, will conduct us at last to the only study worthy of our age—to that of the natural and necessary relations, which connect together the different parts of all organized bodies. But geology will lose nothing by this accessory application of the facts contained in this volume: and thus the numerous families of unknown beings, buried in the most frequented part of Europe, offer a vast field for meditation." Again, and with still more emphasis as well as distinctness relative to the immutable laws prescribed to living beings: "Every organized being forms a whole and entire system, of which all the parts mutually correspond and co-operate, to produce the same definite action, by a reciprocal re-action; none of these parts can change, without a change of the others also. Thus, if the intestines of an animal are organized in a manner only to digest fresh flesh, it is necessary that his jaws should be constructed to devour the prey, his claws to seize and tear it, his teeth to divide the flesh, and the whole system of his organs of sense to perceive it at a distance. It is necessary, also, that he should have seated in his brain the instinct to hide himself and spread snares for his victim. such are the general conditions of a carnivorous regimen; every carnivorous animal must infallibly unite them—without them the species could not subsist. But, under these general conditions, there are particular ones with respect to the size of the species, and the abode of the prey for which each animal is disposed." Such are some of the immutable features in the system of organized beings. And then how various or how fitted for accommodating themselves to different purposes, are the simple arrangements of nature! To adopt the language of Pope,—

" In human works, though labour'd out with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain :  
 In God's, one single can its end produce ;  
 Yet serve to second too some other use."

The examination of the earth's surface has in recent years forced upon the notice of philosophers a great variety of facts, and thence of principles, of which scarcely one of the boldest dreamers had any vision half a century ago. Of this number of discoveries, the mode in which species of animals as well as plants may become extinct holds a prominent rank. Marvellous, indeed, have been the mutations to which the crust of our globe, and all that inhabited its breadth in the most remote times, have been subjected; and great, unquestionably, are the changes to which the present order of things is appointed. At the very moment we write, the certain, although, to our eye, the slow or imperceptible alterations and progressions taking place are vast and steady. Constant, far-extending, and powerful are the causes of mutation which are in actual operation. The earthquake and volcano are visible agents of mighty and sudden revolution; but others, although distant and hidden, are ceaseless and potent. The ocean is continually assailing the solid earth and its own bed; the countless multitude of streams—the gentle rains, as well as the thunder showers, on the other hand, are resistless from their perseverance or repetition.

But it is the changes in the organic creation to which we particularly invite a moment's notice. What are the modifications which various influences and conditions effect among animals? So signal and apparently essential at first view are these modifications and changes, that there are inquirers and philosophers who deny the fixity of species altogether, and dream that there is no limit to the transmutations that may occur in the constitution of organic beings, if unnumbered thousands or millions of years be allowed for the process.

It is the doctrine of the *Transmutationists*, that by the modifying influence of external circumstances, by the slow but sure action of natural agents, aided by mixed generation, new species may be produced, and old ones extinguished; and that these orders of beings may permanently exist, supporting themselves in a state of nature and obedience to the laws of life. But it is, we think, a sure ground of consolation that this sweeping doctrine is untenable, and can be shown to be groundless, when carried beyond certain bounds; the proof being furnished by facts which are within the grasp, both as to lapse of time and sufficiency of testimony. And what is the amount of these realities, and of this evidence? Why, that animals, just as in the case of vegetables, can be modified and changed to a certain extent; but yet that there are not only fixed but comparatively narrow limits to the transmutation, and that the alterations

are merely moderate, being confined to particular qualities, and governed by immutable laws. For example, the modifications dwelt upon by the transmutationists are reached in a short period of time, even when traced in those animals and those attributes that are most susceptible—that after having reached a certain degree of change, the deviation from the original type ceases; nay, that the divergence from the primitive form is so far from being indefinite, that the species will rapidly return to it, whenever the causes of the modification stop, or are withdrawn, such as peculiar kinds of food, training, climate, and sundry influences to which man can subject the creatures confided to his control. It is asserted by some of the highest authorities, that true hybrid races have never been known to be perpetuated for many generations; so that the theory of Lamarck and his followers has no support in ascertained facts, when they argue that through the gradual working of natural tendencies the present world of life had its origin and fulfilment,—commencing with the elements of the lowest classes of animals, and rising from the feeling of wants, the desire of acquisition, and the capacity for adaptation, to the dominant race, man; all this metamorphosis, which may be safely termed *monstrous*, having been achieved during the lapse of an indefinite series of by-gone ages.

To shew that the daily witnessed and yet striking modifications and adaptations to which allusion has been made give no warrant for the fantastic and extravagant notions of certain continental naturalists, let us for a moment attend to some statements to be met with in Mr. Lyell's work on the Changes in the Earth's Surface and in the Organic World now in progress. Take a few of his observations relative to the dog, which is so remarkably distinguished in respect of variety. "If we look," observes he, "for some of those essential changes which would be required to lend even the semblance of a foundation for the theory of Lamarck, respecting the growth of new organs and the gradual obliteration of others, we find nothing of the kind. For in all these varieties of the dog, says Cuvier, the relation of the bones with each other remains essentially the same; the form of the teeth never changes in any perceptible degree, except that in some individuals, one additional false grinder occasionally appears, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. The greatest departure from a common type, and it constitutes the maximum of variation as yet known in the animal kingdom, is exemplified in those races of dogs which have a supernumary toe on the hind foot, with the corresponding tarsal bones, a variety analogous to one presented by six-fingered families of the human race."

Every one knows that cultivation and the ingenuity of man will produce highly striking changes in plants and flowers, and the analogous care, removals, and crossings, will alter the external appearance of various races of animals in a remarkable degree. But it is not

less true, as proved by the incontestible evidence which a large sweep of ages supply, that the changes nature permits, endure only so long as man continues his artificial care, and that the creatures operated upon will return again to their original form, or if left untended in a region hostile to their primitive developement, will lose their forced position,—destroyed perhaps by an ungenial climate, from the want of proper food, or by fiercer inhabitants of the country. To cite Lyell again, and relative to the cat and the bull of ancient Egypt, as shown by the skeletons of these animals : —“ Such was the conformity of the whole of these species to those now living, that there was no more difference, says Cuvier, between them than between the human mummies and the embalmed bodies of men of the present day. Yet some of these animals have since that period been transported by man to almost every variety of climate, and forced to accommodate their habits to new circumstances, as far as their nature would permit. The cat, for example, has been carried over the whole earth, and, within the last three centuries, has been naturalized in every part of the new world, from the cold regions of Canada to the tropical plains of Guiana ; yet it has scarcely undergone any perceptible mutation, and is still the same animal which was held sacred by the Egyptians. Of the ox, undoubtedly there are many very distinct races ; but the bull Apis, which was led in solemn processions by the Egyptian priests, did not differ from some of those now living. The black cattle that have run wild in America, where there were many peculiarities in the climate not to be found, perhaps, in any part of the old world, and where scarcely a single plant on which they fed was of precisely the same species, instead of altering their form and habits, have actually reverted to the exact likeness of the aboriginal wild cattle of Europe.”

We are only glancing at portions of the curious subject of organic change, in order to invite the attention of those of our readers who may be strangers to its scope, to its pregnant facts and theoretic suggestiveness. The successive appearance and extinction of different races of animals may probably never be fully accounted for. This however is undeniable,—the organic remains which the surface of the earth contains, offer a series of genera and species, that not merely enable philosophers to identify and distinguish the successive geological beds, in multitudes of cases, but furnish evidence to the naturalist highly serviceable in his study of Zoology and of the laws to which the animal kingdom is obedient. At the same time, we feel constrained to admit that nothing yet established by evidence belonging to the causes now in action enables us to account fully for the organic remains of certain extinct races, which lie embedded in the crust of our globe. True, there is continually waged, there is maintained at this moment, a deadly war between certain tribes of

animals, which sometimes results in the total extinction of the feeblest in particular regions. The wolf, the bear, and the beaver, have been extirpated in our land; and sundry native birds of prey have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. But how inadequate do these and every other modification and altered condition of which man is now a witness appear to the solving of such questions as these,—have the changes in organic nature as exhibited in fossil remains when contrasted with the existing species of beings, been the effect of uniform and natural influences, or have they not rather been the results and the evidence of agents, with the character and occurrence of which we are altogether unacquainted.

Abandoning everything like speculation of our own, let us now introduce to the reader a slight account of the volume by the Hunterian Professor and Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, containing the description of the skeleton of an extinct gigantic sloth, “with Observations on the Osteology, Natural Affinities, and Probable Habits of the Megatherioid Quadrupeds in General.” At starting we took notice of the pre-eminent services of Cuvier as a naturalist, and of his triumphs in the department of comparative anatomy. How many in this country as well as on the continent have been the successful cultivators in the amazing field which he opened to view and trod with such assured steps! Amongst these Mr. Owen is certainly not the least distinguished, as the present work will continue to testify, to the conviction of all competent judges,—that is, scientific inquirers, for whom indeed the book is mainly composed. Yet even for these no abstract and no extracts which we can set before them will avail further than to indicate whither they may resort for novelty and a valuable superstructure of reasoning. Nay, were the whole of the letter-press of the volume transcribed, the contribution would prove unsatisfactory, being unaccompanied by the numerous plates which amply illustrate the descriptive and introductory matter.

The skeleton which is the subject of Professor Owen's present work was discovered 1841, seven leagues north of the City of Buenos Ayres, “in the fluvatile deposits constituting the extensive plain intersected by the great Rio Plata and its tributaries, and which has been raised during a recent geological epoch above the level of the sea.” In this formation, and most probably anterior to its elevation, the animal must have been buried, the author conceives, and this soon after its death, if the present heat of the climate prevailed; seeing that the skeleton had been little disturbed; as is shown by the position and the almost entire completeness of the parts collected. The whole is now in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, having been restored as far as possible, and skilfully articulated; forming a very important accession to the Osteological department of the celebrated institution to which it now belongs.

Addressing ourselves, as we do, to the general reader, we must not enter upon any of the particulars given in detail, learnedly and elaborately described, of the *Mylodon Robustus*, and as presented to the scientific and anatomical eye in the skeleton state. We may however from the General Description take a few statements, calculated as these are to arrest the attention of every observer as well as to excite the surprise of the professionalist.

The trunk is shorter than that of the hippopotamus, but terminated behind by a pelvis, equalling in breadth and exceeding in depth that of the elephant. The hind extremities are short but massive. The tail equals the hind limbs in length, being proportionably thick and strong. A long and capacious thorax is defended by sixteen pairs of ribs, most of which equal in breadth those of the elephant, and all the true ribs are clamped by massive and completely ossified cartilages to a strong and complicated sternum. The fore-arm is longer than its corresponding segment in the hind limb, has both bones distinct, and equally remarkable for their great breadth and the angular form. Both the fore and hind-feet are remarkable for the shortness, breadth, and unlugate character of the two outer digits, which, when the *Mylodon* stood or trod upon the ground, must have principally sustained the superincumbent weight. A skull, smaller than that of the ox, but long, narrow, and terminated by a truncated muzzle, is supported by a short neck composed of seven cervical vertebræ. The capacious bodily frame slightly elevated upon its short and strong supporters, presents the form of a cone, gradually tapering forwards from the enormous pelvis which forms its base, to the short neck and slender head.

Having stated that for such proportions and combinations as we have named, out of a number of others equally striking, but more technically expressed, Mr. Owen remarks that we may search in vain amongst the skeletons of existing mammalia; but that the palæontologist will recognise them amongst certain extinct animals belonging to the order of Edentata, going into many and minute details in support of the assertion. But we go forward to glean from the physiological summary, where the author proceeds to deduce the consequences which necessarily and legitimately flow from the phenomena described. The following are interesting views of most remarkable circumstances:—

That animals with the same dental structure have the same kind of food is a well-established and safe physiological inference, at least as applied to members of the class Mammalia, and more especially to those in which the modifications of the teeth are of an extreme nature, as in the strictly carnivorous and herbivorous families. Yet this rule, from which all the other physiological consequences flow in the interpretation of the remains of extinct animals, requires much caution in its application. In the Ruminantia, for example, which are remarkable for the uniformity of their

peculiar dentation, there exists a certain range of variety in their vegetable food : most of the species feed on grass ; others browse as well as graze, and combine with herbage the buds and leaves of trees. \* \* \* The whole frame of the giraffa is so strikingly modified in harmony with the vegetable substances which it selects for its sustenance, that had this anomalous animal been extinct, the palæontologist might have inferred from the fossil skeleton that the long stilt-like legs, the short trunk, the lofty withers, and tall tapering neck, had co-existed to enable the living animal to browse on branches beyond the reach of the largest of its nearest congeners, the deer ; and that though by its teeth a Ruminant, the giraffe must have been, of all its order, the most independent of the herbage of the field for its support. Observation of the living animal shows how admirably the soft parts, for instance, the muscular extensile lips, and the long, flexible, prehensile tongue, co-operate with the general proportions of the skeleton in the act of acquiring its leafy provender. The massive proportions, and short thick neck of the colossal elephant offer the most striking contrast to the outward characteristics of the giraffe ; but by the endowment of that wonderful prehensile organ, the proboscis, it is enabled to obtain a similar food.

But again—

By what new and equally striking modifications of the bodily frame quadrupeds of approximate bulk to the elephant and giraffe, yet neither proboscidian, nor of towering altitude, could have been sustained, like them, by the produce of trees, and have been able to browse even on the slender terminal twigs, affords a difficult and interesting problem to the comparative anatomist.

Having next stated that the discovery of fossil bones and of the osseous frame-work of certain animals, such as of the *Myiodon*, has suggested a solution ; and having instituted a number of comparisons, as well as closely inquired into the probable capacities of the animal itself, we have this conjectural conclusion :—

If the foregoing physiological interpretation of the osseous frame-work of the gigantic sloths be the true one, they may be supposed to have commenced the process of prostrating the chosen tree by scratching away the soil from the roots ; for which office we find in the *myiodon*, the modern scansorial fore-feet of the sloth modified after the type of that of the partially fossorial ant-eater. The compressed, or sub-compressed form of the claws, which detracts from their power as burrowing instruments, adds to their fitness for penetrating the interspaces of roots, and for exposing and liberating them from the attached soil. This operation having been duly effected by the alternate action of the fore-feet, aided probably by the ungulate digits of the hind-feet, the long and curved fore-claws, which are habitually flexed and fettered in the movements of extension, would next be applied to the opposite sides of the loosened trunk of the tree ; and now the *Myiodon* would derive the full advantage of these modifications of its fore-feet, by which it resembles the *Bradypus* (the living sloth) ; the correspondence in the structure of the prehensile instruments of the existing

and extinct sloths, extending as far as was compatible with the different degrees of resistance to be overcome. In the small climbing sloth the claws are long and slender, having only to bear the weight of the animal's light body, which is approximated by the action of the muscles towards the grasped branch, as to a fixed point. The stouter proportions of the prehensile hooks of the *Mylodon* accord with the harder task of overcoming the resistance of the part seized, and bringing it down to the body. \* \* \* The tree being thus partly undermined and firmly grappled with, the muscles of the trunk, the pelvis and hind-limbs, animated by the influence of the unusually large spinal cord, would combine their forces with those of the anterior members in the efforts of prostration.

The Professor follows up the probable efforts and actions with a powerful picture, in a few words, of the animal thus excited; being the exertion and the exploit of a stupendous animal, "convulsed with the mighty wrestling, every vibrating fibre reacting upon its bony attachment" with a tremendous force. "Extraordinary," he eloquently exclaims, "must have been the strength and proportions of that tree, which rocked to and fro, to right and left, in such an embrace, could long withstand the efforts of its ponderous assailant."

To conclude:—

The foregoing physiological review of the skeleton of the *Mylodon* has thus led to the conclusion, that as the teeth and jaws were expressly adapted for the comminution of foliage, so the trunk and extremities derived from their apparently ill-assorted proportions the requisite power of obtaining such food by the uprooting of trees. The *Megatherium* or *Mylodon* having completed this task, would have abundant food before it for some days at least; and I now proceed to point out some peculiarities in the structure of the cranium, which indicate the chief instrument by which the foliage was stripped from the prostrate tree and introduced into the mouth.

Thus it is that Professor Owen advances, fortifying his positions in a masterly manner, and completing his view with a pregnancy of illustration that renders the skeleton of the Cabinet Gigantic Sloth richly instructive, and unusually interesting within its range of science.

#### ART. VII.—*The Book of British Ballads.* Jeremiah How.

THE Ancient Ballads form a portion of our literature which has latterly fallen into a neglect, for which it is perhaps difficult to assign a perfectly satisfactory reason, though many causes may be found which would tend to lower them from the high rank they once held, and which many of them well deserved merely as poetical compositions. They depict a state of society which has long passed away; and the causes of the actions narrated are to be sought for in



institutions which have become obsolete, and with which the generality of men would have now but little sympathy. The exploits of the knights of chivalry, to celebrate which is one of the chief objects of the ancient ballad, arise from causes in themselves slight, and which only derived their force from that institution, which excited its members to the performance of deeds which seem to us of the present day extremely improbable, and from whose narration we do not derive that pleasure which is afforded by the perusal of poetry which relates to subjects with which we are more familiar. Another cause to which the unpopularity of ancient ballads is attributable, may perhaps be in the supernatural things which are so profusely scattered through them, and which would now be condemned as ridiculous, though the superstition of our ancestors gave them a place in their belief. The experiment of employing supernatural agency in fiction, was tried by Sir Walter Scott, in his romance of the *Monastery*, and was found to be so unsuited to the public taste then prevalent, as to lead to the comparative failure of that romance, and to cause the banishment of the *White Lady* from the Abbot, the sequel to the former romance. This, we think, is carrying the pride of reason beyond its proper province; we would, of course, not be foolish enough to recommend any one to put faith in spirits and fairies, and beings of that class; but they might believe in them sufficiently for the purposes of poetry and fiction; and those who cannot enter into the spirit of any work which does not confine itself entirely to the actions of the human race, instead of pluming themselves on their good sense, ought rather to accuse themselves of a deficiency of imagination. A third cause of neglect is very likely due to the differences between the diffuseness of modern poetry and the conciseness which is indispensably necessary in a ballad; the former is frequently addressed almost exclusively to the ear, the ideas conveyed by the words being of secondary importance to the words themselves, and the chief object of which is elegance of writing, and not force of expression. In a ballad the reverse is necessarily the case; the space allowed for the expansion of an idea is limited by the structure of the composition, which compression of the thoughts of the writer, though it may sometimes lead to obscurity of meaning and roughness of verse, frequently tends to a strength of expression unattainable in compositions which admit of more enlargement of the ideas. The elliptic nature of ballads is also a great cause of obscurity to the unpractised reader: events are not narrated in an unbroken chain, and no intimation of the lapse of time which frequently occurs between two consecutive verses is given; much is consequently left to the reader to supply, and if a ballad is only made the subject of a careless perusal, a great part of the spirit will inevitably be lost. To those who are interested in the manners and feelings of our ancestors, the ancient British ballads

are invaluable; what they were as a nation may be learned from history, but their characters as individuals must be gathered from other sources, of which good historical romances, such as those of Sir Walter Scott, and ancient chronicles and ballads are the chief; the latter of which, being written when the spirit of chivalry and the feudal institutions had not ceased to operate, and when the superstitions of the middle ages had not disappeared, represent more vividly than is possible for any modern writings, the effects of those institutions, and the actions and feelings to which they gave birth, and the beings with which the credulity of those times believed themselves to be surrounded, and whose influence was supposed to be almost universal. The present collection commences with the more modern ballad of Chevy Chase, the date of which is generally referred to the age of Queen Elizabeth; this ballad has been made the subject of elaborate criticism by Addison, in the seventieth and seventy-fourth numbers of the *Spectator*; and there is, consequently, but little left to say concerning it, after it has been touched upon by such a master of criticism. We will borrow his remarks on one or two of the most remarkable passages.

"The old song of Chevy Chase," says Addison, "is the favourite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say, that he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words:—'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas,' (the older and ruder ballad is here meant) 'that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder (fiddler) with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that ancient age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?' For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it without any further apology for so doing."

The opening of the poem is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. "What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in the stanza?"—

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
 Earl Percy took his way;  
 The child may rue that is unborn  
 The hunting of that day!

"This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets."

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum  
Rara juvenus.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,  
Shall read, with grief, the story of their times.

"What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?"

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,  
Three summer's days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

"Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, passionate, and beautiful; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought:"

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take.

"The beautiful line, 'taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father."

At vèro ut vultum videt morientis, et ora  
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;  
Ingemit, miseres graviter, dextramque tetendit.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;  
He griev'd, he wept, then grasp'd his hand and said, &c.

There is also a very marked similarity between the sorrow expressed by Earl Percy over the body of Douglas and the reflections of William Deloraine upon the death of Richard of Musgrave, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, though the incident so much praised by Addison, is omitted. The latter, however, are given considerably more at length, and the sentiments with which the followers of chivalry regarded their enemies are now freely enlarged upon. The passages in italics are almost exactly the same as the ideas in the two verses quoted above.

And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,  
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down;  
Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,  
Though half disguised with a frown;  
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,  
His foeman's epitaph he made.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!  
I ween, my deadly enemy;  
For, if I slew thy brother dear,  
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;  
And when I lay in dungeon dark,  
Of Nawerth Castle, long months three,  
Till ransom'd for a thousand mark,  
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.  
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,  
And thou wert now alive, as I,  
No mortal man should us divide,  
Till one, or both of us, did die.  
*Yet rest thee God! for well I know  
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.*  
In all the northern counties here,  
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,  
Thou wert the best to follow gear.  
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,  
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,  
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way  
And with the bugle rouse the fray!  
*I'd give the lands of Deloraine,  
Dark Musgrave were alive again."*

We will give one more quotation from the Spectator, which relates to the part following the death of Percy by the hand of Sir Hugh Montgomery, and the revenge taken on the latter by one of the English archers.

"But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances.

The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil : "

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could staine ;  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree,  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he.

*Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right his shaft he set  
The grey-goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart-blood was wet.*

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the ev'ning bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

The result of the battle is expressed with great force and simplicity, and though the numbers slain are of course exaggerated, yet the courage attributed to the contending parties is fully borne out by the chroniclers of the time.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Erle Douglas dye  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears  
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen  
Went home but fifty-three  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slaine  
Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widdowes come  
Their husbands to bewayle,  
They washt their wounds in brinish teares  
But all would not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bathed in purple blood  
They bore with them away :  
They kist them dead a thousand times  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The mixture of courtesy and courage, almost bordering upon ferocity, displayed by the English and Scotch in their contests with

each other, is well given by Froissart in his account of the battle of Otterbourne, which is supposed to have given rise to the present ballad. "I had my information from both parties, who agree that it was the most obstinate and hardest battle ever fought. This I readily believed, for the English and Scots are excellent men at arms—nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons endure. When they have well beaten each other, they are so proud of their conquest, that they ransom their prisoners instantly, and in such courteous manner to those that have been taken, that on their departure, they return them their thanks. However, when in battle there is no boy's play between them, nor do they shrink from the combat." And again. "Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe; for there was not a man, knight, or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly, hand to hand with his enemy."

We have devoted considerable room to Chevy-Chase as the finest heroic ballad in the language; we will now turn to a ballad of an entirely different description, one of feeling rather than of action. The Nut-brown Maid, on which the Henry and Emma of Prior is founded, is a ballad in praise of the constancy of women, and consists of alternate speeches of a squire, who pretends to have been sentenced to banishment, setting forth the dangers and discomforts the lady would have to endure if she accompanied him, and those of the lady, who professes herself entirely willing to suffer everything in his society. We will give two of the verses as a specimen of the style and sentiment in which it is written.

"Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede  
 That ye coude not sustayne  
 The thornie waye, the deep valeies,  
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,  
 The colde, the hete : for, dry or wete,  
 We must lodge on the playne;  
 And, us above, none other rofe  
 But a brake bush, or twayne ;  
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;  
 And ye wolde gladly than  
 That I had to the grene wode go,  
 Alone, a banyshed man."

"Syth I have here bene partynere  
 With you of joy and blysse,  
 I must also parte of your wo  
 Endure, as reason is:  
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre ;  
 And, shortely, it is this :

That, where ye be, me semeth, perdè,  
 I coude not fare amyse.  
 Without more speche, I you beseche  
 That we were sone agone ;  
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde  
 I love but you alone."

There is another extremely beautiful ballad in the present collection, founded on a superstition current in Scotland. A lady, who has murdered her two children, is accosted by their spirits, or as the ballad expresses it,

She was aware of twa bonnie bairns  
 Were running at her knee.

The phrase, "to be aware of," is of frequent occurrence in old ballads, and is singularly expressive in conveying the impression made upon the mind by the first sight of a spirit, of whose approach the senses give no intimation, and whose presence is first indicated by its sudden appearance. The shortness of this ballad will allow us to give it entire.

The lady she walk'd in yon wild wood  
 Aneath the hollin tree,  
 And she was aware of two bonnie bairns  
 Were running at her knee.

The tane it pull'd a red, red rose,  
 With a hand as soft as silk ;  
 The' other, it pull'd the lily pale,  
 With a hand mair white than milk.

"Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns ?  
 And why the white lily ?"  
 "O we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,  
 For the soul of thee, ladie !"

"O bide wi' me, my twa bonnie bairns !  
 I'll cleid ye rich and fine ;  
 And all for the blaeberries of the wood,  
 Yese hae white bread and wine."

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,  
 Say, "Weans, ye tarry long"—  
 She stretch'd her hand to the youngest bairn,  
 "Kiss me before ye gang."

She sought to take a lily hand,  
 And kiss a rosie chin—  
 "O, nought sae pure can bide the touch  
 Of a hand red-wet wi' sin !"

*British Ballads.*

The stars were shooting to and fro,  
 And wild fire fill'd the air,  
 As that lady follow'd thae bonnie bairns  
 For three lang hours and mair.

"O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?  
 I'm woe and weary grown!"  
 "O! lady, we live where woe never is,  
 In a land to flesh unknown."

There came a shape which seem'd to her  
 As a rainbow 'mang the rain;  
 And sair these sweet babes pled for her,  
 And they pled and pled in vain.

'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,  
 "My mother maun come in!"  
 "And O! and O!" said the eldest babe,  
 Wash her twa hands frae sin."

"And O! and O!" said the youngest babe,  
 "She nursed me on her knee:"  
 "And O! and O!" said the eldest babe,  
 "She's a mither yet to me."

"And O! and O!" said the babes baith,  
 "Take her where waters rin,  
 And white as the milk of her white breast,  
 Wash her twa hands frae sin."

Another ballad, of which the scene lies in the isles of Scotland, sets forth the love of a mermaid for the chief of Colonsay, whom she has detained in her cavern in the sea, till at length induced to permit him to return to his island by an artfully worded promise of the chief. The ballad is the composition of Leyden. The last verses are very harmonious, and well express the feelings intended to be conveyed by the words.

"Then bear me swift along the main,  
 The lonely isle again to see;  
 And when I here return again,  
 I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,  
 While slow unfolds her scaly train,  
 With gluey fangs her hands were clad,  
 She lashed, with webbed fin the main.



He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,  
As, with broad fin, she oars her way ;  
Beneath the silent moon she glides,  
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems, at last,  
To lure him with her silver tongue,  
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,  
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer sweeter strains she sung,  
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,  
When light to land the chieftain sprung,  
To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,  
And sadly sink remote at sea !  
So sadly mourns the writhed shell  
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,  
The charm-bound sailors know the day ;  
For sadly still the mermaid mourns  
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.

The *Eve of St. John*, composed by Sir Walter Scott, is perhaps as perfect a ballad as could be imagined. The materials from which the poem was written are sufficiently scanty ; the Baron of Small-solm, becoming aware of the infidelity of his wife with Sir Richard of Coldingham, leaves his castle as if to join the Scots in a border quarrel and murders him, after which he proceeds to Dryburgh Abbey to purchase masses for the soul of his victim, and returns to his castle three days after the murder. The spirit of Sir Richard afterward appears to the Baron's wife at night, and informs her of his fate. It is the manner in which the subject is treated which constitutes the great beauty of the composition. The poem begins, as all ballads should do, suddenly and without preamble ; the object of the Baron's expedition is not stated, though we gather that it is from private motives, but allowed to appear gradually as the action proceeds, by which means the interest is excited and sustained :

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,  
He spurr'd his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,  
His banner broad to rear ;  
He went not 'gainst the English yew,  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was brac'd, his helmet was lac'd,  
 And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;  
 At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,  
 Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,  
 And his looks were sad and sour;  
 And weary was his courser's pace,  
 As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor  
 Ran red with English blood;  
 Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,  
 'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,  
 His acton pierced and tore,  
 His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—  
 But it was not English gore.

The baron has, in his absence, employed a page to watch the motions of his lady, who witnesses an interview between her and the spirit of Sir Richard, whom she takes to be alive; and it is from the dialogue between the baron and the page that we get the first insight into the cause of the baron's absence. We will quote somewhat largely from this part of the ballad, that our readers may judge for themselves of the art displayed in the treatment of this part of the subject:

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,  
 And look thou tell me true!  
 Since I from Smailho'me tower have been,  
 What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,  
 That burns on the wild Watchfold;  
 For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
 Of the English foemen told.

"The bitter clamour'd from the moss,  
 The wind blew loud and shrill;  
 Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,  
 To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came  
 Where she sat her on a stone;—  
 No watchman stood by the dreary flame,  
 It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,  
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain-blast was still,  
As again I watch'd the secret pair,  
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
And name this holy eve;  
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;  
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;  
His lady is all alone;  
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,  
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"I cannot come; I must not come;  
I dare not come to thee;  
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:  
In thy bower I may not be.'—

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!  
Thou shouldst not say me nay:  
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,  
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound,  
And the warder shall not sound,  
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;  
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!—

"Though the blood-hound be mute,  
And the rush beneath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not blow,  
There sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,  
And my footstep he would know.'

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!  
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;  
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
For the soul of the knight that is slayne.'—

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frowa'd;  
 Then he laugh'd right scornfully—  
 'He who says mass-rite for the soul of that knight;  
 May as well say mass for me :

"At the midnight hour,  
 When bad spirits have power,  
 In thy chamber will I be.'—  
 With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
 And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,  
 From the dark to the blood-red high—  
 "Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,  
 For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone bright, in the beacon's red light!  
 His plume was scarlet and blue;  
 On his shield was a hound,  
 In a silver leash bound,  
 And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
 Loud dost thou lie to me!  
 For that knight is cold,  
 And low laid in the mould,  
 All under the Eildon-tree."—

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!  
 For I heard her name his name;  
 And that lady bright she called the knight  
 Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,  
 From high blood-red to pale—  
 "The grave is deep and dark—  
 And the corpse is stiff and stark—  
 So I may not trust thy tale.

It is not till the conclusion of the ballad, when the spirit of the murdered knight appears in the baron's chamber, that our curiosity is fully satisfied, and the mystery which is so skilfully thrown over the barons's expedition, and enhanced by the boldness with which our attention is called to the baron on his departure from his castle, is completely dispelled, the manner in which Sir Richard met his death openly declared, and his subsequent fate intimated :

In sleep the lady mourn'd,  
 And the Baron toss'd and turn'd,  
 And oft to himself he said,—

"The worms around him creep,  
And his bloody grave is deep . . . .  
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,  
The night was well nigh done,  
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,  
On the eve of good St. Jehn.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,  
By the light of a dying flame;  
And she was aware of a knight stood there—  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,  
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—  
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;  
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,  
In bloody grave have I lain;  
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,  
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,  
Most foully slain, I fell!  
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,  
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,  
I must wander to and fro;  
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,  
Hadst thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd—  
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?  
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—  
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;  
So bid thy lord believe:  
That lawless love is guilt above,  
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,  
His right upon her hand;  
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four  
 Remains on that board impress'd ;  
 And for evermore that lady wore  
 A covering on her wrist.

But there is no part of the ballad at all superior to the concluding stanzas, which follow directly those which have been last quoted, and in which the retirement of the baron and his lady from the world is told. The long and dreary years of penance and remorse justly due to their crimes are shadowed forth with a power and force of expression unattainable, except by a mind of the highest poetical talent, and one completely master of the whole art of ballad writing.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,  
 Ne'er looks upon the sun ;  
 There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
 He speaketh word to none.

That man, who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That monk, who speaks to none—  
 That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,  
 That monk the bold Baron.

There is another ballad, ("Fair Helen of Kirconnell") extracted from "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," composed of two parts, which the editor of the present collection supposes, and we think justly, are the work of different hands, the superiority of the second being sufficiently apparent. A lady of the name of Helen Irving is beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and during one of the interviews of the lady and her favoured lover, by the banks of the river Kirtle, the despised suitor appeared on the opposite side of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between the murderer and his rival, in which the former was cut to pieces. The second part of the ballad contains the lamentations of her lover for Helen's untimely fate, and they are expressed with much pathos and simplicity.

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 O that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,  
 And curst the hand that fired the shot,  
 When in my arms burd Helen dropt,  
 And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

As I went down the water side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
I hacked him in pieces sma',  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
Out of my bed she bids me rise,  
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!  
If I were with thee, I were blest,  
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet drawn over my een,  
And I in Helen's arms lying,  
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

I wish I were where Helen lies!  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me.

We must now bring this article to a conclusion, though there are many beautiful ballads in the collection which we have not mentioned, and which well deserve notice. The collection, on the whole, deserves much praise, though there may be some ballads chosen which are hardly worthy of insertion in so limited a collection, and a more copious glossary is certainly needed. The illustrations are extremely good, and reflect great credit on their designers. With such able assistants, we think Mr. Hall might give us another series, as he has certainly not exhausted the beauties of our old

ballads; and we think that the success which the present work ought to have ensured, will be such as to encourage him to resume the task of editor again, and draw forth this part of our poetry from the obscurity into which it has so undeservedly fallen.

### ART. VIII.

#### 1. *The Banished Lord, a Tragedy.*

#### 2. *Martelli, a Tragedy.*

THE general outcry at the degenerate taste of the theatrical public of the present day, at their preferring singing, dancing, equestrian amusements, and other gratifications of the senses, to the more refined and intellectual entertainments of the higher drama,—is nearly as old as the stage itself, and complaints of a similar nature have already been uttered by Horace in his epistle (II.1) to Augustus. After describing the roaring applause with which an actor is received when appearing on the stage, he asks, “Why? Has he already spoken?—Not a word! Quid placet ergo? . . . His purple dress!” Who in reading this does not think of our stage heroines, who change their dress in almost every new act, to enhance the illusion and bribe the eyes of the critic.

That the descendants of that Horacian public, the present Italians, have exercised a baneful influence upon the dramatic taste in Europe, by the introduction in the last century of their operas and ballets, is a truth no one can deny; but it is equally true on the other hand, that without additional physiological causes, the influence could not have become so general, and more especially, when we consider that the moral and political power of Italy at the period when her dramatic influence became universal, was so circumscribed as hardly to form an item in the balance of the European powers.

*Imagination* and the *heart* of man, the two sources of his ideal life, tempered by reason, *poetry*, and *religion*, have, history teaches, deteriorated into powers of cold, witty, and unfeeling satire on the one hand, and gross materialism or spiritual anarchy on the other, whenever too much latitude was conceded to human reason for their control. The historians of Greece and Rome, the middle ages, and the modern times, testify these points most satisfactorily.

*Art*, the soul and spirit of Hellenic life, even in its common walks, had created a drama which we even now admire for the lofty conception of design and plastic beauty of execution. Practical Rome, however, the youngest of all nations of antiquity, always submitted feelings and actions to the test of reason and calculation, so much so, that her very poetry savoured of argument and fact, was of a rather satirical or historical character, as may be seen from the productions of her early writers, the dramatic compositions in the *Oscian* dialect, and



the epic poems of Nævius and Ennius; and A. W. Schlegel (Athen. I. II. 38) justly observes, that in the same way as the whole of our modern poetry is tintured with the spirit of romance, in like manner was satire the leading feature of Roman literature, &c. Nor can we fail to trace in the *Atellane fabulæ* the spirit of the *commedia dell' arte* for which the Italians are so celebrated.

With the religion of Christ, a new direction was given to the human mind; the emotions of the heart, of love and charity, were called into action, subduing (not suppressing) the powers of imagination, cleansing it of the gross tints of Pantheism, and lending to its creations the poetry of feeling and deep devotion flowing from the sacred source of true faith. All the fine arts of the middle ages bear that lofty character of the sublime and beautiful, of the heart and imagination blended together; and however erroneous the votaries of religion were in their placing too implicit belief in the authority of man, apt to abuse it, yet the emancipation from that authority wrought by the Reformation, soon threw society to the opposite extreme, spiritual anarchy; and reason, like a spoiled child, soon claimed the right of interference, nay of absolute control, even in the mysterious affairs of the heart, exempting man from all authority of the Church, and allowing him to construe the Scriptures to his own liking. *Liberty of conscience* became professedly the watch-word of sectarianism; and no wonder that all the excrescences of religious excess under various titles and forms showed themselves in all their mischievous tendencies to the well-being of society in general, and stifling in embryo even the tender germs of the nobler aspirations of the heart; utilitarianism ridiculing romantic effusions as extravagant illusions, and sectarian fanaticism condemning any stage exhibition as ungodly and incompatible with the tenets of the Scriptures in *their* sense of reading them.

Religious anarchy (binding conscience to no outward authority but its own) has ever been linked with, if not even productive of political anarchy, and from the spread of sectarianism must we chiefly trace the civil agitations of our times, to which France has given the example ever since 1790.

The asserted right of the sovereignty of the people (masses!) in civil affairs, has been naturally also extended to mental pursuits and recreations, and the *Dii minorum et minimarum gentium* among authors rather pamper to, than endeavour to instruct the taste of the millions, because of the *penny*-patronage held out to them, while the example of the publisher is closely followed by the stage manager, who either converts the temples of Melpomene into *menageries*, or exhibit dramas (as in most of the minor theatres) of a character most pleasing to the *gusto* of the sovereign people *au Paradis*, the leading features of which being the *vices* of the higher classes, and the *virtues* of the lower, not unlike the dramas of Diderot which contained

most of the then current and popular notions in politics, which eventually led to the great catastrophe and national convulsion.

Moreover, reading and theatrical enjoyments have now become a mere *pass-tems* of the moment, a mere momentary relaxation from the heavier toils of worldly dealings; continual novelty, and of a light nature, in books and on the stage, is a *conditio sine qua non* in these rational amusements, while any composition that challenges reflection, that taxes the thinking faculties, is shunned as fatiguing and tiresome. *Fa presto* is the watchword among authors and publishers, naturally precluding slow and careful labours.

*Paris* is now the emporium, or rather staple manufactory of stage commodities for the European markets; in the two schools of Victor Hugo (the declamatory and sentimental), and of *Scribe* (the more natural, but depraved). The *faiseurs de nouveautés* fabricate their pieces (especially the vaudevilles) *en gros*, and on the new principle in political economy of *division of labour*, several persons being engaged in the composition of one and the same piece; one busies himself with writing the dialogues, another with the *couplets*, a third with adapting them to some popular melody &c.; so that instances are known of new vaudevilles having been composed and brought out in less than ten days' time.

*Goethe* justly ascribes the mediocre state of the German stage, chiefly to the promulgated notion in the last century, that the stage was a moral institution, or rather a school for morals, while in reality, it is nothing more than a mirror reflecting indiscriminately national manners and customs. Neither can, nor ought the stage to aspire to anything like public instruction. *Schiller* had, at the age of 23, advanced the maxim, that before the public mind is sufficiently cultivated and ripe for the stage, the latter will hardly ever benefit the former. But *Schiller* has proved by his own example, that the most noble and strenuous efforts to attain that end upon the stage, are vain and futile, while history tells us, that even the greatest dramatists never created the spirit of the age, but knew only how to mould the chaos of the social elements before them, into a form of art and harmony. The drama shares in this respect the fate of the public press, or journals, which are rather behind than in advance of the movements of the times, forming rather the train than the engine of the spirit of the age. A nascent opinion, or interest, is not yet a fit subject for the press to descant upon, as she only discusses in her columns, subjects and opinions which have already found a loud echo in the public mind. In the same manner as the journals record and compile national events, in like manner represents the stage national manners and peculiarities. The latter have however in modern times lost so much of their characteristic stamp, by the incessant contact of nations, and their increased intercourse with one another, but still more so by party spirit and agitations, that

the very terms, *nation*, and *national*, are differently defined by the different parties, and there are not wanting men who look even at the *Repeal* and its success, in a *national* point of view. A dramatic poet is thus now-a-days, not only puzzled in the choice of his *national* forms, not only at a loss as to what constitutes in the public mind national customs and manners, but he even dares not enter on any topic whatever, however impartially he may treat, without giving offence to one party or the other, and without being branded by one journal or the other as a traitor to the state or the people, and consequently as a man without talent, character, and conscience! *L'état c'est moi*, is now in the mouth of every agitating adventurer and pauper:

To a national stage belongs a sort of middle row where the common notions of right and wrong, of political virtues, of love, gallantry, personal and national honour, distinction of rank and condition, and the relations of the subject to the law, both civil and religious, are concentrated. These common notions in a country, though they may in some measure favour of prejudice and partiality, are nevertheless the *point of gravity* among a nation, the sphere to which the inferior classes try to rise, and the superior deign to descend in order to operate beneficially upon their nation in general, a sphere which contains those common notions which form the true fertile field of the national stage and drama. But no sooner are these notions secured by party spirit or other circumstances, than every class of society will have a drama of their own, there will be in short all sorts of plays except a *national*.

This want of common life, of a rallying point in a people, is particularly visible in the light or fancy literature of our day. There is now no general writer, no popular author, for lack of general satisfaction. One writes too learned, another too shallow, one derides the aristocrats, another the vulgar, one dwells too much on low life, another the opposite extreme, there are in short almost as many tastes and opinions as there are heads or rather skulls, and to this want of medium and communication between lofty mountains and deep flat land in society, the lack of that focus in which all ranks meet, must chiefly be ascribed the decline of the Drama.

The Dramatists of the day, may be divided into three classes. The German school of Tieck, which—with the fruitless attempts of even Goethe and Schiller to form a national ages, before them—has wisely given up the point altogether, and never even try at stage effect and sightly scenery, but have built a sort of ideal stage in the clouds, for a purely poetic audience, a genuine temple of Meleponene stripped of all earthly decorations and charms of the senses, so essential for a popular stage and applause. The dramas of that school form therefore an inexhaustible mine of dramatic literature, a fund of criticism and theories on stage poetry from Sophocles

down to Calderon, Lope, and Shakspeare, and an indispensable compendium for the study of true poetry.

Opposite to it, stands in glaring contrast the French school of *Dumas* (and in some measure also of *Scribe*) whose pieces would form an excellent study of depraved nature in all its phases, their merits consisting in the skill of the stage painter, carpenter, *friseur*, and tailor, and lastly and chiefly in the undeniable fact, that the *populace* cannot fail to detect in the characters before them most of their fellow companions whom they meet every day by dozens in the *Estaminets* and *Cabarets*. Hence, the *popularity* of that school which paints Nature, naked Nature in all her hideous deformities, and devoid of the last spark of sublime poetry. The theatre of that school has been converted from the temple of the Muses into a sort of Egyptian Pantheon filled with beasts for the adoration of the crowd.

In the middle between these two extreme schools of absolute poetry and absolute prose, reels the English stage, as if in a state of moral intoxication, from side to side, without finding the middle way. The boards once consecrated to the plays of the national immortal bard and his school, are still held somewhat sacred long after the pieces themselves have ceased to enchant the public, but the reverence is only paid to the spot and the *memory* of the creator of the Modern Drama, the public not suffering (from national *pride*) those same boards to be profaned by the clever tricks of a *Gamin de Paris*, &c., while those same foreign farces which were hissed off the stage of Covent Garden, failed not to attract immense crowds at St. James'. It plainly argues of the conflict in the English mind, between his *consciousness* of what is noble and what is vulgar, and his corrupted *taste* for the latter, not unlike the conflict of a sensible drunkard who in his sober moments condemns the injurious habit he has contracted, without however possessing moral strength to subdue it: *consuetudo quovis tyranno potentior!*

The Frenchman says of the opera: "ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante;" this new favourite amusement of the stage public, has also influenced their *critical* judgment on the merits of even the drama, appreciating them rather by the standing rules of text of an opera, *i. e.* to have the fable and the moral of the piece clearly set before them, no matter of what stuff the contents are wrought, or how inferior the capacities of delivery and reading of the actor be. A loud noisy deafening roaring clamour from the throat of the performer, who works at the same time convulsively with hands and feet, like the Pythoness on the tripod, is now the requisite qualification, of a good tragedian; and the more he strains his lungs, even at the risk of breaking a blood vessel, the more is he sure to call down repeated *bravos* and applauses; moreover, continual novelty being the tone of the day, a variety of pieces are performed at one

representation: serious opera, comic opera, drama, comedy, farce, (ballet, besides equestrian feats) all in one evening, the stage bill resembling a bill of fare in a restaurant to stimulate the debilitated appetite of the customers, by *piquancy* and variety. Under such circumstances, what but mediocrity may reasonably be expected from an actor who—like a servant of all-work, or Caleb in the *Bride of Lammermoor*—has to appear within three hours' time in perhaps three different characters of three different pieces, got up and studied in haste and hurry, not to disappoint the public in their eager expectation for novelty and variety.

Nor have the promulgated principles of equality and republicanism, by which the distinction of rank, caste, class, and even national peculiarities is gradually levelled, proved less fatal to the comedy than tragedy. The main-springs of the *comedy* usually consist in the harsh and burlesque nature of the lower classes, and in the grotesque dialect, linguistical transgressions, and curious way of thinking peculiar to the provincialists. Already in the pieces of Aristophanes, the scenes of which are all laid at Athens, those Hellenic Greeks, and even Barbarians, with their peculiar dialects, are exhibited, whose rougher manner and language must so strikingly have contrasted with those of the super-refined audience, the Athenians, as to have afforded them abundant mirth and amusement. In like manner, and with the same design, has *Molière* imported his *Monsieur Pourceaugnac* from the province to Paris, as many an Irish, Scotch, and Welshman have been introduced on the comic boards of the London stages, to amuse the people of the metropolis with their odd ways of speaking and thinking: All these contrasting peculiarities, however, consist now more in historical reminiscences or fancy literature than in actual reality, the rough points of provincialism and even nationalism being greatly polished off, by continual contact with strangers at home and abroad; and people will hardly be amused with, or laugh at odd characters of whose actual existence they are not cognizant.

Regarding the general disposition of the great theatrical public, we again refer to the epistle of Horace: "*Si foret in terris*" *rideret Democritus*." It is true that the public at large is not responsible for the spirit of the age; in other words, that it were unfair to demand the virtues or capacities of a former generation from the present, or to bid them take example of their grandfathers, and attach more importance to stage action and delivery than costume and scenery. There are, however, some philosophers who are of opinion that *all* the branches of mental culture progress in an equal ratio after some uniform ideal standard. They fancy that the human mind refines itself in all its ramifications with the progress of time, so that the rational man of the last century must of necessity have been inferior to the present in every point of view, in every mani-

festation of the mind. Extending that principle also to the dramatic art, they seek its undeniable decline in rather momentary and extraordinary circumstances, than general and natural causes. But the whole history of poetry, is against that opinion. A period may be fertile in the most important discoveries in the sciences, and yet prove most sterile in the fine arts; ay, and even manifest a leaning towards *anarchy* in all æsthetical judgment, which is by far worse than even the despotism of bad taste altogether. The sciences being founded on facts and experience, naturally ought to progress in process of time in which the latter gradually increases, while the fine arts being altogether the offspring of the mind, unbounded by space and time, frequently present themselves as sudden as perfect, like Minerva from the head of Zeus, without any previous gradual developement whatever; and so, alas! do they vanish without previous notice. The English drama was born perfect in the Elizabethan reign, but vanished with it also suddenly and wholly, as if by the spell of magic. And in the same way as we must ascribe the introduction of *bad taste* on the English stage under the Stuarts, and more especially since the accession of Charles II., to the prevalence of the French spirit, and its influence on all that sought patronage from the court and its dependants; in like manner must we account for the absence of all dramatic taste, or the anarchy of taste on the present stage, by the democratic spirit of our times, which seems to defy all rule, principle, and precept for practical and abstract life.

The decline of the Spanish drama of Lope and Calderon, and the introduction of bad taste in all branches of Spanish literature, was ushered in by the writings of *Gongora*, a man of vast reading, deep erudition, and prolific pen, but who is described by the witty *Isla*, in his "*Friar Gerund*," as abandoning simple and regular construction in language, contrary to all rules of syntax, and separating by enormous parentheses and long tirades the correlative words which depended on each other. His favourite metaphors are those which are the farthest removed from the objects he sought to represent; his allegories are puzzles which we attempt in vain to solve, and his hyperboles are lost in the clouds. He chooses for his allusions the most unknown circumstances, and the most mysterious relations between the things which he proposes to explain. Add to all this, eccentric epithets, an affectation to employ words of the longest and most guttural sounds, pictures charged with the most extravagant sentiments, the most incoherent choice of expressions." What a striking counterpart to a modern writer "on all times" (except the future)! and how very apt to characterise thereby the "*Don Quixotism*" of literature of the nineteenth century!!

We have taken this opportunity of saying a word on the present

state of the drama, in preference to giving any notice of the kind of dramas at the head of the Article. An unprofitable labour of which we are actually tired. They are of the usual staple of such commodities, and we feel sure our readers will thank us for the course we have taken.

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ART. IX.—*St. Patrick's Purgatory; an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current through the Middle Ages.*

By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M. A., &c. Russell Smith.

RITSON, an acute but frequently a virulent critic as well as unsound antiquary, has said that "the gods of the ancient heathens, and the saints of the more modern christians, are the same sort of imaginary beings; who, alternately, give existence to 'romances, and receive it from them. The legends of the one, and the fables of the other, have been constantly fabricated for the same purposes, and with the same view, the promotion of fanaticism, which, being mere illusion, can only be excited or supported by romance: and, therefore, whether Homer made gods, or the gods made Homer, is of no sort of consequence, as the same effect was produced by either cause. There is this distinction, indeed, between the heathen deities and the Christian saints, that the fables of the former were indebted for their existence to the flowery imagination of the sublime poet, and the legends of the latter to the gloomy fanaticism of a lazy monk or stinking priest."

Now, the charge of indolence, in respect whether of literature, art, or science, is far too sweeping as well as vague; and especially would we object to the offensive terms of assertion, when urged as Ritson seems to have done, with a hearty fling at Christianity. We are perfectly aware that it has been held by professedly orthodox writers, and not merely by despising and cold-hearted sceptics, that Christianity was in itself one of the early causes of the corruption and decline in classical literature; and there may be a good deal to countenance such a superficial view. It may be true, as Dr. Whitby has observed, in reference to Papias and Irænius, "that these two earliest writers of the second century, who, on the credit of idle reports and uncertain fame, have delivered to us, things said to be done by the Apostles and their scholars, have shamefully imposed upon us, by the forgery of fables and false stories." It is unquestionable that those early times were credulous, and that some of the leaders of the new religion were not very backward in the use of delusions to suit the occasion. Wretched, no doubt, was the invention of many of the lying miracles, and absurd the fabulous lives of several of the pretended saints, inculcating as they did, degrading notions of the Deity, and opposing the plainest dictates of common sense as well as the evidence of the eye and ear; at the same time that

the disputations so fondly indulged in were very generally concerning subtle and unprofitable, if not contemptible, points of belief and doctrine. Much or all of this must be granted.

On the other hand, we contend, that the corruption of Christianity in its early ages, was far from being owing to its inherent defects, or to its essential spirit and vouchers; for that it must be traced to the degraded and vitiated tastes and conditions of mind in which it found the nations subject to the Roman empire at the period; crushed and perverted as the greatness of the people had been by a grossly impure and barbarously despotic government. The ancient civilization was fast hastening to decay and rottenness, and only retained some of its exterior and unsubstantial ensigns. The Christians, of course, could not be expected to volunteer an arrest of doomed and pernicious paganism. Besides, the converts for the most part were of the million, whose hearts were turned by the resistless appeals which the gospel offered, although their heads had not been cultured in a heathen philosophy, or refined by the finest relics of Greek and Roman classical literature. Christianity was not the cause, but the concomitant, and indeed the victim of a deeply deteriorated state of the public mind, moral feeling, and classical perception; brought about in a great degree by the vilest example of rulers, the most viciously infectious policy, and the long foreboding infatuation that marked the character of the empire.

The general reader as well as the scholar is too prone to shape his opinion of the literature of the Roman empire, by keeping his eye directed to the dazzling prosperity and a few celebrated authors of the Augustan age; forgetting that the degeneracy and decline of the succeeding generations were rapid and judicial. But even the golden era of which mention has just now been made, with all its boasted superiority and perfection, exhibited little more within the domain of literature, than the narrow field occupied by poetry, history, and rhetoric; for in the culture of the most useful branches of knowledge, and such as have not yet shown themselves to be liable to retrogression or decline, almost nothing was achieved beyond repetitions from the Greek, and attenuations of predecessors of more subtle mind and refinement of taste. Nay, when you steadily look to the country of Aristotle, if you except his attempts, and the far more successful efforts in the department of mathematical science, you meet with little that was destined to enlighten and to benefit permanently, within the range either of theoretic philosophy or practical useful knowledge, the generations that were many centuries after to follow.

The observation is extremely common-place, that the irruption of the Goths and the Northern hordes upon the Roman world, marked the commencement of European barbarism, and of what are designated the Dark Ages. But the idea is more hackneyed than happy;



for while it seems to remain a question whether the invaders really did more to the deepening and accelerating the fearful gloom that was speedily overshadowing the human mind, and enervating all its principles and powers for good, than to bring with them peculiar features of barbarity, certain it is, that they also imported elements of a new state of things which has never yet, where allowed scope, manifested a tendency to decline or exhaustion.

It must be too much to assert with Jornandes, the Bishop of Ravenna, when describing the invaders, that they surpassed the Romans not merely in figure and in bravery, but in having men of such extraordinary erudition, as to excel the most eminent of the conquered in the schools of wisdom. This he declares of men belonging even to the early migrations. The Goths, he avers, were esteemed more learned than other barbarous nations, and almost comparable with the Greeks. He observes, that about the time of Sylla, and of Julius Cæsar, the people he is particularly speaking of, were wholly guided by the advice of the sage Diceneus. "Sensible of their docile disposition and their natural talents, there was no part of philosophy which he withheld from them. He instructed them in ethics, in order to civilize their manners; in the laws of nature, to shew them that these laws were to be observed; and he taught them logic, which rendered them more expert than other nations in the art of reasoning. He proposed to their contemplation the twelve zodiacal signs, the revolutions of the planets, and the whole science of astronomy, which shows the increase and wane of the moon, and how much the fiery globe of the sun exceeds the earth in magnitude. With what pleasure then," he adds, "when the repose of a few days allowed a respite from arms, did these brave men turn their thoughts to philosophy! You might observe one scrutinizing the face of the heavens; another exploring the nature of herbs and fruits; a third calculating the uses of the moon; and a fourth pursuing the labours of the sun in its diurnal course. By these, and many other lessons, the fame of Diceneus had become so great, that all orders of men, and even the chiefs obeyed him. Comiscus, his successor, and not his inferior in wisdom, was held in almost equal veneration. He became the king and high-priest of the Gothic people, whom he ruled in justice."

Such is the Rev. Joseph Berington's abridgement of the character sketched by the worthy bishop, who, no doubt, with monkish zeal has drawn freely upon imagination when picturing a people whom he also describes as propitiating their god Mars by human victims. Of course, while printing was utterly unknown, there must be a mass of exaggeration in the account of the influence wielded and the lessons taught by the two sages mentioned. But why not also demur on the same or like grounds to the extravagant testimonies of the Roman and Greek chronicles of Gothic character

and warfare? We may be sure that these writers were as backward as they were incapable of noting the more favourable features of the invaders—their activity and curiosity, their enterprise and vigorous perseverance. Which one of the descendants of the classical races was able or ready to mark the feudal elements of Gothic government, and compare therewith their own abject slavery,—to perceive that although the former was identified with a state of society rude, and at all times prone to have recourse to arms, yet, that indolence and effeminacy, cowardice and vanity, bred and propagated among the Romans, to the extinction of all moral as well as intellectual health, were alien to their natural constitution, and barred out by stern habit.

The observation has frequently been made, that the state of literature, art, and science among any people, always affords an infallible criterion of their cultivation. To this the remark must be added, that the middle ages are generally spoken of in the respects referred to with a disparagement that is by far too undistinguishing.

It could not be indeed, that exposed to perpetual civil wars, rude and barbarous in regard of origin, carrying gloom and grossness to the infected and darkened Romans, that the Goths would speedily strike out a new literature, which was to have life and acceptance in after and highly civilised times. It is particularly to be borne in mind, that it was long ere even their vernacular language, with its constantly accruing stores and admixtures, became the written language. Still, there was no small degree of activity in certain directions, and to the construction of new instruments for the future grand developements. Between the utter fall of the Western Empire and the beginning of the thirteenth century, the Arabic numerals had been introduced. The fabrication of paper from linen had taken place. The compass and gunpowder were discovered. Better still, oil-painting, engraving and printing had their infancy. These mighty discoveries and improvements, unsurpassed by any in the entire range of human conception in respect of results in civilization and the world's vicissitudes, occurred during what is regarded as the very darkest of the long season of dark ages. And what a demonstration as well as test of aroused intellectual vigour and far-reaching achievement in the moral and social condition! No longer do we grope in vain for poetic contributions in modern languages, for cultured principles of law, or for school-philosophy—these about one and the same time giving tokens of healthy growth in a number of countries far removed one from another, in respect of geographical distance, of any kind of intercourse, and even of national character. The great revolution had been long in preparation, yet making sure and undercurrent progress; being destined at length to result in that modern promise for the future, as well as realisation at the present, to which ancient

times, even in their most favourable seasons and palmy days, can offer no parallel.

It has been stated, that the state of literature affords the best criterion of the point of civilisation at which any people have arrived, "If," said the eloquent and excellent Fenelon, "the riches of both Indies—if the crowns of all the kings of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." This eminent man, therefore, strongly felt that the happiness of himself as an individual was most intimately connected with literature; at the same time that he must have been fully impressed with the value of its contributions to the well-being of the community. No source of pleasure is so self-generative as a taste for books; it creates and multiplies the materials for the best enjoyment; while it even enlarges the capacity for larger and refined feasts of delight. What is more, it serves to render a man not only a greater master of the knowledge of truths which crowd around him in the animate and inanimate world, but makes him happily conscious of his increasing powers and refinement of mind. Nor are any of those branches of literature which fall under the name of *light*, to be excluded from the honour we are generally offering in respect of the services mentioned. There is a great deal due to the *polite* in letters; for they allure the world into the neighbourhood of mind, morals, science, and the liberal arts, just as the useful in every-day life tends to bring mankind constantly close to the gleams of the profounder principles of physics. In short, the kind of literature of which we are now speaking, not even excepting fables, fiction, and romance, is the handmaid and most agreeable attendant of the severest duties; nay, it appears to us that a careful examination of sundry of the most extravagantly superstitious romances of the middle ages, will not alone lead to the discovery of light upon the original sources and authorities of the noblest creations of poetry and modern literature in its highest walks of politeness, but upon the progress of religious belief, the temperament of nations, and that paramount concern—the moral conduct and character of men.

It is not our vocation, neither is it at all necessary to our purpose, that we say anything of the legends, romances, and traditions of the early and middle ages of the Christian era, taken in an abstractedly religious and moral sense. We do not even find ourselves to be involved in the question, whether, had a strict and philosophic test been applied to the thorough sifting of every story that met a popular and permanent acceptance, a happier social condition, and a better, livelier, and purer spirit would have been begotten, and been found culturable throughout all future ages. It is only with facts that we are dealing—with things as we really find them—with the evidences of origin and growth in the past—with the actualities of the present—with the promise for the time to come. And we say that,

as surely as the songs of Homer moulded and regularized, adjusted and harmonised beliefs and traditions of preceding romances, so as to form a mythology and generate a literature identified with classicism,—the blind bard's inventions and embellishments, establishing a complete epical whole, and transfusing its genius throughout every exercise of feeling, and every execution of action,—so certainly, to our conviction, did the stories of legendary Christendom create a wide enduring scope of belief in modern Europe, for the being and the vitality of many of the elements which Dante and other masters have brought into beautiful and commanding order.

Having indicated our opinion, that the fables about purgatory, paradise, and hell, which had an extensive and most influential power over the mind of the middle ages, have left more or less traces in the credulities and the literature of the people of our day, whatever country of Europe you select,—with, of course, their characteristic modifications,—we have to observe that the Essay before us sheds considerable light upon the subject, even regarded on the scale we have just now put it. Not that Mr. Wright has embraced the field fully, or traversed it in every direction; but that taking some corners of it, he has with such distinct and indicating steps pursued his path, that the reflecting reader cannot but obtain interesting glimpses of the entire subject,—be led to institute curious examination into the vagaries of the human intellect, especially when the sphere is that of popular religion, social beliefs, and the lighter literature of a nation. True, Mr. Wright might have directly treated of the philosophy and of the practical morality of the middle ages, starting from Lough Derg alone; whereas, he does not even go systematically into the legends of purgatory, taken as a doctrine or a place, but merely of St. Patrick's prison—distinguished by that name, of the visions and dreams connected with the locality mentioned, and with similar and *originating* superstitions.

St. Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg in the North of Ireland, was a cave in which volcanic vapours and offensive effluvia were encountered at its mouth. It is not clear that the saint whose name hallowed the spot was the originator of the superstition; for almost every cavern and volcano have been at one time supposed, according to the materialism to which the imaginative faculty is bound, to be the entrance to regions in which the souls of mankind were to be purified or finally and everlastingly punished. Now, beliefs of this kind had a very early existence, and the more benighted or cloistered became the dreamers, the more extravagant were their visions. At first, however, these visions were comparatively simple, direct, and forcibly delivered,—having all the features of thorough good faith. Afterwards they underwent numerous modifications; sometimes purposes having to be served to mislead and to sway, for priestly, political, satirical, or for literary ends. It is with the

literary results that we have principally to do. The point at which we now, without hesitation, affirm ourselves to have arrived, is that the literature of modern Europe, especially the romantic and poetic manifestations of it,—even the most perfect specimens,—is largely charged and deeply imbued with the thoughts, the images, the allegories which have been transmitted through and from the dark ages. Think you that Dante was entirely unindebted and uninfluenced by such traditional visions as that of Drihthelm now to be quoted? Can you suppose that even his mighty and original genius, or that of Homer, did much more than skilfully as well as widely to gather, harmoniously to arrange, and for noble ends in a masterly manner to point the varieties which they collected, and which lay scattered or half buried around and before them? If you be in doubt read the following and the other legends which our author has brought to the illustration of his Essay.

Drihthelm was a Northumbrian, of the town of Cununing, perhaps the same which is now called Cuningham, within the borders of Scotland. He had lived a pious life, and in his later days was favoured with a vision like that of Fuseus. On the return of his soul to its body he became a monk in the Abbey of Mailross. He told his story to Hæmgils; from whom Bede seems to have learnt it, and who, when Bede wrote his history, was a hermit in Ireland.

When his soul first left his body, he said he was led in silence by a shining angel in a white garment. They went towards the North-east; and as they walked along they came to a valley which was broad and deep, and infinitely long. One side of this valley was filled with roaring flames; the other side was not less intolerably cold, with furious storms of hail and snow driving about in all directions. The whole valley was full of souls; who were tossed constantly from one side to the other and were equally tormented in each by the heat, the cold, as well as by the foul spirits which were everywhere flying about. Drihthelm began to think this must be hell, but his conductor said to him, "Think not so, we have not yet come there." It was indeed only Purgatory; so that they went onwards till they came into a region of extreme darkness; where he could hardly distinguish the shining form of the angel which accompanied him. And suddenly he saw as it were globes of dusky flame, rising apparently from a great pit, the stench of which filled the country around. And as he stood terrified which way to turn, he suddenly heard behind him a sound of miserable wailing, and mixed with it laughter, "like that of churls exulting over their captured enemies." Then he saw a crowd of evil spirits dragging along five souls, who were lamenting grievously; whilst the fiends were mocking at them; when these had gone down into the pit, several fiends rushed out from the flames and surrounded Drihthelm: he was scorched by the stinking flames which issued from their mouths and their eyes and their nostrils; and they were on the point of dragging him into the pit with red-hot forks, when suddenly a light appeared at a distance, which proved to be his former guide who came to his rescue. The assailants were disappointed, and fled. The pit was Hell, out of which no one returned.

They now went towards the south-east ; and there was a clear bright light, and before them a wall, which seemed in every direction of unbounded extent and without any apparent gate or window. In an instant he was, he knew not how, at the top of the wall ; and beheld a vast and pleasant plain, full of fragrant flowers, and the light was brighter than that of the sun at noon, and there were innumerable assemblages of people in shining vests ; and all was joy and delight, so that it appeared to Drihthelm as though he were in heaven. But this was not heaven : it was the place where dwell those who had done good works during their abode on earth, but were not sufficiently perfect to enjoy at once the immediate fellowship of Christ. After this he approached a country where the light was much brighter ; and he heard beautiful singing, and perceived a smell of ravishing fragrance ; when his guide suddenly stopped, and led him back by the way he went, after he had heard at a distance the songs of the saints of heaven.

A very considerable degree of sameness occurs in a number of these legends, at least in respect of incident and description. But there is a diversity in the style and in the dress of several of them, although otherwise much alike. We shall take passages from the legend of *Owayne Miles* for our other specimen, copying out also Mr. Wright's connecting links ; the said knight having been seized with sudden penitence for his sins ; for he had lived a life of violence and rapine, and, besides other enormities, had violated churches and made free with consecrated things.

Sir Owain having been shut up in the cavern, passes through a number of scenes and encounters various troops of fiends. The first party made use of fair and insinuating words ; but a second band fail not to introduce him to sights of suffering and horror.

“ There come develes other mony mo,  
 And badde the knyght with hem to go,  
 And ladde him into a fowle contreye,  
 Where ever was nygth and never day,  
 For hit was derke and wonther colde :  
 Yette was there never man so bolde,  
 Hadde he never so mony clothes on.  
 But he wolde be colde as ony stone.  
 Wynde herde he none blowle,  
 But faste hit frese bothe hye and lowe.  
 They browgte hym to a felde fulle brode,  
 Overe suche another never he yode,  
 For ot the lengthe none ende he knewe ;  
 Thereover algate he moste nowe.  
 As he wente he herde a crye,  
 He wondered what hit was, and why,  
 He syg ther men and wymmen also  
 That lowde cryed, for hem was woo.  
 They leyen thykke on every londe,  
 Fast nayled bothe fote and honde

With nayles glowyng all of brasse :  
They ete the erthe so wo hem was ;  
Here face was nayled to the grownde.  
'Spare,' they cryde, 'a lytyle stounde.'  
The develes wolde him not spare :  
To hem payne they thowgte yare.'

This was the first *field* of punishment. In the original Latin legend, the knight was led successively through four such fields. In the second and third the souls suffered much the same kind of torments as in the first, with this only difference in the second, that they were fixed to the ground with their backs downward, and were persecuted by multitudes of fiery serpents and toads. In the fourth field, the souls were hung up in fires by the various members which had been most sinful, and some were roasted on spits, and basted with molten metals. In the next place, they were turned about on a great wheel of fire.

"Some of the fendes turned ageyne,  
And forth they ladde sir Owayne  
Fulle ferre into another felde,  
In such on bare he never shelde.  
Hit was lenger and welle more  
Then that felde was byfore.  
And, as he loked hym besyde,  
He syg ther pyttus mony and wyde ;  
Thykke they were as they mygth bene,  
Onethe was ther a fote hem betwene ;  
And alle maner of metalle  
He syg ther yn the pyttus walle.  
Men and wymmen ther were also  
In the pyttus abydyng wo.  
Some were therinne up to the chynne,  
And yet hadde they nogt bete here synne ;  
And some were yn to shappus ;  
And some were up to the pappus ;  
And some were yn to the kne ;  
They wolde fulle fayne out have be."

Owain was pushed by the devils into one of these pits, and dreadfully scalded, but he called upon his Saviour, and escaped. He was afterwards brought to a place where souls were punished in a lake of extreme coldness, and then the demons dragged him to the "Devil's Mouth."

"But as he stode up, and loked abowte,  
Of develes he syge a fulle gret rowte.  
'Knygte,' they sayde, 'why standes thou here ?  
And where ar alle thy false feere ?  
They tolde the that thys was helle ;  
But other wyse we shulle the telle.  
Come with us a lytyle sowth ;  
We shalle the lede to the develes mowth.'

*St. Patrick's Purgatory.*

They drewe hym be the hatere,  
 Tylle they come to a gret wattere,  
 Broode and blakke as any pyke;  
 owles were theryn mony and thykke;  
 And also develes on eche a syde,  
 As thykke as flowers yn someres tyde.  
 The water stonke fowle therto  
 And dede the soles mykylle woo :  
 Up they come to ese hem a stownde,  
 The develes drew hem ageyn to the grownde.  
 Over the water a brygge there was,  
 Forsothe kenere then ony glasse :  
 Hyt was narowe and hit was hyge,  
 Onethe that other ende he syge.  
 The myddylle was hyge, the ende was lowe,  
 Hit ferde as hit hadde ben a bent bowe.  
 The develle sayde, ' knygte, here may thu se  
 Into helle the rygte entré :  
 Over thys brygge thu meste wende,  
 Wynde and rayne we shulle the sende :  
 We shulle the sende wynde fulle goode,  
 That shalle the caste ynto the floode.' "

Owain's faith and prayers avail so that he reacheth a beautiful and happy country, having passed through Purgatory.

Hyt was grene, and fulle of flowres  
 Of mony dyvers colowres ;  
 Hyt was grene on every syde,  
 As medewus are yn someres tyde.  
 Ther were trees growyng fulle grene,  
 Fulle of fruyte ever more, y wene ;  
 For ther was frwyte of mony a kynde,  
 Suche yn the londe may no mon fynde.  
 Ther they have the tree of lyfe,  
 Theryn ys myrthe, and never stryfe ;  
 Frwyte of wysdom also ther ys,  
 Of the whyche Adam and Eve dede amyse ;  
 Other manere frwytes ther were fele,  
 And alle manere joye and wele.  
 Moche folke he syg there dwelle,  
 There was no tongue that mygth telle ;  
 Alle were they cloded yn ryche wede,  
 What cloth hit was he kowthe not rede.

There was no wronge, but ever rygth,  
 Ever day and nevere nygth.  
 They shone as brygth and more clere  
 Then ony sonne yn the day doth here.

This was however only the earthly paradise, where dwelt Adam and Eve before their fall; where were also bishops and other good



people living in bliss and joy, yet in expectation of much better and more glorious things when they should be called to Christ.

“ ‘ And every day we wexen moo ;  
But angeles called some us froo,  
Alle gyf we be out of penance ylle,  
Here we abyde Goddes wille,  
For yet have we not that dygnyté  
To come before his magesté  
But oon and on, as he wylle calle,  
At the laste we shalle come alle.  
Every day cometh oure fode  
Of hym that for us shedde his blode ;  
And that thu shalte fele er thu go.’  
Ther come a gleme anone falle brygth,  
And spradde over that lond rygth :  
Hyt was swote and hyt was hote,  
Into every monnes mowthe hit smote.  
The knygte felde that yn glyde,  
He ne wyste where he was that tyde,  
Ne whether that he was qwykke or dede,  
Such hym thowgte that ryche brede.

Those of our readers who find themselves puzzled with the old-fashioned spelling and quaint language will obtain all necessary assistance from Mr. Bright.

Having returned to Lough Derg and the legends immediately connected with that spot, we have to relate that this was a sort of Christian Avernus which the believing might, under certain conditions, enter, and undergo their purification in the flesh, which stood instead of a similar process after death. In order, however, to have access to this cleansing, the faithful were bound to apply to the bishop of the diocese, who, having exacted certain fees, handed the applicant over to the resident clergy. After sundry ceremonies,—prayer, fasting, confession, &c.,—the adventurer at sunset bent his steps to the mouth of the cavern ; which, having been opened, he penetrated. If, however, he went too far, and was overpowered by the vapours, or became bewildered in the intricacies of the cave, so as not to return, why then, the dæmons had carried his soul to hell, his faith being false or wanting. If, on the contrary, he was forthcoming the next morning, and especially if he had the particulars of visions to relate, such as may be readily supposed to have arisen to the credulous and excited imagination, or under the stupor produced by the effluvia,—his purgation was held to have become complete ; the soul, while the believer was undergoing its purification, being supposed to have taken its adventurous journey in a state of separation from the body. At length, however, [a superstition so extravagant was doomed to be put to shame in the presence of new knowledge,

deeper information, and sceptical or callous experimenters. A Dutchman has the immediate and principal credit for disabusing the credulous people of Erin ; for we thus read :—

A monk of Eymstadt, in Holland, who proved either more conscientious or more credulous than former visitors, undertook the pilgrimage to Lough Derg. When he arrived at the lake, he applied for entrance to the Prior ; who referred him to the Bishop of the diocese, 'The Monk then repaired to the residence of the Bishop ; but as he was "poor and moneyless" the servants refused to admit him into their master's presence. Having, however, with difficulty obtained an audience, he fell in a supplicating posture before the Prelate, and begged permission to enter St. Patrick's Purgatory. The Bishop demanded a certain sum of money, which, he said, was due to him from every pilgrim who came on this errand. The Monk represented his poverty ; and, after much urgent solicitation, the Bishop grudgingly gave him the necessary licence. He then went to the Prior, performed the usual ceremonies, and was shut up in the cavern. There he remained all night, trembling with fear, and in constant expectation of a visit from the dæmons ; but when the Prior let him out next morning, he had no vision of any kind ; and, dissatisfied with the result of his pilgrimage, he hastened to Rome, where he made his complaint to Pope Alexander the Sixth. The Pope acknowledged himself convinced of the imposture, and sent orders for the destruction of the Purgatory ; which were put in effect with great solemnity on St Patrick's Day, 1497.

We need not exclaim about the gross and debasing absurdity of legends like those mentioned ; neither would it be other than going out of the way we have had in view throughout this paper, were we to inquire whether the Irish priesthood have sufficiently protested against the superstitions and pilgrimages which still find favour in the popular mind in parts of the country. Mr. Wright has, we think, in some degree, departed from the strict object of his Essay, inasmuch as he displays a considerable share of controversial religiosity, when the theme was more properly antiquarian. Would it not have been nearly as pertinent, had he compared the ignorance and the fanaticism which have frequently of late years had monstrous exemplifications in England, with those woeful aberrations of the sister isle of which we have been speaking ? At the same time, it may be in reality quite true, that while the Irish priesthood disavow before those who are enlightened and learned, the degrading superstitions rise amongst the people, they actually by countenance, or, indirectly, by silence, encourage these very gross and enslaving absurdities. But, as again and again said above, our present subject is one belonging to *letters*, and it is ample far beyond our handling.

Before closing, we may observe that a volume has been lately published, entitled "*The Dark Ages*," being "*A Series of Essays, intended, to illustrate the State of Religion and Literature in the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Centuries*," from which

the curious reader may derive a good deal of interesting information, bearing closely upon the subject we have had in hand. The work consists of papers which have serially appeared in the "British Magazine," written, we believe, by the Rev. J. R. Maitland, librarian to his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth. The subject treated, no doubt, involves matters of a religious nature, and such as at this very moment distract the Anglican Church; the author taking the part of the middle ages with a vigour and enthusiasm, as well as a learning and research which have excited considerable attention. He does not, however, go the length of advocating or recommending monachism for the present order of society; admitting that the idea of such a system is about as chimerical as would be that of the feudal system itself. We, however, merely refer to the book as one which ably vindicates the generally impugned ages mentioned in the title, from much that has been cast upon them in the shape of blame,—*misrepresentation*, extreme and malignant, the spirit of the volume would call it. With that volume in hand, and read along with Mr. Wright's agreeable and conforming essay, any one may readily come to a sufficiently accurate state of mind upon, at least, the subject of literary interest to which we have been directing ourselves.

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ART. X.—*A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich, Author of "English Synonyms Discriminated," an Historic Survey of German Poetry, &c., &c. Containing his Correspondence of many years with the late Robert Southey, Esq., &c. &c. Compiled and Edited by J. W. ROBBERS, F. G. S., of Norwich. 2 vols. Murray.*

THE incidents of William Taylor's life, like those of most literary men, have little exciting interest in them for persons who delight in the records of sudden and violent vicissitude and grand historical events. A single short paragraph will indicate the few prominent points of his career. He was the only son of an opulent merchant, and was born in Norwich in 1765. At school he displayed an extraordinary facility in the acquirement of languages; and by the time he entered his father's counting-house, being fourteen years old, he was master not only of Greek and Latin, but of French and Italian. A few months afterwards he made a continental tour, along with one of the partners of the house, a step suggested no doubt both by the wish to extend the mercantile connexion, and to afford the youth of such precocious powers, an opportunity of gratifying his taste and of enlarging his knowledge of foreign tongues. His

letters at this period evince great and rapid mental advancement. About two years after, he was again sent abroad, and remained in Germany a twelvemonth; his father's earnest desire being to accomplish him thoroughly for the merchant's desk. But the result was very far from what had been anticipated, for William Taylor returned quite a German in his tastes, in his sentiments, and even in his speech. He was now eighteen, but to the close of his unruffled life he was exactly the same man in all but age and aspect. Unruffled and unstirring was his career, unless you choose to rank along with political and turbulent passages his position of Secretary to a Norwich Democratic Club, when the *Friends of the People* came into notoriety. But here it was rather for having been brought by such a club into communion with persons who afterwards rose far above the common mark, than for any great figure he himself made; Southey and Macintosh being the names which stand most prominently out in this view. Another occurrence of comparative importance, although to be regarded merely as a family event, was reverse of fortune, which, while descending into the vale of years, abridged his resources, to his no small discomfort, but chiefly on account of those who were dear to him. He died in 1836; and his character has thus been drawn by one who knew him well: "I was not aware of my friend's illness," said Robert Southey, when the melancholy tidings reached him, "or I should have written to express that unabated regard which I have felt for him eight-and-thirty years, and that hope which I shall ever feel, that we may meet in a higher and happier state of existence. I have known very few who equalled him in talents; none who had a kinder heart, and there never lived a more dutiful son or a sincerer friend."

Mr. Taylor's reputation was literary alone, although even here again he rested rather on what celebrated friends thought and reported of him, than on any thing he was known to have written or actually done. The same thing has occurred in the case of other men of our own times. Horner may be mentioned as one instance; with regard to whom a variety of fortunate circumstances concurred to raise to distinction in men's estimate. Macintosh was a still more striking example and analogous illustration, for every body talked of him as a person of very uncommon gifts and high accomplishments, although he has left little to sustain the reputation, and although he exhibited but seldom any very superior powers. Indeed, Taylor's remains and correspondence, as now published by Mr. Robberds, present materials of greater value and evidences of a higher and more various range of merit than we had looked for; supplying rich and interesting contribution to biographical literature.

He seems to be first of all noticeable as a German scholar. And here he will always deserve to hold a principal rank, not only because he was the earliest of the masters in England in that de-

partment, but because he took the lead in bringing to us treasures from our Teutonic brethren, as witness the translations of *Iphigenia*, and *Nathan the Wise*, and his version of Bürger's *Lenore*, which Sir Walter Scott so much admired as to imitate. Again, he was the originator of a style and system of reviewing, as the pages of the long-standing *Monthly Review* can testify, that has found such high favour in your Quarterlies,—the *Blue and Yellow* and its elaborated successors. In fact, he had such tact and facility at this sort of Essay-writing, that he hardly ever rose higher than its necessities require, begetting a habit which he scarcely ever surmounted, even with all his abilities and acquirements, although the occasion might admit of and demand the most venturous and the largest effort.

Much of Taylor's life and reputation is indented or intimately connected with periodicals, with reviews and reviewers. We have referred to his essay style, which has been from the first adopted by the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. He was, for instance, two years editor of the *Norwich Iris*, treating the plain practical Norfolk farmers to lots of Germanisms, Latinisms, and Grecisms, as Southey has remarked. But honourable it is to him, and here too he appears to particular advantage when compared with the laureat, that he was consistent and manly from first to last, frequently affording amusing as well as sagacious and wise passages both for correction and instruction.

Before entering upon the business of drawing pretty copiously from these two volumes, we have to give a glance at Taylor's heretical opinions and theories. Now, while acknowledging that his political views were broad and strongly fortified, without however at present expressing assent or dissent on particulars; while paying homage to his excellent literary taste and critical skill; and while admiring him for the singleness and unpretending simplicity of his ambitions,—being contented to make his native town the sphere of his display, and a few eminent men his correspondents; we must pronounce his biblical and ecclesiastical speculations to have been eccentric and extravagant; and this to an entertaining degree, were it fitting to indulge merriment on sacred themes.

The *littérateur* of Norwich was the most conjectural of interpreters, a perfect German for visionary speculation and for the widely collected learning with which he sought to build up and buttress his theories. We refer not to the Unitarianism which attached to him from the family, but to such trifling dexterities as his uncommon resources furnished, when he, for example, strove to prove that the book of Wisdom, attributed to Jesus the Son of Sirach, was actually written by Jesus Christ,—that there were different persons who bore the name Jesus, whose deeds and sayings have been by the evangelists carried to the credit of Christ,—and other singularly wild imaginings, with their far-fetched and inconclusive evidence,

Passing to more worthy matter and a better sort of entertainment, we now extract a few passages, first of all from Taylor's letters. Southey contemplates starting his *Retrospective Review* with the title of *Rhadamanthus*. Listen to the plain practical advice, with which he, who was such a conjecturalist in biblical matters, addressed the projector:—

In any periodical publication which you are to manage I shall gladly assist; but I do not think the project you are forming will answer. Rhadamanthus may pay Charon and his subferrymen, but poor Ballantyne will repent of this bargain. Only the literary world cares about old books. The use of a review is to provide the unthinking part of the public with sentiments to utter concerning living men and passing events. It is very possible to smuggle in modern speculation, under colour of reviewing ancient writings; but it will not be expected, it will not be looked for there; and thus the great mass of book-buyers will turn from Rhadamanthus as from the *Censura Literaria* of Egerton Brydges. To execute a work well secures the perusal of men of letters, who are of all customers the worst, as they get at books through editors of reviews and public institutions; it does not secure popularity, which is of course reserved for the topics of the season. Talk of the flowers that round us bloom, not of cedars, laurels, and dull evergreens, if you would please the walkers in the garden.

The criticism of "Roderic the Last of The Goths" is a specimen of honest, just, and amusing writing.

There is a good deal of prosing in the poem; it does not weigh on the wrist so often as Madoc, but oftener than Joan of Arc or Thalaba, or Kehama. Poets should live in cities; the leisure of the country spoils them. That bucolic contemplation of nature, which spends its ennui in watching for hours the eyelet-holes of rills and eddies, is very well for a goat-herd, and may grace an eclogue; but where fates of empires are at stake, the attention should not be invited to settle on any phenomena, not stimulant enough to arrest the attention of a busy man. The engineer who is sent to reconnoitre, is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, botanizing, picturesquequizing, as Pelayo does on his way to Covadonga, and can at most concede to Homer that he may get his dinner. Your heroes never travel in seven-league boots, but rather à la Humboldt. Wordsworth carries further than you the narratory manner, and the magnification of trifles, but you Wordsworthize too often. Another fault of the poem is its incessant religiosity. All the personages meet at prayers; all the heroes are mouses in armour; all the speeches are pulpit exhortations; all the favourites are reconciled to the church, and die with the comfort of absolution, as if, not the deliverance of Spain, but the salvation of the court, constituted the action of the epopea. And in this religiosity there is more of methodism and less of idolatry than marked the Spanish catholicism of that era. Thirdly, there are too many women in the poem, and none of them very attaching, except perhaps Gaudiosa; the domestic affections occupy in consequence a preposterous space. Out of a truly respectable puritanism you dislike to contemplate woman in the point of view in which she chiefly interests man.

You rather carve a Vestal than a Venus, and in consequence your women want attraction; you take or mistake purity for beauty. Heroes are never very eminent for the domestic affections. While at home they have a superfluous fondness for their wives during the age of beauty; in absence they console themselves with substitutes; and in latter life, if they retain their vigour, they despotize over the old women; if they become infirm, they seek the friendship of their nurse.

It is not very clear whether Taylor's view of the "Vision of Judgment" was humourously sly and ironical, or serious and theoretical; but it is very amusing.

It is not permitted to receive a presentation copy of your *Vision of Judgment* without thanking you, at least for the polite manner in which you have mentioned me at the end of the preface. I enjoyed the book exceedingly, and have been reading it with peals of laughter. The idea is ingenious and happy, in writing the apotheosis of a king, to convert his red book into the book of life; and though there may be in this a little lurking profaneness, neither you nor I are likely to be shocked at that. Perhaps the irony is too covert; but probably you mean the Tories should be taken in. Apparently it is from Monti's Elegy on the death of Ugo Basseville that you borrowed the general plan of the machinery, which accords sufficiently with received ideas for interesting effect. The versification is to my ear usually pleasing; most so where spondee mingles in the lines, which have else too many light syllables.

This is Taylor's sketch of Napoleon in 1800:—

Bonaparte is a small, grey-haired, war-worn man, very grave, very puritanical, and about to be religious. All the French now affect gravity, and will become grave if Bonaparte lives to reign. He has quarrelled with his old friend Barthier, for taking his mistress publicly to the theatre. This, however, is probably a pretext, of which some jealousy or ambition is the cause.

We have hinted that the recluse of Norwich contrasts well and with a superior manliness with the changeful Southey, who had no tolerance whatever for those that did not wheel about with himself, and who grew perfectly savage at the Edinburgh Review and those who sinote him or his works in that merciless journal. Taylor appears to have been the only friend during the period that the poet was carried away with visions of liberty and democratic ascendancy, who commanded Southey's toleration, even when full-fledged with the laureateship; and it is delightful to find the steady and consistent party slyly reminding the other of his departures and vacillations, and standing up in defence of Francis Jeffrey, although the critic's review of "Nathan the Wise" was not of a character to propitiate favour. We give a sample:—

If you are now an advocate for war, in order to help the Spaniards, you must keep in your bosom those common-places of philanthropy which you

used to employ in favour of peace, while you abhorred the war against the liberties of France. Is there in this any tergiversation? Surely not. Why may not Jeffrey be motivated by adequate causes to think as he thinks? However, it is not with his politics that I am in love: but with his comprehensive knowledge, with his brilliant and definite expression, and with his subtle argumentative power.

We now turn to Southey's letters, which present the most interesting matter of these volumes. Like the familiar and confidential utterances of his friend, they unfold the character of that celebrated person, and well illustrate many passages in the literary history of the times. While the Norwich correspondent was wedded with constancy to his particularly coloured disquisitions, the other was undergoing those transitions which lend to his career so much of peculiar interest. To be sure, before the intimacy commenced between these distinguished friends, the poet's ultraism in the cause of a reckless liberty had passed into comparative moderation, and was preparing for the ultimate settlement in the laureateship and in absolution.

We begin with certain estimates formed by the poet, which are generally just and discriminating to a remarkable degree, even when he himself is the immediate object of the sketch, albeit his self-complacency at times too nearly touches the limits of partiality. Little more for the purpose we have in view, need be done than introduce the fragments with the shortest possible notices. This is written in his twenty-fifth year:

I have no wants, and few wishes. Literary exertion is almost as necessary to me as meat and drink, and with an undivided attention I could do much. Once, indeed, I had a mimosa sensibility, but it has long since been rooted out: five years ago I counteracted Rousseau by dieting upon Godwin and Epictetus; they did me some good, but time has done more. I have a dislike too all strong emotion, and would avoid whatever could excite it; a book like *Werter* gives me now unmingled pain.

Southey gauges his own merits both as a poet and a historian:—

*Me judice*, I am a good poet, but a better historian; because though I read other poets and am humbled, I read other historians with a very different feeling. They who have talents want industry or virtue; they who have industry want talents. One writes like a French sensualist, another like a Scotch scoundrel, calculating how to make the most per sheet with the least expense of labour; one like a slave, another like a fool. Now, I know myself to be free from these staminal defects, and feel that where the subject deserves it I write with a poet's feeling, without the slightest affectation of style or ornament, going always straight-forward to the meaning by the shortest road. My golden rule is to relate anything as briefly, as perspicuously, as rememberably as possible.



Southey, it seems, thought much of the *glorious notes* with which his learned research supplied him, in building up his poems: no matter how reluctant the subject if he had illustrative annotations.

Did I ever send you my dreams about the Deluge? for I dreamt much about it when on my voyage home from Lisbon. The subject has been long my favourite, because I believe it quite enough to touch it reverently. Enoch and the Talmuds would furnish glorious notes, and help a grand machinery; my philosophy should be Burnett's, with the help of Whiston's comet. Where is your paper on Jude? Whether this Deluge scheme ripen or not, I design to get as much rabbinical learning as can be got without Hebrew,—a language of which I have totally forgotten the very little which I ever knew. I have a notion that the oriental tinge of our early romances came to us from the Jews, not the Arabians. This hint was thrown out in the review of Ledwick last year, and it pleased me to see that Ellis has had the same thought. Concerning the intercourse between Europe and the East kept up by European Jews and Moors, I have some facts to advance in my history.

Self-conceit, and a most agreeable sense of his own merits, were at times artlessly manifested. He even suggested alterations to his friend in the review of his works, as in the case of "*Madoc*:"

If you really think that the tone of *Madoc* has been pitched in consequence of the criticisms on *Thalaba*, or that those criticisms have in any degree affected my opinions or practice, you are mistaken. The difference of style between the two poems is precisely what, to my feelings, the difference of character required. The one I regarded as a work of imagination, the other as a higher order, in which imagination was to be subordinate to thought and feeling; the one was meant to embody the most poetical parts of Islam, the other designed as a dramatic representation of human character. By the blessing of God, you will see my Hippogriff touch at Hindostan, fly back to Scandinavia, and then carry me among the fire worshippers of Istakhar: you will see him take a peep at the Jews, a flight to Japan, and an excursion among the saints and martyrs of Catholicism. Only let me live long enough and earn leisure enough, and I will do for each of these mythologies what I have done for the Mohammedan.

Southey's judgments of other men were frequently remarkable for their justness and foresight. This of Coleridge:—

I am grieved that you never met Coleridge: all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength. He will leave nothing behind him to justify the opinion of his friends to the world; yet many of his scattered poems are such, that a man of feeling will see that the author was capable of executing the greatest work.

Of Humphry Davy:—

"We have a very extraordinary young man lately settled here, who is to manage the Pneumatic Institution. Beddoes mentioned him in the

*Monthly Magazine*; he is not yet twenty-one, nor has he applied to chemistry more than eighteen months, but he advanced with such seven-leagued strides as to overtake everybody; his name is Davy. I have been labouring at his essays on light, &c.; but he is going to show me his poems, of which I hear much from tolerable judges, and which I shall better understand."

*Anent Jeffrey and the Review of "Madoc."*

I have been at Edinburgh, and there seen Jeffrey. When he was invited to meet me he very properly sent me the sheets, that I might see him or not, according to my own feelings: this was what he could not well avoid, but it was not the less gentlemanlike. I met him in good humour, being by God's blessings of a happy temper: having seen him, it were impossible to be angry with anything so diminutive. We talked about the question of taste on which we are at issue. He is a mere child upon that subject: I never met with a man whom it was so easy to check-mate.

His esteem, in the same letter, even of Walter Scott, is light:—

I passed three days with Walter Scott, an amusing and highly estimable man. You see the whole extent of his powers in the "*Minstrel's Lay*," of which your opinion seems to accord with mine,—a very amusing poem; it excites a novel-like interest, but you discover nothing on after perusal. Scott bears a great part in the *Edinburgh Review*, but does not review well. He is editing Dryden—very carelessly; the printer has only one of the late common editions to work from, which has never been collated, and is left to make conjectural emendations. This I learned from Ballantyne himself in his printing-office.

The poet's dislike of the *Edinburgh Review* increased in intensity and to a degree of passion. He is speaking of an article in the *Quarterly*:—

In the last number I had an article upon the new system of education, from which all the stings were drawn before it went to the press. I am enlarging it for separate publication, with an epistle dedicatory to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*: it will convict that Review of gross and wilful falsehood. Brougham, it seems, is the man whom the Lord has thus delivered into my hands, and the devil shall not deliver him out of them. It will be a heavier blow to the Review than that which they have received from Coplestone; inasmuch as this goes directly to the moral, or rather immoral, principle upon which it is conducted—the principle of lying point-blank whenever it serves their purpose.

But to escape from these exasperations, and to note a few more stray morsels of pleasing or of deep interest. This of Southey's feelings and motives in the biography of Kirke White:—

I have been arranging for the press the remains of Henry White, a truly admirable young man of first-rate powers as a poet, who killed himself by incessant application, having brought on such a state of nerves by this and by

Evangelicism, that if he had not died, he would have been probably deranged. He was at one time articled to Enfield of Nottingham, whom I suppose you know. You will be affected by his letters, and will greatly admire some of his latter poems. I tell his story plainly, and then arrange extracts from his letters in such order as to make him his own biographer. Upon his religion I can do no more than simply enter a protest against the supposition that I assent to it because I do not controvert it; for the book may probably get into an evangelical circulation, and, should that be the case, the profits will be useful to his family, for whom he has taught me to take a very great interest.

A name that has lately become famous :—

A Norwich young man is construing with me Schiller's "*Wilhelm Tell*," with the view of translating it for the press. His name is George Henry Borrow, and he has learnt German with extraordinary rapidity; indeed, he has the gift of tongues, and though not yet eighteen, understands twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; he would like to get into the Office for Foreign Affairs, but does not know how.

The poet on Style :—

Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a Latin or a French phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hung, drawn, and quartered for high treason against his mother-tongue.

The offer of the Laureateship :—

I wrote to Croker, expressing my unwillingness to write verses at stated times on stated subjects, like a school-boy exercise; but saying, that if, on great public occasions, it was understood that I should be at liberty to write or to be silent, as the spirit moved, in that case the appointment would become a mark of honour, and as such I should gladly accept it.

On his performances in the Quarterly :—

You probably will know my hand in the Quarterly; yet it is often ridiculously mistaken there. They give me credit at Cambridge for writing upon Baptismal Regeneration—a subject upon which I should think it no credit to bestow even a thought; and Hunt, of the Examiner, supposes that I reviewed his "*Rimini*," whereas I wrote an indignant letter to Murray to express my utter disapprobation of the reviewal.

Not a few of the stray notices belong to literary history, and will hereafter figure in anecdotal curiosities. But we must have done; closing our extracts with paying a just tribute to the discretion, good feelings, and ability of Mr. Robberds in the execution of his task. He has naturally cherished a kindly partiality for the memory of his friend. But his zeal has never obtruded himself upon the reader; for his desire has been to let Mr. Taylor and his corre-

spondents be heard as often and as fully as possible. Indeed, we could have wished that he had indulged more largely in comment, or at least had been somewhat more informing in the matter of connecting links and explanatory facts, for the sake of the general reader. Even among persons whose pursuits are liberal, uncertainty will now and then interrupt the interest of the facts, for want of simple and intelligible biographical notices. Nevertheless these volumes are a very acceptable contribution, and will long maintain a high place in the biographical library.

ART. XI.—*Poems, Original and Translated.* By C. R. KENNEDY, Esq.

WE can only, late as our notice of them is, spare a few words immediately relative to Mr. Kennedy's poems, and two or three specimens of his accomplished execution, although there be not a piece in the entire collection that is not considerably above the average productions of the present race of fluent and harmonious versifiers. The fact is that these compositions breathe the genuine spirit of poetry, display a fancy that is highly polished, and a mind that is not only fully developed, but that has that trustfulness of itself which indicates genius in proper keeping with an unaffected modesty,—this being one of the attributes and tests of the rare gift.

It is in due accordance with what has been said, when we add that Mr. Kennedy is an originalist and is independent of forerunners; that he has a terse power, as well as being master of a graceful playfulness. We do not think that he gives tokens of first-rate invention, or of being possessed of that strong and governing passion that would sustain an epic or any very protracted flight. At any rate, he has alighted upon occasional miscellaneous themes that admit not well of commanding treatment, that forbid long-cogitated effort and deep-working inspiration. At the same time, it appears to us, that it requires but our author to throw himself upon more exacting subjects, in order to exhibit himself equally at home and well furnished. Certainly he has a versatile talent, and has a will to put it upon its mettle, not only as far as apparently unpromising, upolite, and difficult or exhausted subjects are concerned, but in the mere matter of versification and its many varieties.

It follows from these sportive trials of strength and playful exertations that one admires more the skill of the author, more his unceasing command of idea, imagery, and neat expression, than made through his agency to feel, to sympathise, or to join with the voice of nature. Mr. Kennedy scarcely ever offends—he constantly pleases, but he seldom touches intensely; he never overcomes you with emotion. This, we think, is the more to be

regretted, persuaded as we are that he has as little cause to resort merely to the fanciful and the far-fetched to deck a barren subject, as he has to select subjects for only a minor purpose.

We have borne testimony to the originality as well as to the terseness and clearness of Mr. Kennedy's muse. Assuredly, in the very first rank of our modern poets he takes his station, although he should never publish another poem. And what is far from being common, he figures as felicitously as a translator from German and French authors, from Greek and Latin classics, as he does in his original and independent compositions.

The samples which we first copy out are beautifully managed, amply stored with novel yet pertinent fancies, although the theme may seem to afford little room for striking conceits, and very neatly worded, in a Pindaric measure. They are Birthday Odes on the Prince of Wales, and fully entitle Mr. Kennedy to stand candidate for the laureateship, whenever a vacancy occurs. The volume abounds with evidences that the writer's heart is truly British, his patriotism warm and embracing, and his loyalty exalted.

There they be, a beauteous pair,  
Royal child and mother fair,  
The hopes of all our race.  
And one is watching near ;  
He to our people dear,  
Who sees reflected from an infant face  
Himself, the father to a line of kings.  
O bliss ! O joy !  
Joy such as rarely springs  
In royal hearts ! Upon her boy  
Victoria smiles ; or down her cheek  
Perchance the pearly tear-drop steals,  
Telling what no words can speak,  
All the wife, the mother feels  
Yes, she shall weep ; she, in whose breast  
All England treasured lies,  
And mightiest empire's destinies,  
Shall melt with woman's love, opprest,  
And in her weakness thrice be blest.  
She for her babe shall breathe her silent prayer,  
And for a while forget a kingdom's care.

This is in a still higher and not less felicitous strain :

In many a British hall,  
There shall be mirth and festival ;  
And none so poor but in that festive glee  
Shall have their share ; while sport and game,  
Revel and song, proclaim  
A nation's jubilee.

Cities wide shall rear  
 Signals bright and clear  
 Dazzling the moon, and turning night to day ;  
 Village swains from home  
 Many a mile shall come,  
 And linger till the morn hath call'd away.  
 In Cambrian vale the minstrel wild  
 Lewellyn's heir shall sing,  
 Lewellyn's heir and England's child  
 The mountain echoes ring.  
 Erin her voice shall raise,  
 And speak of happier days ;  
 While greater hand than mine  
 With prophet's fire  
 Shall seize the lyre,  
 And sweep the magic strings with energy divine.

"Thought and Deed" has a more instructive purpose, and touches feelings that have a universal power and interest ; for it preaches solemn and everlasting truth.

Full many a light thought man may cherish,  
 Full many an idle deed may do.  
 Yet not a deed or thought shall perish,  
 Not one but he shall bless or rue.

When by the wind the tree is shaken,  
 There's not a bough or leaf can fall,  
 But of its falling heed is taken  
 By One that sees and governs all.

The tree may fall and be forgotten,  
 And buried in the earth remain ;  
 Yet from its juices rank and rotten  
 Springs vegetating life again.

The world is with creation teeming,  
 And nothing ever wholly dies ;  
 And things that are destroyed in seeming,  
 In other shapes and forms arise.

And Nature still unfolds the tissue  
 Of unseen works by spirit wrought :  
 And not a work but hath its issue  
 With blessing or with evil fraught.

And thou may'st seem to leave behind thee  
 All memory of the sinful past ;  
 Yet oh, be sure, thy sin shall find thee  
 And thou shalt know its fruits at last.

ART. XII,—*The Early History of Freemasonry in England.* By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S., &c. &c. John Russell Smith.

THE origin, the era, and the tendency of Freemasonry have been the themes of keen and virulent controversy. One class claims for it a beginning so extravagantly superstitious, fancying that the dignity of their order is thereby exalted, as to represent Freemasonry to have been coeval with the world. The high pretensions which they put forth are a curiosity in themselves. Says the "Freemason's Mentor," by Colonel Thomas Smith Webb, a book of great authority, we have heard, with the fraternity in the United States:—"From the commencement of the world we may trace the foundation of Masonry." All very well, our gallant enthusiast, if you merely mean that the construction of places of abode must have been one of the very earliest concerns of Adam and Eve, after having been shut out of Paradise. Tents, log-houses, and some sort of architectural fabric must, from the beginning of our race, have engaged mankind, forming not merely the first of arts but the parent of a variety of other inventions, the prompter to other pursuits, and elegant as well as useful improvements. Man must have been a builder from the commencement of his history; but this is something very different from what is intended by the society of Freemasonry. The Colonel, however, like many of his brethren, sticks to his text, just as numbers of them adhere to the mummeries of the institution, without a distinct or weighty idea of the good which it professes to aim at and accomplish; for he goes to a period which we think must have been prior to the creating of Adam, in search of a pedigree, declaring as we now read, "Ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our order had a beginning." "Ever since symmetry began," &c. This period was probably much earlier than the creation of man, and therefore masonry would date earlier than the beginning of our species. Assuredly, perfect and universal symmetry and harmony were but of brief endurance since man began to bear sway. However, nothing abashed, the pretenders go on to tell us, that "Enoch being inspired by the Most High, and in commemoration of a wonderful vision, built a temple under ground, and dedicated the same to God. Methusaleh, the son of Enoch, constructed the building without being acquainted with his father's motives. Enoch caused a triangular plate of gold to be made, each side of which was a cubit long; he enriched it with the most precious stones, and encrusted the plate upon a stone of agate of the same form. He then engraved upon it the ineffable characters, and placed it on a triangular pedestal of white marble,

which he deposited in the deepest arch. And none but Enoch knew of the treasure which the arches contained." This is the Enoch who was first translated, our readers will observe, and the Methusaleh who was the oldest man. The pretenders lay claim to the most sacred as well as the most extraordinary honours.

"And behold the wickedness of mankind increased more, and became grievous in the sight of the Lord; and God threatened to destroy the whole world. Enoch perceiving that the knowledge of the arts was likely to be lost in the general destruction, and being desirous of preserving the principles of the sciences for the posterity of those whom God should be pleased to spare, built two great pillars on the top of a mountain; the one of brass, to withstand water; the other of marble, to withstand fire. And he engraved on the marble hieroglyphics, signifying that there was a most precious treasure hidden in the arches under ground, which he had dedicated to God; and he engraved on the pillar of brass the principles of the liberal arts, particularly of Masonry.

"The flood took place in the year of the world 1656, and destroyed most of the superb monuments of antiquity. The marble pillar of Enoch fell in the general desolation; but, by divine permission, the pillar of brass withstood the water, by which means the ancient state of the liberal arts, and particularly Masonry, has been handed down to us."

An ancient legend, having antediluvian pretensions, to the above effect, but with occasional variations, is to be found in the histories of the constitutions of Freemasonry. In Mr. Halliwell's preface we meet with the additional particulars, as he has briefly stated them. Hermes, the son of Shem, was the fortunate discoverer of one of the pillars. After this the craft of Masonry flourished, and Nimrod was one of the earliest and most munificent patrons of the art. Abraham, the son of Zerah, was a wise man, and a great clerk, and he was skilled in all the seven sciences, and he taught the Egyptians the science of grammar. Euclid was the pupil of Abraham, and in his time the river Nile overflowed so far that many of the dwellings of the people were destroyed. Euclid instructed them in the art of making mighty walls and ditches to stop the progress of the water, and by Geometry measured out the land and divided it into partitions, so that each man might ascertain his own property. It was Euclid who gave Masonry the name of Geometry. In his days it came to pass that the sovereign and lords of the realm had gotten many sons and daughters by other men's wives, insomuch that the land was grievously burdened with them. A council was called, but no reasonable remedy was proposed. The king then ordered a proclamation to be made throughout his realms, that high rewards should be given to any man who would devise a proper method of maintaining the children. Euclid dispelled the difficulty. He thus



addressed the king:—"My noble sovereign, if I may have order and government of these lords' sons, I will teach them the seven liberal sciences, whereby they may live honestly, like gentlemen, provided that you will grant me power over them by virtue of your royal commission. This request was immediately complied with and Euclid established a Lodge of Masons.

The poem which Mr. Halliwell has edited, is on the Constitutions of Masonry, and cannot well be understood without the legend which we have glanced at. The curious production is headed thus:—"Hic incipiunt constitutiones artis geometriæ secundum Euclidem." It contains the rules to be observed by the craft of masons, which it declares to be the "moste oneste craft of all." Sundry of these rules the rhymster has set down very formally, as our extract will shew.

The furste artycul of thys gemetry :—  
 The mayster mason moste be ful securly  
 Bothe stedefast, trusty, and trwe,  
 Hyt shal hym never thenne arewe :  
 And pay thy felows after the coste,  
 As vytaylys goth thenne, wel thou woste ;  
 And pay them trwly, apon thy fay,  
 What that they deserven may ;  
 And to her hure take no more,  
 But what that they mowe serve fore ;  
 And spare, nowther for love ny drede,  
 Of nowther partys to take no mede ;  
 Of lord ny fellow, whether he be,  
 Of hem thou take no maner of fe ;  
 And as a juggle stonde uprygth,  
 And thenne thou dost to bothe good rygth ;  
 And trwly do thys whersever thou gost,  
 Thy worschep, thy profyt, hyt schal be most.

The secunde artycul of good masonry,  
 As ge mowe hyt here hyr specyaly,  
 That every mayster, that ys a mason,  
 Most ben at the generale congregacyon,  
 So that he hyt resonably y-tolde  
 Where that the semblé schal be holde ;  
 And to that semblé he most nede gon,  
 But he have a resenabul skwsacyon,  
 Or but he be unbuxom to that craft,  
 Or with fassched ys over-raft,  
 Or ellus sekenes hath hym so stronge,  
 That he may not come hem amonge ;  
 That ys a skwsacyon, good and abulle,  
 To that semblé withoute fabulle.

*Freemasonry in England.*

The thrydde artycul for sothe hyt ysse,  
 That the mayster take to no prentysse,  
 But he have good seuerans to dwelle  
 Seven ger with hym, as y gow telle,  
 Hys craft to lurne, that ys profytable ;  
 Withynne lasse he may not ben able  
 To lordys profyt, ny to his owne,  
 As ge mowe knowe by good resowne.

The fowrthe artycul thys moste be,  
 That the mayster hym wel be-se,  
 That he no bondemon prentys make,  
 Ny for no covetyse do hym take ;  
 For the lord that he ys bonde to,  
 May fache the prentes whersever he go.  
 Gef yn the logge he were y-take,  
 Muche desese hyt mygth ther make,  
 And suche caste hyt mygth befalle,  
 They hyt mygth greve summe or alle.  
 For alle the masonus that ben there  
 Wol stonde togedur hol y-fere.  
 Gef suche won yn that craft schulde dwelle,  
 Of dyvers desesys ge mygth telle :  
 For more gese thenne, and of honesté,  
 Take a prentes of herre degré.  
 By olde tyme wryten y fynde  
 That the prentes schulde be of gentyl kynde ;  
 And so sumtyme grete lordys blod  
 Toke thys gemetry, that ys ful good.

The fyfthe artycul ys swythe good,  
 So that the prentes be of lawful blod ;  
 The mayster schal not, for no vantage,  
 Make no prentes that ys outrage ;  
 Hyt ys to mene, as ge mowe here,  
 That he have hys lymes hole alle y-fere ;  
 To the craft hyt were gret schame,  
 To make an halt mon and a lame,  
 For an unperfyt mon of suche blod  
 Schulde do the craft but lytul good.  
 Thus ge mowe knowe everychon,  
 The craft wolde have a myghty mon ;  
 A maymed mon he hath no myght,  
 Ge mowe hyt knowe long ger nyght.

The syxte artycul ge mowe not mysse,  
 That the mayster do the lord no pregedysse,  
 To take of the lord, for hyse prentyse,  
 Also muche as hys felows don, yn alle vyse.

For yn that craft they ben ful perfyte,  
So ys not he, ge mowe sen hyt.  
Also hyt were ageynus good reson,  
To take hys hure, as hys felows don.  
Thys same artycul, yn thys casse,  
Juggythe the prentes to take lasse  
Thenne hys felows, that ben ful perfyte.  
Yn dyvers matters, conne qwyte hyt,  
The mayster may his prentes so enforme,  
That hys hure may crese ful gurne,  
And, ger hys terme come to an ende,  
Hys hure may ful wel amende.

The seventhe artycul that ys now here,  
Ful wel wol telle gow, alle y-fere,  
That no mayster, for favour ny drede,  
Schal no thef nowther clothe ny fede.  
Theves he schal herberon never won,  
Ny hym that hath y-quellude a mon.  
Ny thylke that hath a febul name,  
Lest hyt wolde turne the craft to schame.

The eghte artycul schewet gow so,  
That the mayster may hyt wel do,  
Gef that he have any mon of crafte,  
And be not also perfyte as he augte,  
He may hym change sone anon,  
And take for hym a perfytur mon.  
Suche a mon, throge rechelaschepe,  
Mygth do the craft schert worschepe.

The nynthe artycul schewet ful welle,  
That the mayster be both wyse and felle ;  
That no werke he undurtake,  
But he conne bothe hyt ende and make ;  
And that hyt be to the lordes profyt also,  
And to hys craft, whersever he go ;  
And that the grond be well y-take,  
That hyt nowther fle ny grake.

The thenthe artycul ys for to knowe,  
Amonge the craft, to hye and lowe,  
There schal no mayster supplante other,  
But be togeder as systur and brother,  
Yn thys curyus craft, alle and som,  
That longuth to a maystur mason.  
Ny he schall not supplante non other mon,  
That hath y-take a werke hym uppon,  
Yn peyne thereof that ys to stronge,  
That peyseth no lasse thenne thenne ten ponge,

*Freemasonry in England.*

But gef that he be gulty y-fonde,  
 That toke furst the werke on honde ;  
 For no mon yn masonry  
 Schal not supplante othur securly,  
 But gef that hyt be so y-wroghth,  
 That hyt turne the werke to nogth ;  
 Thenne may a mason that werke crave,  
 To the lordes profyt yt for to save ;  
 Yn suche a case but hyt do falle,  
 Ther schal no mason medul withalle.  
 Forsothe he that begynnyth the gronde,  
 And he be a mason goode and sonde,  
 He hath hyt sycurly yn hys mynde  
 To brynge the werke to ful goode ende.

The eleventhe artycul y telle the,  
 That he ys bothe fayr and fre ;  
 For he techyt, by hys mygth,  
 That no mason schulde worche by nygth,  
 But gef hyt be yn practesyng of wytte,  
 Gef that y cowthe amende hytte.

The twelfthe artycul is of hys honesté  
 To gevery mason whersever he be ;  
 He schal not hys felows werk deprave,  
 Gef that he wol hys honesté save ;  
 With honest wordes he hyt comende,  
 By the wytte that God the dede sende ;  
 But hyt amende by al that thou may,  
 Betwynne gow bothe withoute nay.

The threttene articul, so God me save,  
 Ys, gef that the mayster a prentes have,  
 Enterlyche thenne that he hym teche,  
 And meserable poyntes that he hym reche,  
 That he the craft abelyche may conne,  
 Whersever he go undur the sonne.

The fowrtene artycul, by good reson,  
 Scheweth the mayster how he schal don :  
 He schal no prentes to hym take,  
 But dyvers curys he have to make,  
 That he may, withynne hys terme,  
 Of hym dyvers poyntes may lurne.

The fyftene artycul maketh an ende,  
 For to the mayster he ys a frende ;  
 To lere hym so, that for no mon,  
 No fals mantenans he take hym apon,

Ny maynteine hys felows yn here synne,  
For no good that he mygth wyne;  
Ny no fals sware sofre hem to make,  
For drede of here sowles sake;  
Leat hyt wolde turne the craft to scheme,  
And hymself to mehul blame.

But it is not for its Masonic information that the antique production is chiefly to be prized, although even in that respect it has a peculiar value, having been written not later than the latter part of the fourteenth century, being, it is believed, the earliest document yet brought to light connected with Freemasonry in Great Britain. It is otherwise styled Geometry, and is said to have been invented by Euclid, an Egyptian, to occupy the time of lords and ladies, that they might have something to do, and not lead an idle and thoughtless life. The craft was imported into England "in good Kynge Adelstonus' day," who

— made tho bothe halle and eke bowre,  
And high templus of gret honowre,  
To sportyn hym yn bothe day and nyght,  
An to worschepe hys God with alle his mygth."

The principal constitutions which compose the remarkable manuscript, dwelt upon the duties, qualifications, and conduct of the "mayster masons," and of their apprentices. But the chief value to be set on the poem arises from the allusions to life and manners of our ancestors during the middle ages, as well as to legends that have come to be interwoven with the history and regulations of the fraternity—such as the the master mason is not to take a bondman for an apprentice. The master masons are not to supplant each other, or interfere in each other's work. One of the injunctions is, that "thou schal not by thy maystres wyfe ly," which does not say much for the morality of the fourteenth century.

Mr. Halliwell justly ridicules in his notices of the early history of Freemasonry in England, the pretensions of the *creationists*, who seek to date the mysteries of the brotherhood so far back as those of our first parents. It is amusing to hear full-grown men, even at the middle of the nineteenth century, arguing with great heat upon the merits and tendencies of the institution, as if it were much other in this country than affording a pastime, and being an excuse for social enjoyment and glee. No doubt, on the Continent, and even in America, the ancient landmarks have been removed, and the old customs infringed upon. Indeed, be Freemasonry what it may in regard to its origin, it is within its scope and power to exert great influence upon society, and even upon Government. When one considers the activity, the mystery, the talents, and the revenue of

such a secret fraternity, accompanied with magnificent titles, splendid professions, and captivating amusements, the subject becomes not unworthy of the attention of philosophers and statesmen. In England, however, we are not aware of the institution having ever been perverted to the prejudice of the interests of true government, or in the pursuit of chimerical projects, such as that of levelling the distinctions of society, or of freeing the human mind from the obligations of morality. It is chiefly for the youthful and the light-hearted; and, unless when putting forward untenable claims, furnishes a fair field for curious speculation. Without adopting any of the extravagant opinions as to origin, or attempting to discover the precise time when Freemasonry arose, it is sufficient to establish its claim to consideration, when an ancient period is allowed to its rise, and to know that it has existed in different ages of the world, and under different forms and appellations.

The present is the second of the curious poems before us; and to prove its value to the craft, it may be enough to state that it has been translated into German. To the authors of that country "this class of literature is under great obligations."

## ART. XII.

1. *Future Days, in Letters to my Pupil.* Hatchard.
2. *Woman's Worth; or, Hints to Raise the Female Character.* London: H. G. Clarke, Old Bailey.

THE first of these works consists in great part of a collection of biographical notices of celebrated and excellent women, whose examples are held out by the mistress of a lady's school to the admiration and imitation of her scholars. The remainder is chiefly composed of sketches and anecdotes, intermingled with reflection and advice. Light and superficial in its general character of composition; and, although well-intended, we are not aware that it can lay claim to any very decided praise.

"Woman's Worth" puts forth pretensions of a more sterling character, and, in a considerable degree, deserves them. We would speak of it much more highly, did it not bear throughout such evident marks of imitation and plagiarism. We quote rather a long passage, for example, beautiful of itself, certainly; but owing that beauty infinitely more to the genius of the Rev. H. Melville, (its *real* author) than to the writer of "Woman's Worth."

"On earth it has been through a glass darkly that our gaze was directed; but there shall we see God face to face. Vain have been all attempts to discover God, or to penetrate the veil which hides Deity. The astronomer has sought for Him in vain; he has looked for Him in the sun as he shone forth in his glory—in the moon as she walked in her brightness—in the stars as they beamed in their loveliness; but it was only His glance which had

kindled the fires. The philosopher has tried to find Him ; he has searched the feelings within his own bosom—he has listened for Him in the syllabings of conscience, and searched for Him in the storehouse of memory, and soared aloft for Him in the aspirings of reason : but it was only the whisperings of His Spirit which he heard. The mariner has ploughed the deep in quest of Him ; he has looked for Him in the calm, but saw only the image of His dwelling-place mirrored in the waters—he has sought for Him in the storm, but it was only the “ breath of His displeasure” lashing the waves into madness which could be distinguished. The naturalist has tried to find Him ; he has searched the mountains, but He was not there—he has trodden the valleys, but his search was in vain—has asked of the animated things which roamed around him, “all fearfully and wonderfully made”—has inquired of the trees which wave their branches in the winds, of the flowers which opened their beautiful cups to court the warm sunbeams to linger there, but none could tell : he saw the impress of His finger—His benevolence, His power—on all around, but not Himself.

But the Christian has sought for Him in the word of His truth, and there found His will revealed ; though eyes cannot behold Him, He has been present to his spirits. To him, as to the Israelites of old, He has made Himself known by the pillar and the cloud ; the one as a “covert from the tempest ;” the other, as a guide to the heaven of rest He has promised. Shielded by that cloud as by the wing of His providence, we will leave the guidance of our own intellect, and follow that which He himself has prepared.

In Heaven, too, shall we meet with all the worthies who have ever trod upon this globe—with apostles who, the greatest of all champions, warred with idolatry, the world their battle-field—with prophets who, mightier than magicians, penetrated the future, and foretold unnumbered marvels. We shall converse with Moses, great as a lawgiver ; David, harmonious as a poet, and “the sweet singer of Israel ;” Elijah, the zealous servant of God. We shall be companions with angels. We shall see the greatness and glory of God ; the inscrutable Deity will be revealed—then will all doubts and difficulties be removed, no obscurity remaining upon and of God’s dealings, but all be harmony, order, wisdom, and love.

The volume of Universal Truth will be opened to the gaze, with no obscurity upon a single line. Then will all the secrets of those things which have been studied on earth be revealed—glory resting upon them all, and brightness making them all beautiful : the whole economy of nature will be opened to the view, and all its laws be made known. Then will all the speculations which learned men have hazarded be removed—doubt will give way to certainty, and perfect knowledge take the place of superficial. Then will the wisdom and justice of God’s dealings be made apparent—all the uncertainty which now hangs over them will be withdrawn ; and when this veil is removed, so rich will be the disclosures, so overwhelming by their sublimity and vastness, so glorious and so mighty, that the confession will fall from every lip, that God in all His laws and all His works has evinced a love and a wisdom so perfect, that they almost overwhelm the mind, even while they cause rejoicing that beauty has arisen out of that which seemed deformity, and order out of apparent confusion.

ART. XIII.—*The Gleaner*, by Mrs. C. J. PARKERSON. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

"THE GLEANER" is another name for a new work of the kind which, in our school-days, was called a "Speaker;" that is to say, a collection of the beauties of the various departments of English literature for the use of young people. A work of this nature cannot claim the amount of attention due to original authorship, but may yet we think fairly challenge a moderate notice. The task of compilation is not one which *a priori* we should have thought at all suited to a lady. It would require, we imagine, reading more extended, as well as of a graver character, together with more solid general acquirements, and a sterner and more serious taste, than is often found in the softer sex. We cannot say that the perusal has given us any cause to change our opinion. It has, on the contrary, completely confirmed it. There is about the contents in general, though not without great occasional merit, a tone of school-girl sentiment, and of milk and water pathos and sublimity that is in miserable contrast with our recollections of the sterling passages selected in the "Speaker" to which we have referred. They, indeed, most of them did equal credit to the head and the heart of their editors. We found in the index in illustrious array the names of all those in our island, who had successfully "twined their hope of being remembered in their land, with their land's language." and their pages were replete with the most convincing argument, the noblest eloquence, the most glorious poetry, that the bar, the senate, or the pulpit, or the manifestations of individual genius have ever flashed over our land. Notwithstanding these excellences, however, it is very true that they now require to be superseded by a newer race. The last generation has been prolific of authors ranking among the very foremost of their order; and a "Speaker" not including a specimen of such writers as Scott, Byron, Hemans, Southey, Wordsworth, &c., would be clearly incomplete. But there is assuredly in this no reason for such extraordinary behaviour as has been shewn in editing the "Gleaner." Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson, Pope, Dryden, Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth; Pitt, Burke, Fox and Sheridan; Addison and his fellows; with our divines from Blair and Tillotson, to Chalmers and Melville,—these, and many such as these, more especially those of an earlier date, the "wells of English undefiled," are almost or entirely excluded. Any person reading these two volumes, taking them for what they profess to be, and destitute of other information on the subject, would necessarily rise with the idea that the greatest names in English literature were those of Miss Landon, Miss Martineau, Miss Pardoe, Miss Sinclair, Miss H. More, the Rev. Henry Kelt, and some pseudonomous personage called "the Doctor;" while the master-spirit of the whole realm of mind was no less a personage than Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer! Surely we should be neglecting our duty if we failed to enter our protest against such heresy as this. We want to see in a guide-book for the reading taste of the rising generation something that shall raise in their minds an appetite for more solid and enduring food. Their bodies would be as well fitted for the athletic sports of boyhood by a course of syllabubs and jellies as their minds for manly and vigorous exertion by an inundation of such emasculated frippery as this.



We should like to know what benefits are to be expected from selecting for a young and inexperienced reader such a theme and style as this account of Floral Language.

"[Lady Mary Wortley Montague was the first to introduce floral language into Europe. Her ladyship, who is well known to have been an adept in all kinds of correspondence, states that there is no flower without a verse belonging to it, and that it is possible to quarrel, reproach, and send letters of affection, friendship or civility, or even of news, without ever inking the fingers. When at Pera, she sent a Turkish love-letter to a friend in England, which is not presented in these pages, because it might draw upon flowers a censure which really belongs to the manners of the age: but as some may be curious to see what may be expressed by these elegant messengers, I will select a bouquet, and then render into plain language the sentiments conveyed (according to the laws of this science) by the sweet hieroglyphics:]"—

"1. Olive-Branch; 2. White Rose; 3. Iris; 4. Rose-scented Geranium; 5. Sage; 6. Ivy; 7. Heath; 8. Virginian Jasmine; 9. Snowdrop; 10. Eglantine; 11. Acacia; 12. Periwinkle; 13. Hepatica; 14. Blue Centuary; 15. Maiden Hair; 16. White Violet; 17. Almond Sprig; 18. Mistletoe; 19. Thrift.

#### THE LETTER.

In the hour of peace (1) and silence (2) I send this message (3), to assure you of my preference (4), friendship, (5), and esteem (6). In solitude (7) and separation (8) I find consolation (9) in the poetry of life (10), pure and romantic attachment (11), and sweet remembrance (12). I have confidence (13) in your delicacy (14) and prudence (15), and that you will judge with candour (16) of this seeming act of indiscretion (17) which induces me to surmount all difficulties (18) to assure you of my sympathy (19).

Again, we cannot refrain from thinking it really provoking that in the short space of two moderate octavo volumes of samples of English authorship—and of which only a small proportion is given to poetry—even in that short allowance room should be made to inflict upon us such ordinary sing-song nonsense as these:

#### LINES WRITTEN IN A GROTTO.

Ah! oft would I alone resort  
To this seclusion dear,  
Uncheck'd to breathe the ardent thought  
And shed the unquestion'd tear.

Oh Nature! how thy charms beguile  
And soothe our cares to sleep;  
Thou seem'st at to smile with those who smile,  
And weep with those who weep.

The soul in thy serene retreats  
 Communion sweet may find ;  
 But gay assemblies, crowded streets,  
 Are deserts to the mind.

The throng, where giddy mortals press-  
 Is solitude to me ;  
 But Nature, in her wildest dress,  
 Refined society."

Sir E. L. Bulwer, though a writer of great and undoubted talent, we think by no means one who ought to hold a prominent place in such a work as the present. We are not sufficiently pleased with the tone of his morality. It seems too much of the sentimental-adulation school for our taste. Still, however, many pleasing or elegant passages might have been selected from his works, without choosing one so replete with fallacy, false sentiment, and mock philosophy as this, on a subject which he has frequently touched upon, and always in a manner to do discredit to himself and his own taste, rather than to the noble university where he was (and *might* have been (*really*) educated, and which he so impertinently and offensively abuses.

It is scarcely worth while to remark upon it.

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ART. XIV.—*Life of Geoffrey Chaucer.* By SIR HARRIS NICOLAS.

THIS *Life* has been written for the Aldine Edition of the Works of the Father of English Literature, by one of the most accomplished and persevering antiquaries of the day, whose previous and minute researches have discovered and ascertained the fullest array of particulars, and condensed these in the most compact order that we have ever had the pleasure to notice in relation to the poet ; and, indeed, scarcely an example has occurred of such as strict and faithful biography, considering the lights and the remoteness of the facts and materials to which the author was confined by his plan and purpose. Sir Harris has restricted himself to recorded realities, and the most satisfactory data ; that is, to what is unquestionable, and the fair, legitimate inferences to be drawn from a clear or known foundation. He has rejected everything in the shape of mere ingenious conjecture and purely romantic structure ; curbing all imaginative flights, and taking his course with the same straight-forward steadiness which solid and well-defined ground naturally sustains. It is remarkable that upon a subject so ancient and belonging to a period so barren of literature and chroniclers, such a number of distinct and suggestive circumstances should be traceable ; nor from any other person could the world have looked for an equally ample and accurate account. The truth is, as some of our readers must be aware, Sir Harris Nicolas has not only been the most indefatigable of all who have yet explored the rich treasures contained in the mines presented by our vast national archives, but he it was to whom the honour is due of having most untiringly and urgently pressed for reform in the public department, so as to procure access for other miners to follow or to accompany him. And

then it luckily happens, that from the variety and importance of the offices which Chaucer filled, from his station at court, from the nature and circumstances of his pensions, and from the precision and pains which our ancestors showed in keeping accounts in the case of public expenditure, or in the business of public offices, that the items referring to him are not only singularly numerous, but particular and indicative. But the antiquarian author has not merely ransacked the records of public offices—including the national, the legal, and the heraldic—but has searched into the poet's works for every ray of light which they can be held to lend, as well as into such other writers as may be supposed to have had the best means of transmitting notices of such a distinguished character; notices also of Chaucer's family, so far as ascertainable, being introduced. The work must have been one of great labour, patience, and judgment, as the amount of references, and the mode of disposing of them testify, while the whole is brought within a compass surprisingly narrow. We, first of all, cite an example of the inferential as well as of the actual matter of life:—

"A considerable improvement took place in Chaucer's fortunes on the accession of Henry the Fourth; his conduct on which event has been the subject of some injudicious remarks. The poet had for the greater part of his life been patronized by the House of Lancaster, and was nearly connected by marriage with its late chief. He must therefore have been personally known to the new Sovereign, to whose favour he had strong pretensions. The King accordingly doubled Chaucer's pension within four days after he came to the throne, by granting him, on the 3d of October, 1399, forty marks yearly in addition to the annuity of 20*l.* which King Richard had given him: but he was destined not long to enjoy the gift."

"Having made an oath in Chancery that the letters patent of the 28th of February 1394 and 13th of October 1398, before alluded to, had been accidentally lost, he procured, on the 13th of October 1399, exemplifications of those records. It would seem that Chaucer closed his days near Westminster Abbey; for on Christmas Eve 1399 he obtained a lease, dated at Westminster, by which Robert Hermodsworth, a Monk and Keeper of the Chapel of the Blessed Mary of Westminster, with the consent of the Abbot and Convent of that place, demised to him a tenement situated in the garden of the said chapel, for fifty-three years, at the annual rent of 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* If any part of the rent was in arrear for the space of fifteen days, power was given to the lessor to distrain, and if Chaucer died within that term, the premises were to revert to the Custos of the said chapel for the time being; so that in fact the poet had only a life-interest therein."

The first fact that has yet been discovered relative to Chaucer, is contained in the evidence which he gave in a case of great importance at the period, no doubt,—viz.; that in which a dispute arose about a coat of arms. It appears from the matters mentioned in this evidence, that the witness had served in the army of Edward the Third in the invasion of France in 1359, and that he was taken prisoner. It is clear that Chaucer had a liking for the study of heraldry, and noted closely whatever related to the subject. One would gather from him also that he mingled with mankind in a familiar as well as most observant manner; and not less fairly infer that he had a

keen but polite humour, which conveyed more than it expressed. We allude to the hint that so far as he had ever heard the Grosvenors were but a new family. The passage is highly worth quoting :—

“Geoffrey haucer, Esquire, of the age of forty and upwards, armed for twenty-seven years, produced on behalf of Sir Richard Scrope, sworn and examined. Asked, whether the arms, ‘Azure, a bend Or,’ belonged, or ought to belong, to the said Sir Richard; said Yes, for he saw him so armed in France before the town of Retters, (apparently the village or Retiers, near Rennes, in Brittany), and Sir Henry Scrope armed in the same arms with a white label, and with a banner; and the said Sir Richard armed in the entire arms, ‘Azure, with a bend Or;’ and so he had seen him armed during the whole expedition, until the said Geoffrey was taken. Asked, how he knew that the said arms appertained to the said Sir Richard? said, that he had heard say from old Knights and Esquires that they had been reputed to be their arms, as common fame and the public voice proved; and he also said that they had continued their possession of the said arms; and that all this time he had seen the said arms in banners, glass, paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope. Asked, if he had heard any one say who was the first ancestor of the said Sir Richard, who first bore the said arms? said, No, nor had he ever heard otherwise than that they were come of ancient ancestry, and of old gentry, and used the said arms. Asked, if he had heard any one say how long a time the ancestors of the said Sir Richard had used the said arms? said, No, but he had heard say that it passed the memory of man. Asked, whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor, or by his ancestors, or by any one in his name, to the said Sir Richard, or to any of his ancestors? said, No; but he said that he was once in Friday Street, in London, and as he was walking in the street, he saw hanging a new sign made of the said arms, and he asked what inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope, and one answered him and said, No, Sir, they are not hung out for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they are painted and put there by a Knight of the county of Chester, whom men call Sir Robert Grosvenor; and that was the first time he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor, or of his ancestors, or of any other bearing the name of Grosvenor.”

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ART. XV.—*Le Mirior Français*. Part 1. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

THIS is the opening number of a *French Monthly Magazine* published and printed in England. It comprises the usual character of subject for such a work, and among other reputable names, reckons as a contributor, M. A. Dumas. As a new and well-intentioned attempt we wish it success.

THE  
MONTHLY REVIEW

FOR

APRIL, 1844.

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ART. I.

1. *Die Hamilton'sche Frage, untersucht von.* (The Hamiltonian Question examined by) D. A. SCHMIDT. Erlangen. 1840.
2. *Joseph Jacotot's Universal-unterricht.* (*J. Jacotot's Universal Instruction.*) By Dr. J. A. G. HOFFMAN, Professor in Jena. 1841.

National education is one of the happy phenomena of our age. However important *classical* instruction will always remain, it can exclusively no longer satisfy the demands of our times and the exigencies of practical life in all its present ramifications; so that an institution nowadays purporting to rear youth for useful members of society, ought not to consume the whole of the time devoted to study and instruction, in the classics and mathematics alone. To effect that purpose, a method must be found, which shall enable the learner to acquire languages in far less time by way of practice, than was hitherto done by way of theory, when too much time was spent on the gramatical elements alone. *Hamilton's* and *Jacotot's* methods in languages, are to our knowledge, the best calculated to effect that end, though in different ways, as we shall see.

Hamilton first engaged himself at New York in 1816, to bring his pupils in fifteen lessons in French, so far as to enable them to translate each time a chapter in the New Testament—by his aid of course—from the French Bible. About February in that year, five

classes were formed, and there was not one amongst the numerous students, who could not do it after the tenth lesson. Similar results were obtained in this country, in the Latin, French, Italian, &c., in the course of six months' time. But the most detailed account of the efficiency of that method is given by a German teacher of Wurtemberg, Professor Schmidt in Göppingen, in his work (*"Die Hamilton'sche Frage untersucht"*)—the Hamiltonian question enquired into, &c. 1840.)

"I began Greek with a new class after Wagner. (*Æsop's fables, with Hamiltonian interlineations.*) The capacities of the pupils were, of course, of a varied character. I did not, however, strictly keep to the Hamiltonian method in all points, teaching my pupils from the very outset, to transform also the literal translation into a better and more free German, as well as to abstract from the materials before them a few rules—etymological and syntactical. The result fully answered my expectation; in less than a year the pupils had made such advances which would have taken me at least double the time by any other method. During the first three quarters, they were not allowed to compose at all, not a minute being wasted with them in the toilsome task (of the old method) of learning forms by dint of composition; but when I dictated to them little fables, tales, &c., for the sake of composition, they generally acquitted themselves very creditably with less blunders than did the Anti-Hamiltonians. In this class were five destined for the pulpit, which they subsequently filled with distinction.

"Another happy result accrued from that method, in the Latin. A lad of eleven years old, son of a clergyman . . . with whom his father had two years previously begun Latin after the Hamiltonian method, though with many interruptions, on account of delicate health, was brought to my school, and whom I placed in the second division among pupils of his own age, and who were to labour for four or five years (by the old method) in Latin alone. The new pupil proved, however, quite superior to his classmates, not only in natural capacities, but also in point of composition, and while the latter had to their ninth year, devoted the whole of their time to Latin alone, the former had made progress in geography, history, &c.,—branches of knowledge to which the others were entire strangers."

As the only difference in Hamilton's and the old method, as regards grammar, exists merely in the circumstance, that by the former the pupil begins it at a far later stage, but which might be rationally communicated by way of analysis, Dr. Tafel of Nuremberg has made also an experiment on that point, and the results are thus given in the *German Liter. Gazette* of Stuttgart, for 1840:—

"At the examination of my pupils in last June by the Royal Board of Examiners, they read and translated French correctly and

elegantly, any piece or passage given to them by the members; neither did they fail to construe and analyse grammatically and logically those passages. Two years ago, I made two novel experiments with two of my pupils in Greek and Hebrew respectively. In the course of four months of their general instruction, I gave them about ninety private lessons of one hour each, in those languages. As some doubted the applicability of the Hamiltonian method to the Hebrew, I invited them in the Christmas vacation to witness the examination. The pieces selected by the visitors for reading and translating were: in the Hebrew, from Weckherlin's Hebrew Reader; and in Greek, from the Gospel of St. John, which they admirably performed."

Let us now proceed from facts to principle; from the effects of practice to the rules of theory in language.

The Hamiltonian, like Jacotot's method, is based on the law of association of ideas, so little regarded in the old school, and its chief success does not rest merely in the acquisition of a quantity of words by means of sentences, but by teaching also thereby the radical as well as the derivative meanings of one and the same words used in various phrases, and thus familiarizing the learner with the peculiar idiom of the foreign language in contradistinction to his own. The principle of giving to the translated words their primary and radical signification, is of far more importance than is even now as yet understood. It is this radical translation which paves the way to the profound knowledge of the foreign idiom. It teaches us how those foreign people, *in the expression of their thoughts*, rest their ideas on the phenomena of the outward world, and try to communicate the former by the latter. But as we shall have a better opportunity of enlarging on that abstract point when we arrive at Jacotot's method, we shall now enter a little more into the details of Hamilton's method, as far as they differ from that of the old school.

1. The teacher furnishes the pupil with facts, *i. e.* he pronounces to him the words of the sentence in the foreign idiom, and gives at the same time a correct translation of them in [the mother-tongue; having done so, he leads him on, to make comparisons and necessary abstractions from those materials. The task of the pupil in that first stage of study is to accumulate as many forms as possible in which the same thoughts are expressed in that idiom. The mind of the pupil is thus kept in continual activity, and experience has shown that after seven or eight lessons, they are enabled to catch at the sense of a different sentence by recognizing the same words though clad in different forms, teaching them thus the grammar in a sort of practical way.

2. The translation of the foreign words according to their primary acceptation, lends to the pupil gradually a facility in translating at sight.

3. By giving them the translation himself, the teacher saves them the trouble of looking out in a Dictionary, at the same time that he teaches them how to pronounce correctly. Sound and sense are thus coupled together, and fasten upon the memory.

4. The translation of words forming a sentence, and their pronunciation, are far better exercised in a whole class. Long experience has shown the immense advantage derivable from the instruction of a well-regulated class. The sounds are submitted to various attempts at pronunciation, and the pupils are unconsciously stimulated to emulation and activity. Such a class ought to consist of not less than five or six pupils, at least for the first seven lessons. At all events, it is always better in a large class to have nearest the teachers, the weaker pupils, and to have them constantly in sight, as it is to be presumed, that when once understood by the weaker, the more gifted must also have done so. Thus, beginning always with the less gifted, who usually sit on the first bench, the process of teaching, it must be confessed, is rather slow, but also *general*.

5. One of the main points of this method is the circumstance that the words are not in an isolated way, but in connection with periods and sentences, by which great facility is given to memory to treasure up a mass of foreign notions and relative forms. We challenge every sceptic of the fact, to make himself a trial, and cause two equally gifted pupils to learn by heart a certain number of words, one in connected sentences, and the other in an isolated way, and he will find the task of the former more easily performed and even longer retained than that of the latter.

6. To acquaint the learner with the sense of every single word, an equivalent word is given by Hamilton in the mother-tongue, imitating at the same time the grammatical form so precisely, that those who know the technicalities of the Grammar, have no difficulty to analyse every translated sentence without even understanding the foreign language.

7. An essential requisite of this method is, that the matter taught in one lesson should be thoroughly understood, and not the least obscure point left in it, before the next is begun.

8. Next to understanding the matter taught in a lesson, the learning it by heart is a main condition in this method,—a thing easily effected, since one and the same words frequently occur in the translation of sentences. An interlineated translation with notes at the margin, facilitates the studying at home in absence of the teacher.

9. The pupil is at once kept to the logical construction of sentences. While the modern grammars (especially of Becker) rightly begin with fixing a sentence after its various component parts, the analytical method, which makes logical construction the preliminary



condition of reading, begins at once with the Grammar, *i. e.* of the value and signification of sentences and their periods, instead of the single words in them. Once in a condition to construe, the pupil is kept to reading as much as he can get time for it, by which alone he accumulates a mass of words, and familiarizes himself with the foreign idiom. Having read a number of books of various kinds, he is enjoined to learn by heart the most useful and frequently occurring words, and to be well versed in their syntactical combinations.

10. The pupil having in that practical way, laid in a good store of words, sentences, and the various forms of their construction, begins then his course of instruction in the theory of the Grammar, in the proper sense of the term, and the most scientific or philological extent of the Old School. All that the teacher knows about it, is communicated in the shortest way possible, the pupil having already formed a Grammar of his own in a practical way, by the previous lessons, and all that he is deficient in, consists merely in the technical names and forms of the theory.

We shall now try to give a specimen of the progressive lessons, such as *ought* to be proceeded with by the Hamiltonian system in a regular establishment. Suppose the pupils are to be instructed in the Latin, the best book to begin with, is no doubt the Gospel of St. John, on account of the frequency of the same words under various forms, and the numerous little histories, narrations, and conversations occurring in it.

The teacher begins by pronouncing to a class of eight or twelve boys, in a loud voice :

"*Initio* in the beginning, *omniam* of all, *rerum* things, *erat* was, *verbum* the word, *verbum* the word, *erat* was, *apud* with, *Deum* God, *et* and, *verbum* the word, *erat* was, *Deus* God."

Having pronounced the verse twice, every pupil in the class is made to repeat it so long until he imitates properly and correctly the sound and the accentuation of the foreign words.

In the second lesson, the construction of easy sentences is taught in a catechetical way. The teacher asking, *e. g.* "Of how many sentences the first verse consists? *Ans.*—"Of three." By which words is the connection of the predicate with the subject expressed? *A.* "*Erat verbum.*" By which words is the nearer indication of the Predicate expressed? *Erat initio.* Which words express the attributive relations of the sentences, or the nearer indications of the subject, object, and attribute? 1, *Initio rerum*, 2, *omnium rerum*: In this manner the second lesson proceeds in all the details of sentential construction.

In the subsequent lesson, the teacher begins with the logical grammar in reference to the text before him, by asking whether the predicate expresses the present, past or future tense, *reality* or certainty,

*possibility* or uncertainty, or a mere *supposed reality* or certainty, a *necessity* of action? Do the single words of the sentence express notions or forms, *i. e.* do they express certain objects, their qualities or actions, or merely relations of another? Is the subject logical or grammatical, *i. e.* can we think by it a certain definite object or not? Does the subject express one or several objects? Does it indicate a thing or person, and that person, is it the speaking, spoken to, or spoken of? Is the attributive relation of the sentence arisen out of the additional word, expression, or notion, form, noun, adjective, or pronoun? Is the relation of the two notions marked by the flexion or form of a word? Is the objective relation of the sentence complementing or merely defining, *i. e.* does the predicate, without the object, express a perfect (though, in a different sense) idea or not? &c. . . .

As the Hamiltonian system is but too well known and adopted in most of our modern schools, with but slight alterations such as are called forth by peculiar conditions and circumstances, we shall not dwell any longer upon its merits; and shall only refer to it in the sequel, after developing the principles upon which *Jacotot's* system is based, a method which is comparatively but little known and adopted in this country, but may nevertheless boast of complete success in practice, wherever it has been acted upon, though the *theory* in itself may be assailable in many points.

#### *Jacotot's method of teaching languages.*

The expression must be taken in a different sense, since *Jacotot* strictly speaking does not *teach*, but rouses the faculties of the pupil, sets them in motion, so as to enable the pupil to *teach himself*. We shall try to develop here the principles on which that method is founded, to see how far the latter may be adopted with certain success, in opposition to that of *Hamilton*.

*Jacotot* calls his system *universal*; because it is applicable to all branches of human instruction, and because—he asserts—every one can learn everything if he has only the will; in short, that all men are endowed by nature with the same mental faculties to learn anything lying within the pale of human knowledge, despite all the axioms advanced by phrenologists to the contrary.

This his view might certainly incur the censure of the critic, if it was not for the beneficial results accruing from its promulgation to the learner, by stimulating *will*, and encouraging thereby study and perseverance even beyond the usual limits of the age of the pupil. *Jacotot's* view may therefore be comprised in the following brief sentence: There are no limits to the human intellect. Let us therefore tell the young learners that they are all endowed with an equal share of mental powers, that the temple of knowledge is equally open

to all, and that no one has therefore the right to brand publicly anyone, whoever he be, as a *stupid good-for-nothing blockhead*, and other epithets of a similar nature so current at schools. The method has thus the advantage peculiar to itself; it raises the humbled spirit of the weak, and deprives on the other hand pride of the impudent weapon of contempt. The effects of that method remain thus always the inheritance of noble efforts, of indefatigable labour, and a firm and persevering will.

As this principle, to instil in the young mind, the belief in the endowment of equal powers of intelligence, promises to bear the finest fruits for the school, we must hear what the founder of that school says himself about it.

"If you think (Jacotots' complete works, Paris 1835) that some of your pupils do not possess the requisite capacities to learn a science, it is useless to instruct them in it, and to waste their time and money. But if you say, they are of an idle disposition, they have not the *will* to study, that is quite a different thing. You must therefore try to inspire them with will, inclination, and emulation; you must not tire in the task; you must not treat them like cattle in the field, as was the case in the former schools, where opprobrious terms, the most degrading insults and infamous epithets were showered upon their head, to no other purpose indeed but to humble them in their own eyes and awaken them to the desponding belief, that they are after all but inferior beings in rational capacities, and that despite even their best will, they will never be able to acquire anything like mental accomplishments. Even if a child—in our modern establishments—learns nothing at all, he still witnesses the effects of the *grand truth* by the example of others, that man can learn anything, if he have only the will for it; you tell him, and his own conscience must tell him also, that he is idle, and that all he wants to be on a par with his superior schoolmates, is to rouse himself and go assiduously to work, and in nine cases out of ten, a happy conversion must ultimately take place. . . . I admit, that you speak to your pupils of the equality of human intellect, merely to encourage them in their studies; I am even glad that you yourself do not believe in it, as there are many of your friends who might otherwise differ from you, and withhold their interest from your establishments." . . . "*I tell you, that I do believe that all men have an equal share of intelligence*; I speak at this moment of the utility of the maxim, and of the danger of the opposite maxim in point of instruction. To but a small number of your pupils whom you educate by flattering their pride, you sacrifice hundreds who are equally as good. My own experience has shown me that the most *attentive* pupils are the best instructed. I have never yet found an *attentive* child that did not make rapid progress; no, never; progress in learning has ever been and will always be the fruit of attention and industry. Try, make the experi-

ment, and you will find my statement confirmed. Upon this *fact* alone, rest my method and all my efforts; I demand from my pupils everything, and they do everything as far as *attention* accompanies their labour. You must therefore separate the effects of my method from its causes, since the reasons of my opinion are not identified with the results of the system." . . .

Let us not quarrel with Jacotot on that point. His opinion is nearly as old as human intellect itself, and has been maintained by many ancient and modern sages. The question of the equality of human intelligence is in itself an idle and fruitless one, as far as school-education is considered, since it is an undeniable fact, that pupils on their first entering an establishment, are already variously and differently prepared with preliminary knowledge, though there be no material difference in their respective ages. Thus, even if we admit with Jacotot, that the young citizen of the world, begins to *instruct himself* already at his first entrance into the world, a great deal depends on the surrounding objects and circumstances, strong enough to attract his attention and stimulate him to thinking. If these surrounding objects are simple and uniform, the child growing up in their midst, if left to himself, and receiving no outward impulse to rouse the dormant faculties, is sure to be found on his first entering a school, to be in the lowest stage of mental development. We always find children of the better informed classes in a more forward mental development, being more stimulated to reflection by the greater variety of objects around them, even without the additional care of the parents. But—some one might object—even children of the same family, age, and under the influence of the same circumstances, are found to stand in different degrees of mental development. To this Jacotot might perhaps reply: that child A. feels himself by the given circumstances more stimulated to reflection than child B., which might under different circumstances, and in a different family, and under the influence of different local and personal operations, equally rouse himself to attention and reflection; that, in short, children, though endowed with an equal share of intellect, require nevertheless, different stimulants to bring that intellect into activity.

This leads us to the different sorts of inclinations which Jacotot presumes to exist in different individuals. Child A. finds certain surrounding objects attractive enough to rouse his thinking faculties, while child B. misses in them the same charms; hence, the various degrees of development on their first entering the school. But also the school—according to the judgment of many experienced teachers—furnishes different results. How often does it not happen that a youth who has been set down by his classical teachers as a decided blockhead and weak-minded lad, because they could never inspire him with a taste for the classics, has risen to eminence and distinc-

tion as soon as he was at liberty to choose his own field of mental pursuits! Strange, that he shall in one instance be a weak head, and in the other a genius! Neither do we meet with the same results even in the same sphere of study: while teacher A. can make nothing of his pupil in a certain department of school education, teacher B., by a different method, makes everything of him. Everything, therefore, as all impartial intelligent readers must admit, depends on the *way* and *manner* of instruction, *i. e.* on the *method*, as well as on the teacher efficient in it; so that that method will always be found to be relatively the best, which can effect with *all* the pupils the same end that was accomplished only with one-third of them in the other school, *ceteris paribus*.

Our *auto dictati* children, in thus first entering a school, will bring with them various stocks of preliminary knowledge, in other words, will be found to stand in different degrees of mental development, a fact which Jacotot himself does not deny; he, on the contrary, very reasonably maintains, that every child—if he be not altogether an idiot and moral monster—always brings with him a *minimum* of intelligence which ought to carry him through his studies if properly exercised. Child A. therefore, less developed in mind than child B., will consequently not consume so much time as the latter in learning a certain lesson, while child B. will again employ less time than child C., &c. This, however, Jacotot does not mind; they are all yoked together, and the more spirited *cannot* outrun the weaker, and is thus deprived of the means of boasting of a greater store of knowledge to mortify the others, while the latter are obliged to make effort and pull harder, to be up with the former.

Let us now proceed to the practical results of the Method, to which end we shall cite only one Report made 11th July, 1839, extracted from the Protocols of the Committee of the Society of Education at Poitiers, on the results of Jacotot's system as adopted at Civray. " . . . . J. Malapert and Bourdier are youths about seventeen years old. They could only advance to the sixth class (reckoning from the seventh as the lowest), just one above the last, and the teacher had given up all hope of their farther advancement . . . . Their schoolfellows had added to their names some additional insulting surnames, characteristic of their inaptitude.

Bourdier began his studies under Jacotot's method in November, 1838, Malapert in February, they know now by heart the first book of *Æneis*, and several chapters from Cornelius Nepos, which they repeat with admirable exactness; they have explained several sections selected for them at random, construed many sentences, and analysed all the rules of the Grammar bearing upon them. To ascertain whether they had not been prepared in these exercises, a Member of the Committee desired them to translate and analyse a place in *Æneis* taken at random, and both tasks were performed by

them with perfect success, as also the same in Cornelius Nepos. The pupils even compared of their own accord the expressions of the historian with those of the poet, as also the situations of the persons.

Malapert and Bourdier read hereupon the analysis of a place in Virgil: *Vix e conspectu Siculæ telluris, &c.* This analysis appeared to us remarkable, for the due appreciation of the practical beauties, the ingenious remarks, and the feeling displayed for the art of composition. . . . We doubt not, that at the end of next year, they will have finished their Latin studies with equally good success as those pupils from the highest class, after a study of seven years, &c. . . .

The second principle upon which Jacotot's method is built, and to which he frequently recurs, is "*All is in All, and Nothing is in Nothing.*" In a more philosophical sense it probably means: that in speaking of reflections and the operations of the mind, the human mind can find analogical relations between that which it knows already, and all that which is just offered to its knowledge; man can trace a similarity between the points he is already acquainted with, and those now prescribed to him: (all is in all—every thing is in every thing). Thus, certain simple relations are presumed to exist, in which the activity of the human mind manifests itself to a certain degree primitively as the basis of all the various phenomena in human life, and to which those phenomena may again be reduced and brought back, in viewing them singly and not in connection with the whole. But when the question is of pure facts alone, then we say,—*nothing is in nothing; i. e., purely historical facts cannot be found out by reflection, except in so far, as reason can draw the different relations, and is enabled to individualize the general mass of the facts.* To be more plain with the general reader, we will illustrate it by example. "*Cain has murdered Abel*"—this fact once given, different minds will make on it different reflections, each and all of which may be true, (every single intellect may recognize in it certain single relations, but not all relations), such as: envy is the source of murder, &c., but, to find out that fact in which two certain persons occur, from any other given fact, or by mere dint of reflection, is altogether an idle and vain task.

Jacotot expresses himself on that head, in the following language:

"Our student (the one instructed after our method) will be able to explain Horace, because of his acquaintance with Cicero. Are then the ideas of Horace to be found in Cicero? To be sure they are! Horace, *e. g.*, praises the nobility of Mæcenas; Cicero must consequently have not only spoken of, but also praised the nobility of some one; without these two conditions, Cicero cannot help me to explain Horace, and I am uncertain of my knowledge of Latin, if I combine arbitrarily the indication of nobility, with that of

praise given by Cicero to any thing else besides the nobility. But I am of opinion that our student will explain Horace in very good Latin—all is therefore in all. To proceed. Pray, explain Horace by means of the Epitome.\* Take *e. g. Atavis editæ regibus*, say: *e genere regum*, or *e stirpa regia*, because you know: *e genere Semi*. Next you must try to explain Horace by Cornelius Nepos. *All is in all*. The syllables and words of Horace are found in the Epitome, exactly in the same sense as Horace gives them; also the leading notions of Horace are found in the Epitome. Horace derides those who are proud of their victory in the Olympic Games. Those victors who are hardly to be known, through the dust with which they are covered, carry their heads high, and look haughtily, because that dust is *Olympic dust*. All this excites the laughter of Horace. The fact itself is not found in the Epitome, so that when the question is of facts alone, we say: *Nothing is in nothing*; but all the elements of that thought lie in the Epitome of Cornelius Nepos, &c. If the question is therefore of reflections, comparisons, combinations, analogies, or differences, then I say: *All is in all, &c.*"

Having thus considered the two main principles of Jacotot's method, which he expresses in the following words: "*Apprendre quelque chose et y rapporter tout le reste d'après ces principes: tous les hommes ont l'égal intelligence et tout est en tout*;" (to learn something, and reduce all the rest to it, after the principles: *all men have an equal share of intelligence, and all is in all*;) we shall now proceed to the mechanical part of the method by which,

1. The pupils are to learn thoroughly foreign languages. The pupils read and learn by heart in the first lesson, and with the assistance of the teacher, a few sentences, after which they resolve the words of the first sentence into syllables and these again into sounds. In the second and third lessons the same process takes place as in the first. After the third, the pupils prepare and read for themselves and alone. It is however advisable to provide them with a short table of the pronunciation of the vowels and diphthongs. Also a good hand-writing is attempted from the very first lesson, by causing them to imitate accurately the characters in the book. In the Latin and modern languages it is proper to have them read and write the text during the first five or six lessons, from the writing copy.

The teacher puts before them, for instance, the *Epitome historiarum sacrarum* for the Latin. He himself speaks out first, the first sentence; he next has every pupil repeat it so long until he is convinced that they perfectly understand to distinguish all the words, syllables, and sounds. The pupils next try to copy by writing the first sentence as many times as are necessary to make them do it exactly and perfectly. This is of the utmost consequence as regards good hand-writing, and the more scrupulous and strict the teacher is on that

\*Jacotot begins Latin with his pupils with the *Epitome historiarum sacrarum*.

point, in the first lesson especially, the better; since to calligraphy it is only necessary, as Jacotot justly observes, that one should write handsomely only one single line, the greatest part of the alphabet occurring already in it. After the first sentence has been learnt by heart, the teacher proceeds to the second, has the first again repeated and written down, when he proceeds to the third sentence, when the same process is repeated, including likewise the first two sentences. He next makes them repeat by heart the orthography of the words, and having learnt in this manner about two pages by heart, the reading exercises are concluded. The pupils then continue their tasks of memorizing and writing alternately, from the book and by heart. Professor Hoffman, in the work at the head of this article, gives here an excellent rule for the writing-master. "Let them write little but with attention and strictly in imitation of the copy before them. The result will be, that your pupils will learn to write more handsomely in a few months than those who have spent years at it without attention, while the repeated exercises will enable them after sometime to write handsomely even without attention."

2. The sentences in the mother-language, and the corresponding words for it in the Latin, may, if there be no translation at the side of it, be marked with figures after every full stop, so as to set the pupils from the outset in proper order to find their places without loss of time.

The pupils now commit to memory every day one or two chapters, together with the translation, which is every day repeated anew, in addition to the fresh lesson. Having arrived at about the half of the book, the previous lessons are only repeated twice a week. "This learning by heart is—as Jacotot says—the only troublesome task to tire the pupils, while all the rest is a mere play-work. This is the only affair purely belonging to memory; afterwards, when observations begin to be made on the text, reflection finishes what memory has begun."

3. As soon as the pupils have learnt by heart a part of the Epitome (which is usually done in two months' time), the teacher examines, whether they are able to give the sentences, expressions, words, and syllables of what they have learnt. Jacotot makes the following observation on that point: "The pupil not only knows the Epitome, but *understands it by the help of the translation*, which he has in hand; for we *explain* nothing, we only examine whether the pupil knows and understands his lesson. We take thus at random a Latin sentence, and make the pupil translate it by heart, and without having the Latin before him. The examination may be made by anyone; who need not be learned, to make it. On the other hand, the learner cannot be mistaken as to the sense of the sentences, which he understands by help of his interpreter, his mother-tongue. I say, the pupil *cannot be mistaken*. The expression may perhaps be miscon-



strued. I do not mean to say, that it *must* so happen, since it is not a result which I can predict by syllogisms or presumptions ; but all I maintain is a *fact*, and to correct myself, I will say, that the pupil *will* understand all the sentences of his book, and never confound one with the other. There are two points to be considered : the necessity of learning by committing to memory, and the result arising from it. The result of this preparatory labour is immense. *A man who knows the Epitome speaks Latin*, whether good or bad, after a study of only two months. He not only can speak, but also understand what is said to him in that tongue, probably because he hears the Epitome spoken from different lips, in the daily repetitions made by him and others. The Epitome perhaps contains the whole of the Latin tongue, so as to enable the pupil to express all his thoughts. *If you are master of the Epitome, you understand Latin.*"

In the first instance, the teacher then examines, whether the pupils do not confound the sentences and their translation of the foreign language. He begins, ex. gr., with a word of a sentence, even in the middle of it ; and the pupil must continue to recite the sentence, and give at the same time also the translation of it ; or the process may also be reversed, the sentences may be given by the examiner in the mother-tongue, and the pupil is to give their translation in the foreign. The teacher, ex. gr., asks : How is in Latin : " In the beginning God created heaven and earth ? " The pupil must then give the Latin thereof. " In how many days created God heaven and earth ? Ans. *Intra sex dies.*

4. The teacher next examines the pupils whether they understand also the single words taken separately. It is true that the pupil is as yet unable to know which word of the sentence,—*Deus creavit cœlum et terram intra sex dies*,—means *days* ; but as he knows that the words in the following sentence, *primo die*, mean " on the first day," he learns by way of comparison that *dies* in the first sentence means likewise *days*. " This happens daily," says Jacotot, " in our establishments as well as in the open streets. We learn Latin in the same way as a child learns his mother-tongue. The occurrences before his eyes are the translations of what we hear spoken, and as soon as we make out the sense of the sentence, comparison makes us guess that of the single words in it. But the pupil guesses the sense of the words by means of questions directed to him, such as : " What have you seen ? What have you observed ? What do you think of this or that ? Compare the one with the other, and give me your opinion."

As soon as he has mastered the sentences and the words, he begins to learn their signification, by that of the syllables. " Soen," says Jacotot, " the process of comparison opens our eyes to the understanding of the syllables. The pupil observes the places where the book uses *dies*, *die*, *diem*, &c. He presents to his own mind, without

the help of the teacher, the different circumstances, and begins to separate the radical syllable *di* from the derivative *em*, *e*, *es*. These observations which merely pass through his mind, suffice to guide him in reading and speaking, learning thus the Latin in the same way as he did his mother-tongue. *Our pupil knows thus already to explain the sentences, words and syllables.* But I must honestly confess that as yet the pupil does not understand all the syllables, nor even believes himself to understand *any* of them." The pupil has thus at first only a sort of vague feeling, an indefinite instinct of the value and signification of the syllables, which however soon develop themselves into full consciousness, a process which might be still more accelerated by the catechetical proceeding of the teacher.

"A pupil with a ready will, will soon effect this, since the same objects will occur over and over again, both in an isolated and combined way, and seem, as it were, to invite the mind to compare them and judge of their similarity or discrepancy. Thus, for instance, his memory recalls to his mind the two words, *creavit* and *vocavit*, from which he easily guesses the sense of the syllable *av*. At another time he remembers *terram* at the side of *aquas*, giving him also the clue to two new syllables *am* and *as*. He remembers to have read: *cœgit, cogo, ago, coætus*; he sees first an *a* changed into *e*, and then entirely omitted; he also observes *g* making place for *c*. In *eduxit* and *duco* he finds all that is requisite to explain the *x* substituting the *c*. He enriches himself every day without stepping out of his Epitome; he learns from it that *sc* means sometimes *to become, noctescit*; that *ac* indicates the notion of habit; *os* an abundance, *ventosa*, &c.; *cogo, ago, egi* show him that the root remains the same, though the vowels are omitted or changed. *Ago* and *actum* tell him that the gutturals change with each other. Everybody knows that, because taught from books, while *our* pupils learn it from themselves, and all that is required from the teacher is, to examine them and see whether they have actually taught themselves correctly.

"We next proceed to the proposed signs of ideas or notions. The Latin says: *Deus*; here are two things, *De* and *us*. The pupil knows already all these simple marks, by the analysis made at every word. This anatomical contemplation informs him of the meaning of the speaker; he learns his intention, he reads his soul, in studying the parts of the word. He comprehends the full meaning of Virgil's thought in *dehiscentibus undis*, in observing the different marks: *hi* opening, *de* downward, *sc* to become, *ent* participle of duration, *ibus* ablative plural. Give yourself account of every thing. That is the way, it is endless."

6. Professor Hoffman, (*ibid.* p. 117) observes, that the repetition of the text book by heart ought to be done daily, however perfectly the pupil knows it already, as there are sure to occur each time some

new remark and observation on the words or combinations of the syllables. "We have also," he continues, "to add a few words as to the proper time when the teacher is to begin the above-named examination with his pupils, since it would almost appear from what we have stated above, that such examinations are not to begin before the pupils are well grounded, *i. e.* know perfectly by heart, their text book: It is, however, not advisable to defer the examinations so long; and Jacotot himself has begun them with a pupil at Valenciennes whom he taught *Telemachus* with the German translation, already after a few days' instruction; the examinations were, of course, shaped after the subject and circumstances, so that not too much was required from the pupil."

7. The pupil having learnt by heart the first book, the *Epitome*, having been examined and instructed in the manner treated of above, the teacher proceeds to another book of a different character, suited to the already more expanded mind of the pupil, serving as models for exercises in composition: In the Greek, Professor Hoffmann proceeds from Herodotus (to which however we would object as a compendium, on account of its Ionic dialect) or Xenophon to the Orators, such as *Æschines*, *Demosthenes*, and others; in the Hebrew, from the *Genesis* to the *Psalms*; in the French, from *Telemachus* or *Robinson*, to some orator or work written in prose, &c. The same process of instruction as in the first, is also observed in the second, though with more profundity and scholarship.

From these easy works, the teacher then proceeds to some more difficult ones, such as *Tacitus* and *Horace* in the Latin; to some philosopher or dramatist in the Greek; and to *Job* or the *Prophets* in the Hebrew.

8. The teacher, at the same time that he reads with his pupils the elementary book, ought not to neglect to begin with them also the exercises (partly oral and partly by writing) which Jacotot arranges for his pupils for their mother-tongue.

A. The teacher makes the pupil relate to him in his own style the facts which he has read, as well as the reflections made by the author on them.

B. The pupil must try his hand at narrations of his own composition, trying to imitate thereby the facts and expressions given in his book.

C. The pupil makes his own reflections on known facts or those before him, by first finding out those of the author, deducting and confirming them, &c., and then reflecting on such facts not developed by the author. Jacotot expresses himself on it, as follows:

"Every development must proceed from facts, from circumstances. Seek therefore for a thought developed by *Fenelon*; observe, thereupon, that he has followed this rule, or rather that we have created this rule by reflecting on his language; try then to

imitate him. Fenelon had sufficient mind to think on this or that fact which afforded him matter for this or that reflection; let us see whether you do not possess intellect enough to find in the subject before us a similar or different fact which might afford us a similar or different thought; let us search, whether we cannot find a comparison in the author which we have never before made, which does not occur to every man, when engaged in his worldly pursuits, mastered by his passions, or carried away by the impulse of anger. You will find nothing new. Nature lies in art, all materials are in my head; there is even no combination whatever which I cannot at least split, to use the expression; only this or that result of combinations forms a work of art, something particularly novel. The omission of the slightest circumstance, the addition of the least incident changes all. But the power which guides this work is the same which compares two subjects. To be indefatigably attentive, always to begin anew, to entrust ten times over again the hand-loom with the one and the same work, that is patience, perseverance, love of glory, and even genius, if you wish it, but it is still, power common to all men."

D. These exercises are followed, by attempts at finding out and composing synonymous thoughts and sketches.

9. The pupil next tries to verify the Grammar, *i. e.* to examine and confirm the correctness of the rules given in the Grammar. He takes in hand a complete Grammar, and reads it through. The facts on which it rests are already known to him, and all he wants to learn is, the terminology of the Grammar.

10. In like manner he may try to verify the Prosody. He first takes a poet in hand, on whose words the teacher has already marked the quantity of the syllables in the various kinds of poetry; he now tries to scan by himself, to compare and examine them.

11. After these exercises, farther steps may be made in the foreign languages in better composition, speeches, improvisations. &c., all of which necessarily pre-suppose an acquaintance with the most proper works of the kind.

This is the mechanical foundation of Jacotot's method, with regard to foreign languages. But in the study of the *living* languages, there may also be another object in view. The pupil may wish not only to *understand*, but also to *speak* and write it correctly and elegantly. Jacotot says:

"Any one who wishes to learn to *speak* and *write* a foreign tongue must necessarily learn by heart. Our epitome (normal book, elementary book) is *Telemachus*. We make him commit to memory the first book, both in the original text and the translation."

It were however advisable to add in such a case also the learning by heart of familiar conversations such as occur in daily life, a collection of which are now found almost in all school books, thus endeavouring to unite the two methods together.

ART. II.—*Europäische Interessen und Zustände (European Interests and Conditions)*. Von FRIEDRICH GIEHNE. Leipzig, 1842.

JOURNALISM in its present form is a necessity of the thinking, acting, curious and talkative world; in other times it served under other forms for similar necessities, and its genealogy reaches into distant antiquity. What the periodical press is with us, many of the prophets were among the ancient Jews: head speakers in politics and polemics, oral journalists, making opposition to king and people in the name of Jehovah, and the rights of the sacred constitution. The ancient Greek had his journalism at hand in the public market-place, while the Romans were already reading ever since the consulate of Cæsar (who was then a demagogue, just as Napoleon was a Jacobite during his consulate), their *acta diurna*, a sort of stepping-stone between a literary gazette and a political newspaper. Among the authors of ancient Rome, Tacitus' writings are a sort of bridge works carrying over the spirit of the old age into the modern, and his histories are pervaded by the spirit of senatorial debates and a species of leading articles in politics. Proceeding to the middle ages, we find political lecturers (the *state* of the Europeans was then the *hierarchy*, and their public life, the *clerical*) in the preachers of the crusades, in the errant knights, monks, and pilgrims, while our Punches, Charrivaries, and Corsaires were represented by the court fools, who spoke many a serious truth in a jesting way, and frequently had a deeper insight into passing events than the professional sages. With the Reformation arose the *ecclesia militans*, who wanted a journal for their own party, and really had it in the pulpit (by way of popular rostrum for church politics) as well as in the numerous pamphlets respecting the controversies and disputes of the day. In this period of manifold agitations, may be traced the seeds of our present modern journalism. It was Venice which possessed as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century a continued political newspaper by writing, entitled "Notizie scritte," while occasional *printed* papers of the same tenor, appeared at the same time also in Germany, but which assumed a regular and continued character only at the beginning of the seventeenth century, under the title "*Aviso*," published at Göttingen. France and Germany each claim respectively the precedence about the first starting of the printed newspaper; as for England, though it entered at a much later period on the stage of publicity, it soon outstripped all the others in point of importance and extent of circulation, especially ever since 1688. The newspapers became very soon in England, the pulse vein of public life for the nation, though the English press remained for a long time without any visible effect abroad, from the insular and isolated position of the country,

Germany, at that time relapsed into a state of semi barbarism from the effects of the thirty years' war, was lying prostrate in mental lethargy, while France, busy with the concoction of wit, court pageantry, intrigues, verses, and martial tricks, had no leisure left for political development at home. The spirit of journalism on the continent thus took refuge into the extreme corner between the two countries, into little *Holland*, where in the eighteenth century journals were published both in French and German, which claimed the notice of the literary world at large. The "*Nouvelles de Leyde*" found its way as far as Constantinople, and represented at Pera among the diplomalists, *inter barbaros*, the public spirit of the West. The Dutch press—if we may call so a press which had hardly anything Dutch in it except the freedom of printing—had thus constituted itself a real power in the sphere of journalism. But the character was too artificial to last long, and its downfall was to be expected as soon as one of the two countries, France or Germany—whose hot-house Holland was in point of the political press—began to cultivate for themselves their home fruit, and emancipate their press. It was France which assumed that spiritual rank in 1789, and European freedom and republicanism was soon preached in the language of Louis XIV., the aristocratic tongue of the whole continent at that time. Napoleon disciplined that press, but her dominion survived his own. The conquerors who had dictated peace to France in 1813, were soon after swayed themselves by the spirit of the Parisian press, whose tone they tried to imitate, despite their dislike to the political principles of the French. Never had a press assumed a character of greater power throughout Europe (England excepted), than that during the Restoration, when French news and politics had become a real necessity for public and private life on the continent. With the first years after the July revolution, the French press had attained its culminating point abroad, and though it has since lost much of its previous almost unlimited influence, it, like a veteran soldier, still serves to drill and discipline the other recruit journals of the continent, lending to them its spirit, if not its strength.

The motive of that rather curious phenomenon, does not lie exactly in the vast spread of the French language, nor even in the freedom enjoyed by the French press, but chiefly and particularly in the manner in which the French press has developed its character, and the close relation it bears upon the national spirit in general. In the same way as the French kings presented an imposing figure abroad in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in like manner do the French papers in the nineteenth century, after they have lost their power at home. The French press exercises its rule abroad, from the same reasons as the French language, fashions, and *salon*-life have their control abroad. It became a power abroad, because it was previously so at home, and it found subjects beyond the frontiers without

even seeking them. And to this dominion no nation on earth was more fit than the French with all their foibles and virtues. The necessity of talk and conversation, at all times a characteristic peculiarity of the French, naturally created a medium—papers—to satisfy that demand. Those Gauls of the time of Julius Cæsar, of whom he says (*Commen. bell. Gall. IV. 5.*),—*that they used to stop travellers and inquire for news*, are the true progenitors of those French colonists in Louisiana, of whom *Guy Patin* (in his letters) says,—*that they frequently undertook a journey of several hundred miles to town, in order to learn a bit of news, and have a little chat*. In the seventeenth century, talkative Paris had already its little world of newspapers, of political satires, of pamphlets, and those pointed epigrams which gave rise to the saying, that the French monarchy is an absolute kingdom “limited by blank verse.” In the course of the eighteenth century, at last, the highly refined conversational life of the Parisians, together with all its hunting for wit and spirit, and with the social rank it accorded to those qualities, had already paved the way for the spirit of journalism that was to follow.

After the confusions of the Revolution had somewhat abated, conversation regained its previous refinement, enriched with a treasure of political matter, which soon gave its true impulse to the development of the French journalism. Napoleon, himself a journalist, in his proclamations, speeches, bulletins, and the masterly management of the *Moniteur*, was a great rival for the professional journalists; but the power of conversation existed also under him; neither was he indifferent to the question, *Qu'en dira-t-on?* namely at *Paris*. The Bourbons did not understand to bestride the horse, reined in by the emperor, and thus arose the present French journalism, receiving its daily food from conversation, and again returning it to the same; a reciprocal operation which is so closely identified with the very existence of French life. Montesquieu wrote, “not to furnish matter for reading, but thinking,” while the French press writes first of all to furnish matter for talking. He who does not talk, and is not talked of, is morally dead in Paris. The French can no longer exist without that hundred-tongued monster, the press. What foreigners call, French vanity, the desire of being talked of, to play a part and *represent a somebody*, as the phrase goes, is, if applied to politics, just an element of that public spirit which we admire in the French people. A Frenchman will not stand by himself, or occupy a position apart from the mass who are playing, or are about playing, a part. A Frenchman wishes to be mentioned among the mentioned, and have a name among the named, and shine among the glorious. Hence the ready submission of the French to all that is imposing,—to a name, a principle, party affair, in short to all that makes noise in the world. The number of individuals who join the mass for no other purpose than to be among the mass, bear the cause upon their shields,

as the Franconians did their kings; while this partial increase is the next cause to a farther increase of numbers. Thus, even in politics, the French are guided by fashion. They prefer doing that which others have done before them; and in order to gain a Frenchman to a certain cause, you have only to tell him, that it was popular (fashionable) at some time or other. Half of the success lies in the *belief* thereof. With the fatalists, the Turks, success is a decree of Providence, a revelation, a codicil in the Koran, but only after it is completed; while with the French, an event even in embryo exercises already the influence of predestination on them. The so-called conspiracy of Mallet, this adventurous experiment of one single individual, was nearly crowned with success, simply because he anticipated the *belief* in it. The July revolutionists made sure of complete victory, as soon as they were masters of the telegraphs to carry the tidings through the kingdom. Deputies and generals agreed to what men, without name, rank, or character had done, simply because it was à la mode,—Anglice, *popular*. The key to the whole secret lies in the aphorism of Madame Staël: *ils vont où tout le monde va* (they go where everybody goes.) The experience of that sentence is general, for it lies in human nature to go along with the large crowd, and do what they do; but the national character of the French is so constructed, that the aphorism has double the value with them, and is fraught with more consequences than with any other nation. They are not content to allow events to take their course, but even guess and anticipate their arrival, and hasten, in a sort of race-emulation, (every one not wishing to be behind his neighbour,) to meet them half ways. This refined sense of the French for the coming events, their anticipation of occurrences hardly developed, has been branded by foreigners as a volatile disposition, a desire for novelty and change, while in fact it is but a *cultus* of the future, transporting its poetry into actual life. The past is something dead, the present is about to be so, for what is it else but a point eternally hopping between the past and the future. He who wishes to serve time, serves the future. You may call it the political *religion* of the French; they are people of *belief* in worldly matters. They believe in a Cæsar and his fortunes; they believe in the omnipotence of a name or principle; in the future of the one or the other, turning them from the present to serve the coming. Talleyrand was one of the high-priests of that *cultus*, and he was perfectly correct when he said, that he does not *outrun*, but merely arrives sooner than other people.

Let us now consider how greatly the French journalism answers the social relations, necessities, spirit, and taste of the nation; how nicely it has caught and reflects back all their characteristic features, on which its insinuating dominion is founded. From the higher conversational life, on the shoulders of which it previously stood, it



has borrowed that stately deportment, that noble grace, that old French *courtoisie* which would not even allow foes to fight a duel without previously saluting one another with the profoundest reverence; and this gentlemanly and almost court-tone is indeed one of the most essential conditions of the influence and respect entertained abroad for the French press, since liberty and equality consist less in the marquis becoming a citizen than the citizen becoming a marquis. Even the "*National*," that angel of destruction in the service of the republic, could not help preaching his bloody thoughts, as it were, in silk stockings and hat in hand. The *English* press is characteristically different in all this from the French. Arisen in an age where super-refinement had not yet invaded the saloons of society, the press has grown old in its blunt dealings. It has less the tone of a man of the world, than of boxers and hunters of the country. It beats, bites, and kicks to the right and left; knocks the adversary down with stones and cudgels; runs down his character by all imaginable devices, no matter whether right or wrong, and finally finishes by even denying him the possession of common sense! (witness the estimate of Lord Brougham's character and talents by the Liberal papers, before and after his conversion to Toryism). The English press exercises its influence more from below *upwards* than from above *downwards*; nor is there a single instance on record of an English editor of a paper ever having been called to the reins of government, (as Thiers and Lebrun in France,) in consideration of their talents and *savoir vivre* alone. In England, the press merely expresses the opinion of a certain party, while in France it is the press that creates the party, on which it exercises almost an unlimited power. After the fall of Napoleon, Liberalism stepped forth as the herald of *military greatness*, that same which it previously endeavoured to excite against Napoleon: and despite the battle of Waterloo and the foreign sponsorship of the Bourbons, the papers teemed with the glorious martial powers of France, simply to tickle national vanity in general. This was the foundation stone which was to bear the whole edifice. And we would be almost inclined to believe that the French press has assumed with the praise of Napoleon's glory, also his discipline of the serving powers, by the talent it evinced in rendering subservient to its sway all the moral vehicles of the age, the whims, hobbies, and passions of the national character.

The French are reproached with being hard to be governed. This is not exactly correct; for though a Frenchman is the most stubborn animal to obey when directly commanded to do so, he more easily than any other man yields implicitly to indirect influences. There is not a country in Europe where political leaders have more obedient followers; or political journals, more credulous readers, than France. The French are most easily governed by a party, by a doctrine, a principle, and the fashion of the day; neither

do they want tact to show obedience and respect to a government, in the administration of which they desire to participate. He who wishes to cut an imposing figure, must himself show respect for such a figure in others. This instinct runs through all parties. Even the republicans, those hot-brained individuals, who like impatient hunters bite in the reins of the state, obey nevertheless with blind subordination, an unknown chief, never demanding from him to sacrifice himself for the cause, but press him, on the contrary, to spare and take care of his precious life.

At the *émeute* in April, 1834, the leaders were playing billiards at a *café* while the skirmishes were going on in the street. This is the proper respect for the power of political thought. Once enlisted, the Frenchman follows a *principle* with all the devotedness of an Indian. Whatever appears imposing and likely to make *éclat*, is sure to govern him. Nay, the French *wish* to be governed, and help people to govern others; they have only a certain antipathy against an *official* power. The extra official political power to which they submit is, moreover, not so tightly strained as that dictatorship of the republican party leaders; it merely prescribes a political uniform, and recommends a like behaviour in one and all. The newspapers are the *journals de modes* for such political cuts. From Paris as the head quarter, all the ordinances issue, and the provinces dress themselves after them, as after a condition *sine quâ non*. They would as little dare to adopt a political opinion without precept, as wear a dress-coat after their own fancy. Even authors in the provinces, follow, like tailors, the last fashion. It was a real treat to look at, when, some time ago, the *legitimists* of the *Gazette de France* took it into their head, to base *their* opinions on the special spirit of the provinces, and thus cry in a chorus against the system of centralisation. No sooner was the notion expressed, when all the little *Gazettes* in all the little towns and villages rose as if by a spell, and blew the trumpet of *emancipation* with such rustic lungs, as even to frighten the Parisians themselves. But all these emancipation-apostles were, after all, excited merely by the watch-word they received daily from Paris; they were mere puppets set in motion by the managers in the capital, who no sooner relaxed the wire or string than they became inanimate and motionless. They were mere scare crows, who denied their soul at the same time they were called upon to recognize it; mere poor devils for whom mass is read in Paris, to insure their success in their struggle against Popery. This is the sort of dominion the Parisian press has over the provinces. But even in Paris itself, every journal has a province, *i. e.* a public of its own strong believers, acknowledging no other authority beyond their *Gazette*; honest, simple, empty heads, who, like true Mahometans, ignore any thing that is not contained in their Scriptures; a public whose uncorrupted simplicity is almost idyllically touching in such a

worldly world as Paris, but whose number is far greater than is supposed. Not great Paris itself, but every little section or quarter of the place, every little suburb and banlieu, has its provincialists, as true, simple, ignorant, honest, and stedfast as any villager in the remotest corner of France.

It is over that public that the French journals have uncontrolled sway. Reigning intelligence has concentrated itself into the journals of the capital, whence power goes forth ; it is that same intelligence which truly and properly governs the public in the proper sense of the term, while this public is the very condition of the former. For, *intelligence* must have a public to be properly managed, to be a spiritual power exactly of such a character as to feel the spiritual necessities, and be susceptible of spiritual influences, without feeling at the same time its superiority hurt thereby. An intelligence must be so constituted as to leave indifference and empty-mindedness far below, and the vain glory of self-satisfaction far above itself ; it must, in fine, be foremost to swim *with* the current but not *against* it. And this pliable mass of intelligence is more peculiar to the French public, than to any other public. A *bon mot* seasoned for the *salon* is not lost also to the public taste ; an idea just ignited, rushes with electrical speed through all classes, the lowest not even excepted. To work upon such a susceptible public, is an alluring and even grateful task for an intelligence ambitious of government. In other countries, a statesman who has to solicit a favour from the public, must actually travel out of his sphere of refined thoughts, and make an artificial effort to speak popularly, and shape his thoughts and expressions to the limited powers of comprehension of his uneducated auditors ; but in France, he speaks to the public at large, in the way and style as he would address the House of Peers, and he may be sure not only to be understood, but his merits even judged by them in the true spirit of criticism.

The French journalism which takes that levelling process for its basis, has in its turn contributed to its spreading extent. The public, it is true, gains no more intelligence thereby than is just necessary to make it comprehend and act upon the motives and arguments pronounced by the leaders, but the promulgation and circulation of that intelligence through society is thereby greatly increased. The new republican papers, which in their anger at their unsuccessful attempts at establishing some Utopian institutions, have vented their spleen in no measured terms on the electors, national guard, and the ignorant public whom the other papers called *the people*, attacked unwittingly themselves the very foundation of the power of journalism : they *vilified* public intelligence, which they wished to monopolize for their own use. It was the very secret of the craft of *the press*, which they divulged. Under the Restoration, when competition for public precedence was not yet so extensive, the journals

went more politically to work ; there was an understanding of freemasonry among them in that art of the Roman auguries, to meet and look at each other without even smiling at their common secret. The July revolution has unbridled the passions even of the journalists, who so far forgot themselves in the heat of the moment, as to ridicule the crafty tricks of their brothers in the profession, at the expense of the *press* in general. Nor can it be denied, that its authority would somewhat, have suffered by it, if a greater dose of talent and ability had not since been added to the press, to strengthen its debilitated state. That colossal power of the French press, was indeed the price for which it made so colossal efforts, to enlist the greatest talents in its ranks. The first spirits of the nation write for it ; the highest talents are as eager to participate in the government of the press as in the administration. A respectable newspaper is in itself a power, and a place in its management is a more important station in society, than even a post under the Ministry. In England and Germany, it is considered as a sort of ungrateful sacrifice in a man of superior talents to condescend to write an article for the press ; while in Paris, the press is the very medium for display and parade of wit and talent, and the writers have the satisfaction of being looked upon as members of that great moral power, to be read, understood, talked of, and admired by the public, and not less esteemed and appreciated by the contemporary writers of the day. On the continent, French journalism is an article of import, as regular as the French fashions, and despite national hatred and differences of views and opinions, the French journals are always read with eager admiration for the abilities displayed in their pages.

The *German* press, as opposed to the splendour of the French, presents but a poor sight. Its history, from the very first dawn, is a history of pain and suffering. After Germany had made to the world a present of the printing art, Italy, or the Church, placed it under the guardianship of the censorship, under the pretext of keeping it aloof from heresy. Already at the close of the fifteenth century, preparations were made for it, and at the beginning of the sixteenth, two years before the rise of Luther, appeared already the bull of Leo X. against the *abuses of the liberty of the press*, to use a modern phrase. The secular power was not slow in following the example. From 1524, all the decrees of the German diet teem with injunctions, commands, and recommendations to have a watchful eye on the press, and prevent its abuse ; although favourable exceptions were now and then made by some prince or other, they were after all but *exceptions*, called forth by the party spirit of the times, while the principle of restriction remained unabated. What we now call *abuses of the press*, were then termed *libels*,—the simplicity of the age understanding by it, all polemic writings which, as a weapon in the hand of party,

must hurt the character and feelings of the other, and which injury was deemed wrong, and therefore inadmissible in print except as a weapon serving the purposes of the *active* power. Long before the close of the sixteenth century, long before the establishment of a *regular* newspaper in consecutive numbers, the *surveillance* of the press had been brought to a regular system. The edict of the diet of 1570, contains already all the outlines of it, and represents *in nuce* the present German laws against the liberty of the press. During the thirty years' war, the martial princes had certainly but little leisure to turn their attention to the press; but no sooner was that war drawing to its conclusion, than we find already in the treaty of peace of Osnabrück\*, a provision against the *libels*. In the year 1656, the newspaper published at Frankfort by *Frederic Weiss*, was prohibited (in modern cant *suppressed*) on account of some unguarded expressions in it, but was afterwards re-allowed, on promise not to indulge any more in immoderate language. During the seven years' war the newspapers of Erlangen (started not long before, in 1754) had the unlucky notion of being witty in Germany; a Prussian general passing that place, took satisfaction from the editor for not having shown his wit in favour of Prussia, by giving him a good flogging, and taking afterwards a formal receipt from him for it, probably to evidence to the proper authorities of Prussia, the performance of his patriotic duty. The best protection for the poor editors and writers of a German newspaper against fines and punishments, consisted in the obscurity of their language and expressions admitting a double meaning. Thus narrowed in its operations, the German press was not calculated to satisfy the reading taste of the higher classes, who thus patronized more the foreign than their home papers; neither were they remiss in Germany to publish towards the end of that century, a mass of newspapers in foreign languages, to evade in some measure the Argus eyes of censorship. Thus appeared, the "British Mercury" in the north, and the "Mercurio di Vienna" in the south of Germany, while papers in the French were published in central Germany, Berlin not even excepted. A newspaper in the Greek, which appeared at Vienna, was at least not written for Germans, but was regularly exported to Greece; even attempts at Latin newspapers were frequently made (at Helmstädt, Leipzig and Stuttgart), but without success. Perhaps a Hebrew one might have enjoyed perfect liberty! In such a spiritless way were the German newspapers

\* Art. v., xvii. 50.—*Utriusque Religionis Magistratus severe et rigorose prohibeat, ne quisquam publice privatimve concionando, docendo, disputando, scribendo, consulendo, Transactionem Pascaviensem, Pacem Religiosam, vel hanc imprimis sive Declarationem sive Transactionem uspiam impugnet, dubiam faciat, aut assertiones contrarias inde deduce conetnr. Quidquid etiam contrarii hactenus vel editum vel promulgatum, publicatumne fuerit, irritum esto, &c.*

carried on, that shortly before the Revolution of 1788, a foreigner might well have supposed that all the actions of German life consisted only in eating, drinking, and sporting.

When the Syrenean songs of freedom became loud from the borders of France, at the close of the last century, the German spirit began to fidget like that of a schoolboy desirous to escape from school, but is restrained in the attempt from a fear of the cane. The universities and literati of Germany lived in an abstract world of their own; the nobility and the little princes had become entirely Frenchified, while intelligence had been blunted, and the national spirit extinguished. What remained, was so longer a *nation* but a mere *public*, which, like an unexperienced school-miss, might be allured to any cause by sheer flattery. Thus it happened that that public threw itself into the arms of gallant France. In Germany itself, all the vehicles and moral resources by which a *public opinion* might have been set in motion, had previously been paralyzed by the government itself, and when at last an edict appeared in Sept. 1794, at Wilhelmsbad, relaxing in some measure from the previous rigor of censorship, in behalf of "well disposed authors," it was evident, that the potentates intended to bribe intelligence and enlist her in their cause; but the revolution of ideas had already far outgrown such petty means and machinations. To stem the encroachment of a *foreign* spirit, the *native* spirit must be opposed to it; but this *native* spirit had been debilitated, maimed, and crippled for centuries, and how could it be restored to health and vigour at once, as it were, in no time? The passion for newspaper-reading had grown into a necessity ever since the Revolution, and even the German papers increased in extent and number ever to satisfy that pressing demand for news, by echoing those sentiments and news they found ready made in the French papers, as the easiest, quickest, and cheapest way of meeting that demand. And ever since that period, indeed, the French have been—with but a slight interruption—the treasurers and bankers for the political ideas and political news of the German newspapers. During the revolutionary wars the latter frequently copied verbatim the very fate of the battles fought between the belligerent German and French forces, from the French papers, and were consequently announced in the very spirit and to the advantage of the French, so that the latter had virtually the German papers in their services, for which they paid nothing but the indirect licence of allowing them to play the part of their copying clerks. In the victorious reign of Napoleon, that voluntary service was converted into a forced and feudal: the German press, like the French, was obliged to take its cue from the *Moniteur*. As the English papers were prohibited on the continent, Napoleon had also as journalist the monopoly of the political press. Irregular attempts at emancipation were made by the German spirit, by fits and starts, but which re-

mained as isolated in their character, as the military expeditions to which they served as preludes. When Austria took the field in 1809, with the call to *freedom*; it naturally set in motion also the engine of the press, but it proved upon the whole a very awkward and clumsy affair, for want of practice on the part of the managers in the handling of that engine, and the absence of the habit in the public to receive its impulses from that quarter. It might notwithstanding have become even then very dangerous for the French, if it had made its appearance in company with *victory* on the part of Austria, but this essential condition was wanting. From 1809 to 1812, the echo of that touched chord, was still perceptible in the "Austrian Observer," which was the only paper in Germany, conducted with some spirit and independence. A Prussian states gazette, was as yet not in existence; the present one under that title appeared for the first time only in 1815. Neither was there—as the result afterwards showed—any necessity for a preparatory operation and working upon the mind of the German people against the foreign yoke of tyranny: When the crisis broke out, the official and semi-official organs were quickly overtaken by a more powerful spirit. As is usually the case in times of commotions and convulsions, a mass of pamphlets appeared from the press, which soon spread as if upon the wings of storm, throughout Germany, that fire of patriotism without which the Russians with all their triumph of winter, had never crossed the Elbe. The seed of those printed ideas produced a harvest of armed multitudes. The German press became then an European power, and the "Rhenish Mercury" was called, *the fifth allied power*. It was at that time that a *ruling intelligence* had also appeared in Germany at the state's helm of publicity: it was indeed the only period in the whole history of German Journalism, in which it entered on the stage of public influence with all the pomp and dignity worthy of a great nation.—Five years afterwards not a trace was any more seen of it. Indeed, hardly had the troops of occupation evacuated France, when the French press resumed its former station in Germany, and again filled the columns of the German newspapers with copies of her own concoction. It was again the fault of Government.

*The fifth allied power*, which had issued its first number on the 23 January, 1814, published its last on the 19 January, 1816, (being suppressed by a cabinet order.) Three years afterwards the restriction became general. A fanatical student having killed a Russian author, (who had never been mixed up in a political party) as an enemy of the freedom of the German universities, so frightened the allied powers against the danger likely to result from the spread of liberal principles, that a regular compact was concluded and issued on the 20 September, 1819, at Carlsbad, against the liberty of the press; a compact which still serves as the basis for the regulation of the relations of the German press. The effect of that restrictive system

on German journalism was of a peculiar character. The discussion on *German* affairs disappeared altogether from its pages; the men who best understood to form and represent a national public opinion, retired into private life, and the empty columns of the journals were filled up with compilations and translations from foreign papers, and more especially from the French. The revolutions in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, had soon habituated the reading public in Germany, to direct their inquisitive looks abroad, and to borrow their political thoughts also from that quarter. In the Greek concerns especially, which lasted longer than any of the other passing events of the time, the German public followed blindly the notions of the French press, and caught an enthusiastic interest in the Russo-Turkish war, by no means connected with German interests. The Italian and Spanish interests, on which the reading public fed for some time, vanished much sooner than the former, and recourse was then had to France. The inward life of a nation, who of all other nations on earth has the least propensity for cosmopolitanism, became in the hands of German journalism, a hobby-horse for a cosmopolitical standard. Every sweep and cobbler in Germany's towns and villages knew who was minister in France, and what secret plans ministry was devising; everybody, from high to low, were eager to know what was passing in Paris. Hence, that great commotion which the July revolution occasioned in Germany. In England, though that same revolution could certainly not fail to produce a due impression, yet the utmost result of it was admiration for its success, and a determination to draw proper advantages from it. It was different in Germany. Everybody there was so well acquainted with all that was passing in Paris for years, and took so much interest in the French events, that the victory and the consequences were almost identified with their most sanguine expectations and wishes at home.

Neither were the Governments of Germany less astonished to see that a censorship of ten years' standing should have been fraught with so little effect, and that a war with France was one of the most unpopular events likely to happen in Germany, and that to judge from the German papers, the French cause had taken root in the German mind, despite the rigor of the censorship. During the period of two years, when the French affairs were still in an unsettled state, the censorship had relaxed its reins, and almost complete freedom had been given to the German press in many parts; but no sooner were the former brought to a close, than censorship resumed its tyrannical sway with redoubled energy. It is one of the peculiarities of the latter, to loosen the reins in times of commotion, and again to tighten them when the danger is past.

One of these periodical harvests of the prohibitive system, occurred in the years 1832 and 1833, when more than a dozen German journals—about one tenth of the aggregate whole—were cut down



by the sickle of the Censorship and entirely suppressed. What remained, is the present muster of the German journals, which escaped the hand of destruction, by the obscurity of their fame, though some of them are old veterans, crippled and maimed in the cause of liberty. Ever since that time the spirit of censorship has become the same as before 1830: severe from anxiety, and anxious from narrow-mindedness. A partial exception took place at the time of the *Cologne* confusions, when protestantism and catholicism were at loggerheads. The censorship gave them fair play: the German press was on the move, debated with the vigour of novelty something that concerned Germany herself, and furnished for a while the public with something more homely than Paris and its movements. When the business became however too general, and the noise too deafening, Government became alarmed at the unaccustomed clamours, and made a stop to the polemics.

One must be well acquainted with the past history of German journalism, to comprehend its present state. From its history of sufferings may be explained its meagerness, so contrasting with the elevated spirit of the nation in other spheres. Among a population of forty-millions (proper Prussia excepted), not more than 100 political papers are in existence,\* and among these, hardly a dozen can lay claim to first-rate talent and general information, while all the remaining fill up their columns with mere compilations, extracts, and copies from the leading articles of other journals. The articles on the arts and sciences in them, are but of a subordinate character, while wit and spirit is not even demanded from them. Neither are they profuse in the one or the other; the first is not required, and the latter hardly allowed. These journals, though they are even worse than the poorest provincial papers in England or France, have nevertheless their respective public sitting at their feet. There are political journals of compilation in Germany, which though not in a condition to work out five original thoughts in politics, number nevertheless, as many thousand subscribers, yield a profit in proportion to the extent of their shallowness, and may

\*As regards the statistics of the newspapers in relation to the population of the various countries, *Ferrusac* in his "*Bulletin des sciences géographiques*" (xxii. 237) has given the following parallel:

Spain	has one newspaper to every	864,000	inhabitants.
Russia	.. ..	674,000	..
Austria	.. ..	367,000	..
Switzerland	.. ..	66,000	..
France	.. ..	52,000	..
England	.. ..	46,000	..
Prussia	.. ..	43,000	..
Netherlands	.. ..	40,453	..

fairly be titled, *Advertisers*; the advertisements constituting the only original subjects in them. There are however a few amongst them whose talent, tact, and knowledge of a superior order are displayed amidst the very subjects of compilation, and which as they form but an exception to the general order, place the more in relief the defects of the others.

The "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" alone, has succeeded after many heavy trials and obstacles, to occupy the first rank in the political world of Germany. It is found in all the reading circles of Germany; but it needed an interval of nearly half a century full of political experience, tact, learning, and knowledge, to bring it to that stage of general respect and patronage it now enjoys. It was started in 1798, under the title "*Weltkunde*," at Tübingen, a place so badly situated for communication, that the arrival and departure of the mails in it were confined to only two times a week. It was soon after suppressed, but reappeared in 1803, first at Ulm and then at Augsburg, under its present title, "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," where it remained ever since. Its growth was very slow. Twenty years ago, half a quarto sheet sufficed for a daily number; in 1829, it could not yet boast of the half number of its present subscribers; in 1833, the general newspaper slaughter threatened its existence likewise; it escaped however, and the moral necessity of such a paper is now so well established, that it serves frequently as an organ for ministerial purposes. Aware from the outset of the fact, that any news but German ought chiefly to fill the columns of a German political paper, the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" ennobled her task by *historical research*, so peculiar to the profundity of the German mind. In France, and in some measure also in England, the chief object of a newspaper is to make proselytes, to win the readers to a certain line of policy, or party spirit. The leading article is therefore the principal object of importance in such a paper, while all the rest is a mere matter of incidental communication for general information. Neither are foreign news, however important in themselves, at all noticed, if they do not in some measure bear upon home interest. But the German mind is more historically disposed: the German wants to read *history* even in a political paper; he wishes to read an history of the present, concocted with all the conscientiousness with which an historian collects his sources and authorities, bribed by no party view, coloured with no prejudice, and aiming at nothing but *historical truth*. The "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" has entered upon that task, and has fulfilled it—as far as it lay in her power—with an historical and political tact, with a richness of mind, spirit, erudition, and a mine of original communications, from all parts of the civilised world. For Western Europe, that paper has become a collection of sources for pragmatic history, while for Germany, it constitutes a chronicle of political facts and necessary outlines of political life. But after all, the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" is

but a model of an historical newspaper of a *cosmo-political* more than *national* character. No doubt, it requires energy of mind and elevation of spirit, to comprehend passing events in a purely historical sense, and to anticipate as it were, in the midst of the stream of the present, future and ulterior results; yet there ought to dwell a *national* spirit in a political paper of a country, if it were merely to represent it abroad, and operate as such for the national interests of the country. And such is the press in France and England with all their faults and defects. The journals in these countries are certainly not sublime enough to look down upon all that passes around us as a mere matter of history; they are not disinterested and modest enough to suppose that they have no right to give their opinion on European matters which do not concern them, or rather that there are no matters which do not really concern them; far from it, they even falsify the spirit of history before it is developed, and render themselves frequently ridiculous by their ignorance of what belongs neither to London nor Paris. But they are, notwithstanding, the only papers mostly read on the Continent, and the only papers by which the political opinions of the half of the Continent are formed; proof enough, that there must be something grand even in those very defects. The "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" herself, with all her claims to historical superiority, fills daily a considerable part of her columns with articles from the English and still more from the French press.

The other leading papers of Germany are more or less modelled after that of the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," with however a more marked colouring of politics. The Constitutional school, Republicanism, Catholicism, and even a few state systems, had at different times created for themselves such organs of publicity, but of no long duration. The discussing papers of the two first parties were suppressed by the state,—the republican, even before it could learn the strength of her party. German Catholicism had for some time a staunch supporter in the *Würzburg Gazette*, which changing proprietors, naturally abandoned the cause it previously advocated. A Bavarian state's gazette, and the older ones of Würtemberg and Stuttgart, all ministerial organs against the July Revolution, vanished with the pending dangers apprehended from it. The *Manheim Gazette*, a sort of Panthéon for the most opposite views and sentiments of that period, soon lost its existence from want of character. The Berlin "*politisches Wochenblatt*," also of the historical school, though conducted with but indifferent talent, is still in existence, but was frequently nigh breathing its last for its political views, which are at variance with the entirely novel line of politics of the present government. The few other leading journals still in existence belong more or less to the Liberal side, but adapt their tone to circumstances. The original articles in them appear under the heads of "*Correspondents*;" and are frequently written by the editors them-

selves in that disguise. No opposition is offered by the censorship to such *correspondents*, if they confine their speculations, reasonings, and arguments to foreign news and concerns; but as regards domestic news, you may find it anywhere except in the domestic papers, and the Berlin citizen *e. g.*, must look in the Hamburg, Leipzig, Bavarian and Wurtemberg papers for all the passing political movements of Berlin itself. The most recent news stirring at Munich he will read in a Saxon paper; those of the Rhine provinces in the Augsburg Gazette; and those of Posen in a Munich paper. This *ruse de guerre* is termed by the craft, "keeping one's own nest clean." There are moreover many other fine tricks practised in the very articles themselves, to elude the watchful rigour of the censorship. Articles are written apparently in defence or attack of a certain cause, while the contrary effect is intended. Facts and arguments are then brought to light, apparently with a view to refute them, but so strong in themselves, and so feebly attacked, that the contrary effect is sure to be produced on the mind of the reader in reading them; an effect the editor just aimed at. To all this one must have the proper clue, or he will never understand, when he reads a German paper, what was really meant by such articles, and why not more spirit and information were used by the spirited editor in advocating or attacking a certain view or line of policy. This mysterious and crafty proceeding of the German press, is the main cause that the foreign papers hardly find in it anything worth extracting, either in fact or argument.

The theory of censorship has been assailed in all its points. It was reproached with lack of justice, morality, and policy; it has been ridiculed as village policy and narrow mindedness. Nevertheless, much might be argued in favour of a restrictive system, based on principles of moderation and rectitude, and introduced with the sole view and to the sole end of checking flagrant abuses and libellous infamies. But the *curse* of the German censorship, is its *anti-nationality*. For twenty years it has done its best, to deprive Germany of *German* thoughts, leaving behind but an echo of the French way of thinking; for twenty years it was endeavouring to transform the German press into a ruminating one, and with it into a *propaganda* of the French press; for twenty years, it has been transgressing against the *national* spirit, forced the papers to write as if Germany was a French colony or province, and the writers for them French creatures, and all this in the name and to the advantage of the *state*!! The official state papers, wherever they do exist, give them the example for such a proceeding. The public life of the French and English, the parliamentary debates of these two countries, the domestic talk of these two capitals, serve to fill up the greatest part of the columns of such papers, while the home concerns of Germany barely occupy a few lines. There is no

parallel to that phenomenon in the annals of nations. An intellectual bondage, renouncing all self-emotions and impulses, busying itself exclusively with *foreign* thoughts and *foreign* interests from morning to night every day in the year, is indeed without parallel in history!

The aristocracy of German literature, arts, and sciences, so pre-eminently celebrated and esteemed throughout Europe, stands in no connection whatever with the German political press. It was that *aristocratic public* that conspired against Napoleon, without his being aware of it, and when the hour of danger arrived, the opposition sprung up from that quarter suddenly, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, armed cap-a-pie. That aristocratic opposition had neither newspapers nor bulletins in her service and did not seem even to look out for adherents; public opinion appeared to have neither officers nor men, and yet all the *materiel* of a determined war was in readiness when the moment for battle arrived, as if by the spell of magic. The secret lies in the fact, that the *literary*, and not the *political*, or newspaper world, constitutes in Germany the *nation*, the former standing quite aloof from the masses, scarcely ever coming in contact with them. Should it once come to pass (as in 1813) that the literary world should also form the political public in Germany, we may then with safety predict a new era in journalism throughout Europe, and politicians will have many a discovery to learn from the land so rich in genius, learning, industry, and the culture of the arts and sciences, and, in short, in all species of intellectual research, where the German mind is not shackled by States' interference, and is left to pursue its own free course.

Italy, Spain, and Portugal present little worthy of notice as respects the newspaper press. Of the Italian journals, the *Gazette di Fireaze*, the *Gazetta di Milano*, and the *Diario di Roma* are the only ones which are read in foreign countries. The *Giornale Arcadico di Roma* embraces literature, the fine arts, and miscellaneous subjects, while the *Eco di Milano* is the medium of literary intercourse between Italy and other countries.

The English newspaper press is wrongly supposed to date from 1588, under the title of the "English Mercury." But that paper could hardly be termed a newspaper, since it had been called forth only by the exigency of the time, during the appearance of the Spanish Armada, when the general excitement was so great that government found it expedient to start for the moment a sort of *bulletin* under that title, to inform the public of the passing occurrences, but which ceased with the Armada. A regular newspaper could not indeed be published before 1635, since previous to that date no post conveyances were in existence in this country. But we admit the curious fact, that the spirit and tone of that

"Mercury" are so little different from our present, that in reading some articles in it we might hardly ascertain their ancient date from their style and character. A few numbers are still preserved in the British Museum from that period; from which we extract an article (No. 50, 23rd July, 1588) in assertion to that fact:—

"Yesterday the Scotch Ambassador, being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of his Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to his Majesty's interests, and to those of the Protestant religion." And it may not here be improper to take notice of a wise and spiritual saying of this young prince (he was twenty-two) to the Queen's minister at his court, viz. "that all the favour he did expect from Spaniards was the courtesy of Polypheme to Ulysses, to be the last devoured."\*

From 1588 to 1622 there is a blank in the history of English journalism, when at the latter a weekly journal was started, under the title, "*The Certain News of the Present Week.*" The public eagerness for newspapers had, however, about that time become so strong, that in the short interval between Charles the Second's restoration and the Revolution of 1688, about seventy newspapers had been started with more or less success. Within four years after the Revolution forty more appeared. In the year 1709, London alone counted 18 weekly papers, and fifteen years afterwards, 3 daily, 10 every other day, and 6 weekly journals. From the midst of the 18th century, when the publicity of the parliamentary debates became decisive, the increase of journalism proceeded in such a progression as to double their circulation in less than 40 years. The yearly circulation was as follows:—

1753 . . .	7,411,757	1791 . . .	14,794,135
1760 . . .	9,464,790	1792 . . .	15,005,760
1790 . . .	14,035,639	1794 . . .	17,600,413

In 1663, "the Intelligencer" was started by Roger l'Estrange; the prospectus† prefixed to the first number (1st August) of this paper, far from the modern refinements of the present day, sets out by treating his readers with perfect contempt, with a gross insult on the public taste, and by restrictions on the liberty of the press, savouring more of continental despotism than British republicanism.

"His sacred Majesty," says the important patentee, "having

\* In a pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to Antonio Panizzi, Esq. By Thomas Watts, London, 1839," the genuineness of those numbers are questioned with a great show of argument.

† Nichol's "Literary Advocate," vol. iv.

been lately graciously pleased to grant and commit the privilege of publishing all intelligence, together with survey and inspection of the press, to one and the same person ; it may be good discretion, I suppose, for the person so intrusted to begin (as his first step towards the work) with some considerations and advertisements, by way of preamble and introduction to the future order and settlement of the whole affair. First, as to the point of printed intelligence. I do declare myself (as I hope I may, in a matter left so absolutely indifferent, whether any or none), that, supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits, and news or no news to be the question, a public mercury should never have my vote ; because I think it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatistical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch but a kind of colourable right and licence to be meddling with the government. All which (supposing as before supposed) does not yet hinder, but that in this juncture a paper of that quality may be both safe and expedient ; truly, if I should say necessary, perhaps the case would bear it ; particularly there is not anything which at this instant more imports his Majesty's service and the public, than to reduce the vulgar from their former mistakes and delusions, and to preserve them from the like for the time to come ; to both which purposes the prudent management of a *gazette* may contribute in a very high degree ; for besides that it is everybody's money, and, in truth, a good part of most men's study and business, it is none of the worst ways of address to the genius and humour of the common people, whose affections are much more capable of being turned and wrought upon by convenient hints and touches, in the shape and air of a pamphlet, than by the strongest reasons and best notions imaginable, under any other and more sober form whatever. To which advantages of being popular and grateful must be added as none of the least, that it is likewise reasonable and worth the while were there no other use of it than only to detect and disappoint the malice of those scandalous and false reports which are daily contrived and bruited against the government. So that, upon the main, I perceive the thing requisite, and (for ought I can see yet) once a week may do the business, for I intend to utter my news by weight and not by measure. Yet if I shall find, when my hand is in, and after the planting and securing of my correspondents, that the matter will fairly furnish more, without either uncertainty, repetition, or impertinence, I shall keep myself free to double at pleasure. One book a week may be expected, however, to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing it off. The way as to the vent, that has been found most beneficial to the master of the book, has been to cry and expose it about the streets by mercuries and hawkers ; but whether that may be so advisable in some

other respects may be a question, for, under countenance of that employment, is carried on the private trade of treasonous and seditious libels; nor effectually has anything considerable been dispersed against either state or church without the aid and privity of this sort of people. Wherefore, without ample assurance and security against this inconvenience, I shall adventure to steer another course.

“A word now to the second branch of my care and duty, that is the survey and inspection of the press. I find it, in general, with the printers as with their neighbours, there are too many of the trade to live one by another; but more particularly I find them clogged with three sorts of people,—foreigners, persons not free of the trade, and separatists; which I offer, to the end that, when it shall be thought fit to retrench the number, the reformation may begin there. In the meantime, to prevent mischief (as far as in me lies) and for their encouragement that shall discover it, take their advertisements of encouragement to the discovery of unlawful printing:—1. If any person can give notice and make proof of any printing press, erected and being in any private place, hole, or corner, contrary to the tenor of the late act of parliament, for the regulating of printing and printing presses, let him repair with such notice, and make proof thereof to the surveyor of the press, at his office at the Gun, Ivy-lane, and he shall have forty shillings for his pains, with what assurance of secrecy himself shall desire. 2. If any such person as aforesaid shall discover to the said surveyor any seditious or unlawful book to be upon such a private press in printing, and withal give his aid to the seizing of the copies and the offenders, his reward shall be five pounds. 3. For the discovery and proof of anything printing without authority or licence, although in any public house, ten shillings. 4. For the discovery and proof of any seditious or unlawful book to be sold or dispersed by any of the mercuries or hawkers, the informer shall have five shillings.” It is but justice to add, that these papers contained more information, more entertainment, and more advertisements of importance than any succeeding paper whatever, previous to the golden age of letters, which may be said to have commenced in the reign of Queen Anne.

In one of the numbers of the “British Mercury,” of 1712, there is an introductory history of newspapers, some extracts of which will show the character of the press of the period. “It does not appear,” it says, “that this method of spreading of news in print was much in use before the reign of King Charles I., and even then it had its beginning with those calamities which involved the whole nation, and no doubt contributed much towards them. The Rebellion then set all the presses at liberty, and the two contending parties attacked one another as fiercely in paper as they did in the field. *Mercurius Politicus, Mercurius Aulicus, Intelligences*, and



many more under several denominations, flew about in the cities and towns as the bullets did in the open country. The Restoration, bringing back the blessing of peace, for a time put a period to that distemper, suppressing that furious run for news and slander. The famous Muddiman was then the only newsmonger, supplying the nation with some intelligence as to public affairs by written letters. This furnished him with a plentiful maintenance, and satisfied the then less anxious people, nothing of that nature being yet in print, except, I think, for some time a single paper by the name of *Intelligence*." In the year 1655, the *London Gazette*, published by authority, first appeared in the world, and continued the only paper of that sort till about 1677 or 1678; the old ferment beginning to work up again in the nation; those who desired to increase it again revived the dormant practice of alarming the multitude by the help of the press, wherein they were not disappointed of their expected success. King Charles II. having in some measure allayed those storms, a suitable stop was put to that exorbitant liberty of printing.

"The Gazette again became the most regarded, and, as I take it, the only news in vogue, and so held on during the remaining part of that prince's reign, and the beginning of his successor's. Some time before the Revolution the press was again set to work, and such a furious itch of novelty has never since been the epidemical distemper, that it has proved fatal to many families; the meanest of shopkeepers and handicrafts spending whole days in coffee-houses to hear news and talk politics, whilst their wives and children wanted bread at home, and their business being neglected, they were themselves at length thrust into gaols, or forced to take sanctuary in the army. Hence sprung that inundation of postmen, postboys, evening posts, supplements, daily courants, protestant postboys, amounting to 21 every week, besides many more which have not survived to this time, and besides the Gazette, which has the sanction of public authority; and this Mercury only intended for and delivered to those persons whose goods or houses are insured by the Sun Fire Office: yet has not all this variety been sufficient to satiate the immoderate appetite of intelligence, without ransacking France, Holland, and Flanders, whence the foreign mails duly furnish us with the gazettes or courants of Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Hague, Rotterdam, Leyden, and some others not so common, besides the French and Holland "*Gazette á la Main*. . . . ."

The laws of England have never violated the dignity of freedom of the press. "There is no law to prevent the printing of any book in England, only a decree in the Star Chamber," said the learned Selden.\* Proclamations were occasionally issued against

\* Sir Thomas Crew's Collection of the Proceedings of the Parliament, 1628, p. 71.

authors and books, and foreign works were at times prohibited. The freedom of the press was rather circumvented than openly attacked in the reign of Elizabeth, who dreaded the Roman Catholics, who were at once disputing her right to the throne and the religion of the State. Foreign publications, or books from any part beyond the seas, were therefore prohibited. The press, however, was not free under the reign of a sovereign, whose high-toned feelings, and the exigencies of the times, rendered as despotic in *deeds* as the pacific James was in *words*. Although the press had then no restrictions, an author was always at the mercy of the government. Elizabeth, too, had a keen scent after what she called treason, which she allowed to take in a large compass. She condemned one author (with his publisher) to have the hand cut off which wrote his book, and she hanged another. It was Sir Francis Bacon, or his father,\* who once pleasantly turned aside the keen edge of her regal vindictiveness; for when Elizabeth was enquiring whether an author, whose book she had given him to examine, was not guilty of treason; he replied: "Not of treason, Madam, but of robbery, if you please, for he has taken all that is worth noticing in him from Tacitus and Sallust." With the fear of Elizabeth before his eyes, Holinshed castrated the volumes of his history. When Giles Fletcher, after his Russian embassy, congratulated himself with having escaped with his head, and on his return wrote a book, called "*The Russian Commonwealth*," describing its tyranny, Elizabeth forbade the publishing of the work. It is curious to contrast this fact with another better known under the reign of William III.; then the press had obtained its perfect freedom, and even the shadow of the sovereign could not pass between an author and his work. When the Danish Ambassador complained to the king of the freedom which Lord Molesworth had exercised on his master's government in his account of Denmark; and hinted that, if a Dane had done the same with the King of England, he would on complaint have taken the author's head off:—"That I cannot do," replied the sovereign of a free people; "but, if you please, I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it into the next edition of his book." What an immense interval between the feelings of Elizabeth and William, with hardly a century betwixt them!

In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects and other topics of a more general character. Sir Richard Steele formed the plan of the *Tatler*. He designed it to embrace the three provinces, of manners and morals, of literature, and of politics. The public were to be conducted insensibly into so different a track from that to which they had been hitherto accustomed. Hence

\* *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. iii.

politics were admitted into his paper. But it remained for the chaste genius of *Addison*, to banish this painful topic from his elegant pages. The writer in polite letters felt himself degraded by sinking into the diurnal narrator of political events, which so frequently originate in numerous and party fiction. From this time newspapers and periodical literature became distinct works, until a recent period when attempts are again made to revive this union; it is a retrograde step for the independent dignity of literature!—The first single *pamphlet* that made a stir in London was entitled, “Simon Fish’s Supplication of Beggars,” 1524. It was written by an attorney of Gray’s Inn while in Germany, whither he was obliged to fly for having acted a part in a play (which is nowhere named) that incensed Cardinal Wolsey, and caused an inquiry after him. By interest with the Lady Ann Bullen he caused it to be put into the King’s hand, which pleased him much, but was severely censured by Sir Thomas More, in his answer called “The Supplication of Souls.” Fox and Barnet both speak of this circumstance, and hint that it very easily widened the breach opening between the Catholics and Protestants, and should be placed in the front of English prohibited books. King James I. in 1611, published a royal pamphlet, which he thought so much above human patronage, that he dedicated it to *Jesus Christ*. It is a controversial piece written against Conrad Vorstius. Montaigne observes in his “*Defense de Seneque and de Plutarque*,” that nothing could excel the ingenuity and spirit contained in the numerous tracts published at the era of the Reformation, the names and titles of which are now mostly forgotten.

The civil wars of Charles I. and the parliament party produced an immense quantity of these *paper lanthorns*, as a wit of that time called them, which, while they illuminated the multitude, did not always escape the flames themselves. King George III. presented to the British Museum a most valuable collection of 30,000 tracts, bound in 2,000 volumes; hundred, chiefly on the King’s side, were printed but never published. The whole was intended for the use of Charles I., carried about England as the parliament army marched, kept in the collector’s warehouses disguised as tables covered with canvas, and lodged last at Oxford under the care of Dr. Barlow till he was made Bishop of Lincoln. They were offered to the library at Oxford, and at length bought for Charles II. by his stationer, Samuel Mearne, whose widow was afterwards obliged to dispose of them by leave of the said King in 1684; but it is believed they continued unsold till King George III. bought them of Mearne’s representatives.\* In a printed paper it is said the collector refused £4,000 for them.

\* Mr. Henry Litton, Druggist on Ludgate-hill, in whose possession they were in 1745, was nearly related to the original collector. *British Topography*, vol. i. p. 669.

Pamphlets have been the terror of oppression. Thus Phillip the Second's wicked employment, treacherous desertion, and barbarous persecution of his secretary, Antonio Perez, upbraids him out of that author's *Librillo* throughout Europe to this day. Mary Queen of Scots has not yet got clear of "Buchanan's Detection." Robert Earl of Leicester cannot shake off "Father Parson's Green Coat;" and George Duke of Buckingham will not speedily outstrip "Dr. Eglesham's Forerunner of Revenge." Nor was Oliver Cromwell far from *killing* himself at the pamphlet which argued it to be *no murder* (by Will. Allen, alias col. Titus, 1657.)

In this manner did some take the liberty of calling personages to account for their misdeeds even whilst they were living. And with regard to the most memorable usurper last mentioned, thus was a celebrated writer, for immortalizing his name after his death: "When we fix any infamy on deceased persons, it should not be done out of any hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living; that the causes which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants (because they are tyrants) while they are so, may at last be forever settled and engraven upon their memory, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts and of other men's tongues would not suffer them to perceive. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue, it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too. If it were possible to cut tyrants out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy, than inticed by their momentary glories."\*

How little soever these sentiments may be thought to need any corroboration, the following reply of the excellent Queen Mary ought not here to be omitted. When some of her courtiers would have incensed her against Monsieur Jurieu, who, in his answer to Father Maimburgh, that he might the better justify the Reformation in Scotland, made a very black representation of their Queen Mary. "Is it not a shame," said one of the company, "that this man, without any consideration for your royal person, should dare to throw such infamous calumnies upon a queen, from whom your royal highness is descended?" "Not at all," replied this ingenuous Princess; "for it is not enough, that by fulsome praises kings be lulled asleep all their lives, but must flattery accompany them to their graves! How shall, then, princes fear the judgement of posterity, if historians were not to speak of them after their death?"†

\* Cowley's Vision concerning his late pretended Highness, Cromwell the Wicked, etc. 1661, pp. 20, 21.

† Cox's History of Ireland.

ART. II.—*The Barons' War, including the Battles of Lewes and Evesham.* By WILLIAM HENRY BLAAUW, Esq., M. A. London. Nichols and Son.

THE two great events in the constitutional History of England during the thirteenth century, are the donation of the Great Charter and the first appearance of the representatives of towns in the legislative assembly of the nation. The Charter, besides containing ample provisions for mitigating the feudal burthens, and rendering the sums due on various occasions by the feudal tenures certain instead of variable in their amount, and thus carefully providing in the first place for the interests of the Barons who took up arms to extort it from the King, contains also clauses for the proper administration of justice, and establishes by statute the privileges of the commonalty, which had previously been chiefly dependent upon custom. These latter portions of the Charter are generally instanced as proofs of the disinterested attachment of the Barons to their country, and are undoubtedly referrible in a great measure to that principle; but they may be considered as chiefly due to the importance which the people generally, and the inhabitants of towns, had at this period attained. In favour of the powerless villains no such provisions were made; the only article in favour of that body, the most numerous in the kingdom, was that no villain should ever, by a fine, be deprived of his carts, ploughs, and implements of husbandry. But the prosperity of towns had been gradually increasing, and they were capable of rendering valuable assistance, in a pecuniary way at least, to the barons in their contest with the crown. The balance of power between the monarch and the nobles, was more equal in England than upon the continent, especially in France and Germany, where the preponderance was greatly in favour of the latter; and in these countries we accordingly find the rising power of the towns fostered by the monarchs, in order to enable them to counteract the effects of the superior power of the aristocracy. The feudal system was essentially aristocratic, and the great fiefs into which the empire of Charlemagne was divided, together with the royal privileges attached to them, rendered the great feudatories almost independent of their sovereign. But the case was different in England: the fiefs were much smaller, and the numerous manors which composed the barony of a great follower of William the Conqueror, were prudently scattered in various parts of the kingdom. Besides, some of the most important privileges of the feudal lords were wanting in England; the right of coining money seems not to have been allowed, and the powers of territorial jurisdiction were much circumscribed. The leading principle of feuds, that an oath of fealty was due from the vassal to the lord of whom he immediately held his land, and to no other, did not prevail in England. "William I. received at

Salisbury in 1085, the fealty of all landholders in England, both those who held in chief and their tenants, thus breaking in upon the feudal compact in its most essential attribute, the exclusive dependence of a vassal upon his lord."\*

The inhabitants of towns originally held their property only by sufferance, the lord in whose demeane the town lay being the legal proprietor of the lands and tenements. It might naturally be expected, and is found to be the fact by experience, that the labour of freemen possessing property is of more value than that of slaves possessing none; the end of the latter, having no interest in the produce of their labour, being very naturally to do as little work as possible. This principle, combined with other causes, may have led to the first acquisition of property by the burgesses of towns, though they were still subject to arbitrary tallages at the discretion of their lords. But a further extension of the principle would lead the lords to receive fixed sums in lieu of arbitrary tallages, it being hardly to be expected that men would take very great pains to accumulate property, their possession of which would still be very uncertain: we accordingly find the tributes of the burgesses commuted into a perpetual rent from the whole borough. The town was then said to be let in fee-farm to the burgesses and their successors for ever. The property of the lord in the town was now gone, the inheritance of the annual rent alone remaining to him, with a power of distraining for it, if unpaid. A charter of incorporation, with the right of choosing their own magistrates, was the concluding step towards establishing the freedom and importance of towns: the city of London received a charter from Henry I., by which the right of choosing their own sheriff and justice, to the exclusion of every foreign jurisdiction, was confirmed to the citizens; and by another charter, in the ninth year of the reign of King John, they received the privilege of electing a mayor out of their own body. The other great towns in the kingdom were similarly enfranchised in the century preceding the grant of the Great Charter, at which time their influence and power would evidently be of great importance to the barons in their contest with the crown. The feudal lords would undoubtedly be glad to attach them to their party by confirming their privileges, and giving them additional powers which they might employ in their own schemes for reducing the prerogative of the monarch.

The first years of the reign of Henry III. were passed in civil commotions; an almost universal anarchy seems to have pervaded the kingdom. "The licentious and powerful barons, who had once broken the reins of subjection to their prince, and had obtained, by violence, an enlargement of their independence, could ill be restrained by laws under a minority; and the people, no less than the king,

\* Hallam's Middle Ages.

suffered from their outrages and disorders. They retained by force the royal castles, which they had seized during the past convulsions, or which had been committed to their custody by the Protector: they usurped the king's demesnes: they oppressed their vassals: they infested their weaker neighbours: they invited all disorderly people to enter in their retinue, and to live upon their lands: and they gave them protection in all their robberies and extortions.\*

After the death of the Earl of Pembroke, the kingdom was chiefly governed by Hubert de Burgh, who held the office of justiciary, the post of highest trust and of the greatest power in the kingdom, and upon his fall in 1231 the government fell into the hands of Peter des Roches, bishop of Winchester, a Poictevin by birth. He had been associated with Hubert de Burgh in the management of the national affairs, but had not been able to attain the influence which the latter possessed before his fall. After that event, however, his authority was paramount, and the king, at his suggestion, introduced a crowd of foreigners into the kingdom, the one of the greatest grievances in this reign.

De Roches encouraged the King in such a distrust of his own nobles, that all the English were dismissed in 1233, and their offices and the command of the royal castles committed to foreigners, 200 of whom came over on the invitation. The King was in vain warned that, to avoid the shipwreck of his kingdom, he must shun stones and rocks, in allusion to the names of Pierre de Roches; his preference for foreigners unhappily continued to prevail long after the disgrace and death of the first suggester.

Among the aliens thus promoted was the well-known legate Pandulf, who, on his return to Rome, after his memorable scenes with King John, had taken priest's orders and was raised to the Bishopric of Norwich. This advancement of a man, who had for three days ostentatiously withheld the crown from the King of England, must have been peculiarly distasteful to loyal feeling. After being employed confidentially in the King's service, and procuring from Rome the unusual grant of the first fruits of his Diocese for himself and his successors in the see, he died, greatly enriched, in Dec. 1226.

An unsuccessful rising of the barons in consequence of the encouragement of foreigners, led to a confiscation of the estates of the most obnoxious, which were bestowed on the Poictevins. Another influx of foreigners was caused by the king's marriage with Eleanor of Provence; and his half-brothers, the sons of the Count de la Marche, arrived afterwards to share in the spoils of the English. Boniface, the brother of Peter of Savoy, an uncle of the queen, was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury, in which exalted station he by no means appears to have behaved in a manner suitable to the highest dignitary of the church:—

\* Hume.

Boniface was enthroned, with great pomp, in 1249, in presence of the Royal family, and afterwards freely mingled in the intrigues and wars of the continent, together with his brother Philip, Archbishop of Lyon, neglecting his see, and draining off its revenues for 13 years. The well-known anecdote of his visitation at the convent of St. Bartholomew may illustrate his views of episcopal duty, though somewhat startling to modern clergy, accustomed to the serene tranquillity of such an occasion. Though he was met with every mark of respect, and led in procession, with ringing of bells, to the choir, yet his authority being there questioned, the Archbishop so far forgot himself as to assault the aged sub-prior with his fist, beating his breast and grey head, and crying out with horrid oaths, "This, this is the way to attack English traitors," while the example was naturally followed by the attendants, who attacked the canons in the same manner. It is even said that in this disgraceful affair, the prelate's robes becoming discomposed betrayed armour beneath. The beaten party presented themselves in their bruised and bleeding state to the Bishop of London, who at once forwarded them to the King, but at the palace door they waited in vain for an audience, and were obliged without any redress to betake themselves, with prayers for vengeance, to their patron Saint, who having according to the legend, been flayed alive, must be considered a good judge in matters of torture. The good citizens of London losing all patience at such a scene, rang the tocsin, and fairly hunted the Archbishop back to Lambeth. Such conduct justifies our applying to this Prelate the bold address of a satirical song, composed about this time :—

" Tu qui tenis hunc tenorem,  
Frustra dicis te pastorem,  
Nec te regis ut rectorem  
Rerum mersus in ardorem !  
Hæc est alia  
Sanguisugæ filia  
Quam venalis curia  
Duxit in uxorem."

Thou, with that greedy haughty face,  
No shepherd thou, but hireling base !  
In all the world's intrigues plunged deep,  
In vain your forfeit rank you keep.  
Spawn of the horseleech, whom well fed  
The grasping Court may fitly wed.

The foreign nobles, coming from a country in which the power of the aristocracy was much greater than in England, and where scarcely any bounds were set to their oppressions, were by no means inclined to respect the laws by which the English were protected, or indeed to obey any laws at all. They always asserted their superiority over the barons, alleging the circumscribed authority of the latter as a sufficient reason for regarding them as inferiors; and all classes in the kingdom were eventually aroused to unite their efforts for the expulsion of foreigners.



Among all the oppressions that vexed the subjects in this reign, none galled their pride or irritated their feelings more than this ostentatious preference of foreigners at court. To enrich them, the choicest gifts of the royal prerogative were willingly lavished; the most lucrative wardships of the young nobles, implying the enjoyment of their estates, the direction of their education, and the disposal of their marriages, fell into the ready hands of these insolent favourites. "We have nothing to do with your English laws or customs," was their bold reply to all complaints, after acts of violence or plunder; and their impunity induced even some of the English to imitate them: "there are so many tyrants already in England (they argued), that we too may as well set up for such."

The jealousy of foreigners thus became, by force of circumstances, the bond of union between the Normans and Saxons, once so hostile to each other; but the one party was now anxious to retain what they had, and the other dreaded the fresh swarms of oppressors. High and low were therefore eager to exclude these aliens, and it is not surprising that Queen Eleanor herself, by whom they had been introduced, should partake largely of their unpopularity. It was, indeed, to her own foreign steward, William de Tarento, "who fastened on plunder as a leech does on blood," that she transferred the important wardship of William de Cantilupe and the Earl of Salisbury, which had been granted to her. This man, a Cistercian monk, had earned her gratitude by raising money for her on the pledge of monastic lands.

But the grievances which the nation suffered from the avarice and oppression of foreigners, were fully equalled, if not surpassed, by those which the Pope inflicted upon it by virtue of the supremacy which he had been acknowledged to possess, by the homage which John had rendered him for his dominions; the illegality of which homage is rightly said by Mr. Blaauw to be still more apparent than its baseness. The papal power had been progressing on the continent with rapid strides, during the century which elapsed between the termination of the dispute concerning investitures by Calixtus II. and the grant of the Great Charter. That dispute had been terminated as well with the Emperor as with our Henry I., by a compromise which seemed to leave the contending parties on a nearly equal footing; but the Popes had gained great authority by the establishment of the independence of the Italian cities against Frederick Barbarossa, which was increased by the growing insubordination of the nobles of Germany; and at the period of which we are now treating, the papal power was engaged in the long struggle with Frederic II., which terminated in the utter ruin of the House of Swabia and the anarchy of the interregnum. Devotion in the weak mind of Henry III. would readily degenerate, in an age like the thirteenth century, into superstition; and the nation, under his guidance, would be little likely to withstand the power of the Popes, then at its highest pitch, and exercised by what would appear a plausible title, to the minds of many of that time.

Besides the grievance of these Court favourites, Rome, during all this reign, turned to profit King John's illegal homage. He has been often blamed for his baseness in surrendering the crown to the Pope, but the illegality of such a transfer is still more apparent. No sovereign, even at that time, could acquire a personal right to subject his own nation to a foreign power, and it is remarkable that the French nobles, in 1216, as if alarmed at the precedent, unanimously protested in Council against such a doctrine. John's homage was void from want of consent of the party interested, although there were, indeed, some Bishops and nobles (among whom we regret to find the Earls of Pembroke, Warren, and Arundel) who sanctioned this degradation with their formal assent. At a later period, in 1310, the Barons of England boldly protested to Pope Boniface VIII., that they would not relinquish the independence of their country, even if the King were willing to do so.

It may be satisfactory to know that the record of national disgrace, "that detestable charter of England's tribute," did not long survive its abject author, the document having been destroyed in an accidental fire in the Pope's palace, at Lyons, in 1245.

The Pope, however, naturally would not forego the advantages which the acknowledgment of his supremacy seemed to give him, and long lists of Italian priests were sent with peremptory claims upon the first vacant benefices in England, setting aside all previous rights of patronage. A calculation of the value of the benefices held by aliens, in 1252, which amounted to more than 70,000 marks (£46,666 13s. 4d.) a year, was forwarded to Rome by Grethead, the excellent Bishop of Lincoln. The Pope, who did not relish such arithmetic, asked, "Who is this ridiculous old madman?" and took no notice of the letter, although informed, by a Spanish Cardinal near him, of Grethead's superior scholarship and piety. The parishes thus in the hands of non-residents, enjoyed neither the offices nor comforts of religion.

The sum of 70,000 marks, in real value would amount to about £1,120,000 of our present money, and considerably exceeded the royal revenues at that period. A further demand for money was made by the Pope for the expenses of the Sicilian war, which Henry had been induced to engage in by the promise of the Crown to his second son Edmund; but the parliament refused to grant the king a supply for that purpose, and the requisite sum was exacted from the clergy. Further demands were afterwards made for the same war.

The Charter had been frequently confirmed during Henry's reign, and as frequently violated, each confirmation being generally accompanied by a supply of money; but the multiplied grievances and exactions by which the nation had been oppressed, led in 1253 to a confirmation yet more solemn than any which had preceded it, but which does not appear to have rendered the observance of it more exact than before.

His fear or his fickleness, indeed, caused him again and again to proclaim Magna Charta when in difficulties, but he played this game so often, that the

Barons could not but see that his compliance was only intended to disarm their opposition to his demands for money. He had annulled the Charter when he came of age, although he had repeated his oaths to it on many subsequent occasions, and in like manner his vow of a Crusade was often used as a convenient form of requiring supplies. So lightly esteemed, indeed, was the King's faith, that even when he publicly fixed the very day for commencing his enterprize, "the bystanders were not the more persuaded of his truth," and, in fact, he never went.

On every new perjury the solemnity of the royal pledge seemed to increase: when the oath to the Charter was administered in Westminster Hall (May 3, 1258) before all the Barons and Prelates of the realm, every stringent form which honour or religion could devise to bind the conscience was employed. The awful curse was pronounced aloud, "which excommunicated, anathematized, and cut off from the threshold of Holy Church all who should by any art or device, in any manner, secretly or openly, violate, diminish, or change, by word or writing, by deed or advice, either the liberties of the Church, or the liberties and free customs contained in the Great Charter, or the Charter of Forests." The original Charter of King John was spread out in sight, and to this solemn confirmation of it, both the King and Prelates and Barons impressed their seals, in testimony of the truth to posterity." While others held a lighted taper during the ceremony, it was remarked that the King put his out of his hand, excusing himself as not being a priest, and it is possible that even this frivolous omission may have satisfied his conscience afterwards as to the invalidity of the oath, but he held his hand on his heart all the while, when the torches, amid the ringing of bells, were extinguished; and when the universal cry arose, "So may all transgressors be extinguished and smoke in hell!" he added with a superfluous hypocrisy, "So may God help me as I keep this oath, as a man, as a Christian, as a knight, and as an anointed King!" So few laymen could at this period write their names, that the utmost importance was naturally attached to the stamp of their seals as the readiest substitute of authentication, and hence the satirical verses, written in mixed French and English, on a similar occasion, in Edward Second's time, humorously suggest that the Charter became invalid because the wax of the seals was held too near the flames and so melted :—

" L'en puet fere et defere,  
 Ceo fait il trop souvent;  
 It nis nouthur wel ne faire,  
 Therefore Engeland is shent.

La Chartre fet de cyre,  
 Jeo l'enteink et bien le crey,  
 It was holde to neih the fire  
 And is molten alaway."

To do and undo he'll dare,  
 On change too oft the King's bent;  
 It is neither well nor fair  
 Therefore England is shent.

'Tis stamped on wax : none need enquire  
 If the Charter's power decay,  
 It was held too high the fire  
 And is molten all away.

The Charter was again confirmed in 1255, and also in the following year, but was still disregarded: and in this state of the kingdom, with the Charter which, by whatever means or with whatever motives obtained, is certainly well deserving of all the commendation bestowed upon it; with this Charter a mere nullity, and with a king, who by his weakness was encouraging the insolence of foreigners who were draining the nation of its money, and had reduced both it and the king to poverty, there was undoubtedly some excuse for employing some cogent measures for the welfare of the kingdom; and though we cannot agree with Mr. Blaauw, in the praise which he bestows upon the subsequent proceedings of the Barons, yet we are not surprised to find them taking advantage of the state of the kingdom to assemble at the parliament of Oxford with their armed retainers in great numbers; the display of which force obliged the king to concur in their measures, and the Provisions of Oxford were enacted, by which the monarchy was for a time destroyed, and the power of the king vested in twenty-four Barons, to whom the whole legislative authority was committed, with full powers to reform the state.

The first acts of the Barons, now possessed of the supreme power, were calculated to obtain the popular approbation: provisions were made for the regular assemblage of parliament, and statutes enacted to diminish the influence of foreigners over the nation. But when the people had been conciliated, they proceeded to establish on a firmer basis the power which had been entrusted to them; the chief officers of state were dismissed, and their places supplied with their own adherents, and the royal castles were seized and garrisoned with men devoted to their interests.

Almost all the memorials of the time teem with approbation of the change resulting from the Oxford Statutes, and with well-considered arguments in their support. The reasons justifying the Barons were reviewed with ability in a poem written a few months after the battle of Lewes, the condensed spirit of which is worthy of remark.

It urged "that the Barons intended no prejudice to the royal honour, but that they felt as much bound by duty to come forward and reform the state, as if the kingdom had been attacked by an enemy; for if the King's real enemies, the wretched false flatterers around him, strove to pervert the prerogatives of the crown to their own pomps, trampling on the native nobles, while contemptible aliens were advanced to high places, did not this amount to an attack by enemies, and if the King, seduced by them or by his own evil will, should do wrong, was it not the duty of the Barons to reform it? Nor could the analogy of God being a single and supreme governor at all warrant a

weak fallible King to claim uncontrolled power. The King might, indeed, urge that he should have the power of selecting whom he pleased to assist his own weakness ; such freedom would not, however, be interfered with by restrictions on his doing wrong, to which children and even angels submit. Let him be free then to do all that is good, but let him not dare to do ill ; such is God's charter. He, himself, was but the servant of Heaven, and could claim no allegiance from others, unless he owned his to God ; let him feel that the people belong to God, not to himself ; he who may be set over a people for a time is soon laid low under his marble tomb, while God's power remains for ever. If a prince, instead of loving his people, should despise and strip them, it would be difficult not to despise and resist in return ; for freemen cannot be expected to submit to such treatment. As a King, therefore, depending on his own judgment may really err, it is very fit that the Commons of the realm should be consulted, to whom the laws and customs are best known, and who can best express public opinion. Men should be chosen as counsellors to the King, who have both the will, knowledge, and courage to be useful, who would feel themselves hurt when the kingdom suffered, and would rejoice when the nation was glad. If the King cannot choose such men, others must, for as the safety and ruin of all must depend on the guidance of the vessel of state, the choice of a competent pilot concerns all. To permit fools in their ignorance to govern cannot be called true liberty, which should ever be bounded by the limits of the law, beyond which all is error ; for the law is paramount even to the King's dignity, it is the light without which he who guides others must go astray."

After the lapse of six centuries little could be well added to the force and clearness of this argument, which singularly tallies with the soundest constitutional doctrine of the present day, and it may serve as an answer to the reproach of a modern historian upon the revolution effected by the Oxford Statutes, "that its tendency was to a very narrow aristocracy, the end of which would be anarchy or tyranny." By the general concurrence of evidence it is manifest that the people of England judged the reasons sufficient at the time to justify the innovation on the usual forms of their government ; and he only, who is ready, in the present day, to avow his passive obedience under similar provocation, may presume to reverse their judgment.

The "tendency to a very narrow aristocracy, the end of which would be anarchy or tyranny," seems to us to be well established by the proceedings of the barons after they had consolidated their power in the manner mentioned above. The royal authority had been destroyed by them, and we find them, when their power was sufficient to render them careless of popular opinion, by no means studious to advance the welfare of the people. They enacted, that after the sessions of parliament, that assembly should appoint a committee of twelve, to whom, during the intervals between the sessions, the whole authority of parliament should be delegated. This was a great innovation upon the constitution, and considerably narrowed the

popular influence in the affairs of the nation, as it would be far more easy to induce, by rewards or otherwise, a small body of men to concur in their measures, than it would be to obtain the popular sanction to their proceedings in a full parliament. But there was one institution perfectly incompatible with that extension of their authority which the barons seem now to have wished to acquire: we allude to the justices in eyre, who had been first appointed by Henry II. No such institution as this prevailed abroad, and the barons would naturally wish to remove so powerful a check to their arbitrary measures, and to elevate themselves into the more fortunate and unrestrained condition of their order in foreign countries. We need not dwell upon the benefits which a settled system of jurisdiction conferred upon the people, nor upon the evils resulting from a diminution of the authority of the itinerant justices. The barons appointed that the circuits should be held only once in seven years, and their other measures evidently tended merely to their own aggrandizement; they showed an unwillingness to lay down the power which was originally intended to be of temporary duration, and after three years had elapsed from the time of the Provisions of Oxford, they still asserted that a further continuance of their authority was requisite in order to settle the affairs of the state.

The barons, with Simon de Monfort, Earl of Leicester, at their head, had now lost a considerable portion of popular favour, though most of the cities, and London especially, still adhered to them. The king recovered his authority in considerable degree, and, countenanced by the pope, who absolved him from his vow to observe the Provisions of Oxford, was enabled, aided by the vigour of Prince Edward, to make head against the usurping nobles. It was easy, in those times, when no regular military force existed, and the feudal militia was disbanded when their services were no longer required, for one party, if they could elude the vigilance of their opponents, to raise a force and gain a temporary, and sometimes a permanent advantage, over the opposite party. This appears to have been the case at present; the king, by prompt measures, got the start of his adversaries, and having displaced some of the officers of state whom they had appointed, and recovered some of his castles, called a parliament, which ratified his authority, and enabled him to meet his nobles on equal terms.

Hostilities were soon commenced, but with no decided advantage on either side, and after a year's warfare, both parties agreed to refer their differences to Louis IX., of France, as the only means of settling the disturbances of the kingdom.

The formal instrument, by which such unusual authority was vested in the hands of a foreign King, had been signed in London, Dec. 13, 1263, by the chiefs of the Baronial party, including the Bishops of London and Worcester, the Earl of Leicester, his son Henry, Peter de Montfort, Humphrey

de Bohun, jun., Hugh le Despenser, and many others, who took part in the subsequent battles. The deed contained their oath to abide by the award of King Louis concerning the validity of the Oxford Statutes, whether for or against them, and a similar pledge was given by the King in a letter dated from Windsor about the same time, as well as by Prince Edward, Prince Henry, the Earl de Warenne, the Earl of Hereford, William de Valence, and many other distinguished Royalists.

The King repaired to Amiens with several of his adherents, and there met others, who had withdrawn from England in terror, such as the Archbishop Boniface, the Bishop of Hereford, so lately released by the Barons, and John Mansel. The latter, indeed, never returned to England, and his fate is as remarkable an instance of fallen fortune as the Wolsey of later times. He, who had often refused Bishoprics, both on account of the greater value of the benefices he held, and also because it would have interfered with his free manner of living, now after all his splendour died abroad in poverty and the greatest wretchedness.

Simon de Montfort appears to have set out from Kenilworth with the intention of being present at Amiens, but his horse accidentally falling with him on the road near Catesby, he was disabled by the fracture of his thigh bone, and obliged to return home; a misfortune which led to unexpected results in the subsequent battle of Lewes. The Barons thus temporarily deprived of their chief, wrote, Dec. 31, stating, "that being occupied with other matters, they could not attend personally to carry on the *Mise*, and therefore appointed Humphrey de Bohun, jun., Henry de Montfort, Peter de Montfort, and others as their proxies for the purpose; inviting the King of France to explain his own ambiguous or obscure words." King Henry's oath to the *Mise* was, in like manner, delivered by the proxy of John de la Lynde, Knight. The discordant parties thus assembled at Amiens, having pleaded their opposite opinions in presence of King Louis IX., during several days, that Sovereign at length delivered his important judgment, with great solemnity, on the 23rd January, 1264.

The deed, which is still extant in the archives of Paris, recites with becoming precision the mutual agreement of the contending parties to accept his arbitration, and after thus authenticating his judicial trust, King Louis pronounces that, "having summoned the king and certain barons, and having heard the arguments on both sides, considering the Oxford Statutes and the results that had flowed from them, that much had been done against the right and honour of the king, to the disturbance of the kingdom, the depression and plunder of churches, with grievous damage done to aliens and natives, both clerical and laymen, and that probably worse might happen hereafter, we, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, annul and make void the Oxford Statutes, and all regulations depending on them, more especially, inasmuch as the Pope has already annulled them." He then goes on to forbid all enmities on account of the non-observance of these Statutes, to order all castles to be given up to the king, who was to appoint his own ministers and household as freely as before, the statute of banishment against the aliens to be annulled, and the king to have full power and government in all and over all things as before. "We do not wish, however, or intend, by this present Ordinance, to derogate in any thing

from the royal privileges, charters, liberties, statutes, and laudable customs of the kingdom, which existed before the Oxford Statutes ;" desiring, in conclusion, that the King should be indulgent to the Barons, and remit all rancour, as the Barons also, on their part should do, neither harassing the other.

It was not to be expected that in the unsettled state of England, the differences of the king and his nobles would be amicably settled by the judgment of a foreign monarch, and both parties soon prepared to terminate the dispute by an appeal to arms.

Vain and brief, however, was the hope of tranquillity, for in less than a month all England was again in confusion and strife. The Barons, who whether wisely or not, had sworn to obey the Award of the arbitrator, were almost immediately in arms, alleging his partiality, and yet inconsistently adopting his clause, which exempted the old charters from annulment, as a pretext to justify their resistance. As the king could not well have given fresh occasion for distrust, we must consider that the aggressors on this occasion were the Barons and their great chief Simon de Montfort. That which probably had the greatest influence upon them, and which, in fact, might form their readiest justification, was the strong persuasion that the king would not have submitted to an adverse decision more patiently than themselves, or more faithfully than he had to his previous engagements. So true is Clarendon's remark that "the strength of rebellion consists in the private gloss which every man makes to himself upon the declared argument of it, not upon the reasons published and avowed, how specious and popular soever."

The civil war was now renewed with more vigour than before the award of the king of France, and the royalists and their opponents eventually confronted each other at Lewes, but previous to the action, offers of peace were made by the barons, though the tenor of their proposals does not lead us to believe that they were sincerely desirous of terminating the war in that manner.

The task of peace was now resumed by these prelates under discouraging circumstances, when they proceeded to Lewes, charged with the offer of 50,000 marks (£33,333 6s. 8d.) to the king, in compensation for the damages done by the Baronial party in their late outrages, but annexing the condition so constantly urged, of the Oxford Statutes being held valid and executed. Other accounts, indeed, represent the king of the Romans as making the demand of £30,000, but this may have arisen from his avarice being so popular a topic of reproach.

"The Kyn of Alemaigne, bi me leaute,  
Thritti thousent pound askede he  
For to make the pees in the countre."

The Bishops were bearers of the following letter, in which the Barons endeavoured to reconcile their loyalty to the king, with their war against his evil advisers :—



"To their most excellent Lord, Henry, by the grace of God, the illustrious King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Aquitaine, the Barons and others his lieges, wishing to observe their oath and faith to God and him, send health, and due service with honour and reverence :

"Since it is apparent, by many proofs that certain persons among those who surround you, have uttered many falsehoods against us to your Lordship, devising all the evil in their power, not only towards us, but towards yourself and the whole kingdom ;

"May your Excellency know, that as we wish to preserve the health and safety of your person with all our might, and with the fidelity due to you, proposing only to resist by all means in our power those persons, who are not only our enemies, but yours, and those of the whole kingdom ;

"May it please you not to believe their falsehoods.

"We shall always be found your liegemen, and we, the Earl of Leicester and Gilbert de Clare, at the request of others, have affixed our seals for ourselves. Given in the Weald, near Lewes, on the first Tuesday after the feast of S. Pancras" (March 13, 1264.)

This address has been termed "submissive in the language, but exorbitant in the demands," and undoubtedly the courteous obedience professed by it stands in contrast to its resolute menaces, the submission being somewhat akin to the humility of the Biscayans, whose fixed law it was, that, until the Lord swore to keep their privileges, "any order of his should be obeyed only, and not executed."

These proposals having been rejected, and Henry and his brother, the king, of the Romans a (dubious title which was shared with other princes during the troubles of Germany which succeeded the death of Frederic II.) having sent a formal defiance to their enemies, the barons, on their part, renounced their allegiance to their sovereign ; an act of insubordination which was allowed by the feudal laws to any nobles who could not obtain justice from their sovereign, and which the barons, having sufficient force to support their pretensions, were ready to assert was the case at this time. The battle of Lewes was fought on the 14th of May, 1264, and prince Edward, having broken the Londoners who were immediately opposed to him, pursued them from the field to the distance of four miles, leaving his own party to withstand the force of the most efficient part of the barons' army. The force commanded by Henry and his brother Richard, were defeated, and both the leaders eventually captured.

In another part of the battle-field, an important prize had gratified the Baronial troops. They had so closely followed the flight of the king of the Romans, as to track him to a windmill, where he had secured the door, and delayed his surrender as long as possible. Even so frail a defence as a mill sufficed, for a time, against the imperfect weapons of attack then in use.

No precise spot on the Downs now retains the tradition of this mill, though it was pointed out long after by the name of "King Henry's Mill;" as it is distinctly described by two contemporaries as a windmill with "sawles," it must have occupied the usual situation for such structures on the ridge of

the hill, and we may therefore consider Prince Richard to have advanced some distance from the town at the time of his rout, when, his retreat to the Priory being cut off, an escape towards the nearest point of the coast would have been his principal object.

While the King of the Romans remained thus blockaded in the mill, he was for some time exposed to the rude jests and reproaches of those with whom he had so often and so recently been leagued: "Come out, you bad miller," they shouted, "you forsooth to turn a wretched mill-master, you who defied us all so proudly, and would have no meaner title than King of the Romans, and always August." The latter addition, though as invariably affixed to his German dignity, as "Defender of the faith" to our own sovereign in after times, seemed strange and ludicrous to the ears of the English. His altered plight was ridiculed also in a popular ballad of the day:

"The Kyng of Alemaigne wende do full wel,  
He saiede the mulne for a castel,  
With hare sharpe swerdes he ground the stel,  
He wende that the sayles were mangonel  
To helpe Windesore.  
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,  
Trichen shalt thou never more.

The Kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,  
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,  
Wende with is prude and is muchele bot,  
Brohte from Alemayne mony sori goot  
To store Windesore.  
Richard, that thou be ever trichard,  
Trichen shalt thou never more."

As evening came on and no chance of escape appeared, the Prince was obliged to give himself up to his enemies, and was led away in custody, even loaded with chains, according to one account, and accompanied by his second son Edmund, yet a youth. Though he yielded himself up to Gilbert de Clare, as the chief in command, it would appear that John Befs, of a rank too inferior to receive the important surrender of a prince, was the principal agent in his capture, and was honoured with knighthood subsequently in reward for his services.

"The King of Alemaine was in a windmulle inome,  
Vor a yong knight him nam, knight ymad tho right,  
Sir John de Befs yeleped, that was suith god knight,  
That much prowesse dude a dai, and the king him yield in doute,  
To the Erl of Gloucestre as to the hexte of the route."

Rob. Glouc. p. 532.

At length, after the victory had been thus decided, about eight o'clock in the evening, Prince Edward returned from his reckless triumph over the Londoners.

The king retreated into the priory of Lewes, which was blockaded by Simon de Montfort, and, the next day, seeing it impossible to escape, he was obliged to surrender himself prisoner.

After the battle, a treaty was set of foot by the Earl of Leicester, who again professed himself willing to refer the question to French arbitration; and the prince and Henry, the eldest son of the king of the Romans, surrendered themselves to procure the liberty of their fathers, in accordance with the articles of the treaty, called the *Mise of Lewes*.

The *Mise* stipulated that "the king and his adherents on the one side, and the Earls of Leicester and Gloucester, with their adherents (accomplices) on the other side, should procure two Frenchmen to be chosen in the presence of the illustrious King of France, by means of three prelates and three nobles of France, to be named and summoned by the said king; and that the two, when chosen, should come to England, and associate with themselves a third person, belonging to England, whom they should select; and whatever the said three should determine, both as to what the king should confirm or annul, and also as to all controversies, which had arisen between the parties concerning the government of England, should remain thereby fixed, and ratified by the corporal oath of the parties, according to a deed drawn up on the subject, certified by the seals of the king, and of the aforesaid parties; and that Prince Edward and Prince Henry, the first born sons of the king and of the King of the Romans, should be given up as hostages for the fulfilment of the above, on the part of the king.

These hostages, it is explained by another authority, were to be considered as substitutes for the Lords Marchers and others, not then prisoners, referring to de Mortimer and those who had escaped from the battle.

An additional article is also given, which was certainly acted upon to some extent, namely, that the prisoners on both sides should be released without ransom.

Other writers refer the arbitration to two spiritual and two temporal nobles, French, according to one, or English, according to a second, with the Count d'Anjou and the Duke of Burgundy as umpires, in case of disagreement.

Another chronicler, who, although contemporary, does not use the word *Mise*, states the articles of the agreement to have been seven:—1. Referring the disputed points to the Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of London, Peter de Chamberleyn, Hugh le Despenser, the Justiciary, and the Papal Legate, who were to settle everything, except the release of the hostages; 2. That they should require the concurrence of three of the above; 3. That they should swear to choose only Englishmen for counsellors; 4. That the king was to be guided by them, and that *Magna Charta* and the *Charter of the Forests* should be observed; that the king should be moderate in his expenses and grants, until his old debts were paid off, and he was enabled to live on his means, without oppression to merchants or the poor; 5. That the award should be duly secured, and that then the royal hostages should be released, on giving pledges not only not again to excite discord in the

kingdom, but to repress it in others; 6. That the Earls of Leicester and Gloucester should have ample security, as well as their adherents, not to suffer any damage on account of past deeds; 7. That the terms of the agreement should be debated in England, and settled finally by the next Easter at latest.

These slightly varying descriptions of the Mise are substantially the same, all implying a reference to France, and the surrender of the two young princes.

There can be little doubt that the latter important condition was mainly introduced by the voluntary generosity and high spirit of Prince Edward, in order to avert the personal captivity of the king.

"Edward that was king, that his owen rede  
For his fader the kyng himself to prison bede."—Rob. Brune.

After the surrender of the two princes, the barons demanded a ransom for the release of the King of the Romans, whose estates were put in sequestration for its payment, and the possession of the king's person was of far too great importance to be relinquished, and he was therefore still detained in custody. The person of Prince Edward, the great hope of the royal party, was committed to the keeping of the eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, and he was confined in Dover Castle. There were, however, still many adherents to the royal cause: in the French dominions of the English Crown, troops had been collected previous to the battle of Lewes, and an army, whose numbers were increased by the fugitive royalists from England, was now collected upon the opposite shores. Forces were levied by the Barons in England, and not only were the tenants by military service required to furnish their allotted number of men, but the towns were also desired to contribute towards the defence of the kingdom.

The royal writ, which de Montfort caused to be issued for the purpose of this general levy, is of the most urgent nature, allowing of no excuses for neglect, either on account of the short notice, the time of harvest, or any private inconvenience: military tenants were to come not only with all their numbers due, but with all the horse and foot in their power, and every township was to provide from four to eight men armed with lances, bows and arrows, swords, darts, crossbows, and bills. The levy in Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, was by express command kept together even longer than the 40 days of service, and the goodwill of the people was such that a large force was quickly gathered in Kent. This was encamped in Barham Downs, near Canterbury, and thither, also, the Court repaired. Before leaving S. Paul's the king had granted to his "dear and faithful" Simon de Montfort, a special licence to travel with arms and horsemen, notwithstanding the general prohibition, on account of the hostages and prisoners he had to convey with him. The motive alleged seems sufficient to exempt him from the charge of ambitious pride, however jealous some of his colleagues may have been. The danger was pressing, and unless all classes had zealously contri-

buted their arms and money, it was thought at the time that the alien enemy would have conquered England. The collision, however, after all these preparations, was unexpectedly averted by the prevalence of contrary winds for so many months, that the spirit and resources of the invaders were ruined by the long compulsory inaction ; and after selling their horses and clothes from very want, their threatening force was finally dispersed.

We now come to the first unequivocal appearance of the House of Commons in parliament. On the 12th of December 1264, writs for a new parliament were issued by the Earl of Leicester, in which "besides the Barons of his own party, and several ecclesiastics who were not immediate tenants of the Crown, he ordered returns to be made of two knights from each shire, and what is more remarkable, of deputies from the boroughs, an order of men which, in former ages, had always been regarded as too mean to enjoy a place in the national councils."

It has been remarked by an eloquent historian that "the motives of opposition among the Barons were personal and vulgar, but on that wild stock was engrafted the jealousy of foreigners, the impatience of irresponsible advisers, and the repugnance to high preferment flowing from the mere good will of the king, which afterwards bore excellent fruit." The best claim on our thankfulness, which might be preferred by the Barons, who first admitted the extended interests of citizens to raise a voice in Parliament, arises from the reliance on the sympathy of the community on this occasion. On any other supposition, this appeal to public opinion would have been ruinous to their own interests, and it should be an honourable praise to them, and an honest pride to us in after-times, that English liberty thus owes its birth to the noblest parentage, Confidence in the People."

We very much doubt whether any such principles dictated to Simon de Montfort this appeal to the public, and are not ready to attribute to a turbulent baron any better motives in establishing parliament on a more popular foundation, than those which are acknowledged to have influenced the monarch who followed up this example. The deputies from boroughs were originally called to parliament for the purpose of granting money ; a bare consent to the laws which were enacted by the higher branches of the legislative assembly, seems to have been the utmost extent allowed to their voice in parliament. It must be highly questionable, as is remarked by the historian of the Middle Ages, whether the commons, who had so recently taken their place in parliament, gave anything more than a constructive assent to the laws enacted during the reign of Edward I. Doubtless the Earl of Leicester would be desirous of attaching to his side the burgesses who now possessed considerable weight in the nation, which was sufficient to strengthen, though not equal to counteract, the influence which he already possessed, and which was liable to be overthrown, as it had been before, by circumstances which might again occur. But it appears that a subsidy from the

towns was the only tangible method by which supplies could be obtained for carrying on his administration, and rendering it permanent. The power of the barons in setting tallages had certainly fallen into disuse, and was most likely at this time completely gone, and a new administration would scarcely venture upon arbitrary taxation, which would be certain to alienate the minds of the people, who had shown themselves, during the former government of the barons, sufficiently jealous of arbitrary power. It is true that at the present time they were possessed of means of obtaining money by confiscations and the ransoms of prisoners; but these could not create a permanent supply, and the only method to be adopted by the new government, to enable them to establish and continue their administration, and at the same time to confirm it by the favour of the people, who were now rising to consequence, was to admit the burgesses into parliament. But, even allowing the motives of the barons to be much better than there seems to be any ground for believing them to be, still no innovation on the constitution, however meritorious and however necessary it might be, can be allowed to compensate the utter change in the government resulting from the subversion of the monarchy, which it is evident that the Earl of Leicester never intended to revive, at least in the family of the Plantagenets. We will now turn to the proceedings of de Montfort after the assembly of parliament, which seem to have been exclusively directed to his own interest, in the pursuit of which all justice seems to have been disregarded, for neither the sanction of his parliament, nor the grant of a weak king completely in his power, can be allowed to give any legal title to what he obtained by these means.

It has been loosely asserted by an eminent historian, that the great leader of the Barons, the Earl of Leicester, aspired to the throne itself. There is, however, no trace of such a scheme having been imputed to him, even by his enemies, during his life, and his conduct in pressing for the fulfilment of the Mise at Lewes down to his death, would sufficiently prove that he was content to share with others the ascendancy acquired by his own talents. The more plausible accusation of greedy avarice deserves closer enquiry. A royalist chronicler of the times states, that at the general distribution of the estates of emigrant Royalists among the conquerors, de Montfort appropriated to himself eighteen baronies; and yet, so contradictory are the witnesses of history, that an undoubted contemporary, writing in the interval between his triumph and his fall, expressly picks out, as a peculiar characteristic, his disinterestedness and neglect of his private advantage, and it is even asserted by a chronicler, that "his habitual prayer to God was, that divine grace would preserve him unstained by avarice and the covetousness of worldly goods, which had ensnared so many in his day."

We learn, incidentally, that all the vast landed estates of the King of the Romans had been committed to the care of Simon de Montfort, after the captivity of that prince. His tenure was confessedly temporary, and as the revenues may have been used for raising the amount of his ransom, or for the

public service, it would not be safe to rely on this fact alone to convict him of rapacity.

His clear hereditary claim to the office of High Steward is an ample justification of the royal grant, dated from Westminster, March 20, which restored it to him.

We have already seen, however, that the sanction of Parliament (March 31) was set upon the transfer to Simon de Montfort of the large possessions which the heir of the crown had been compelled to strip himself of. The king, by a grant shortly previous, had conferred these on Simon de Montfort and his heirs for ever; and by thus accepting so lucrative a prize, he would certainly appear to have abused the privileges of his peculiar position. It is but fair, nevertheless, to remark, that there were reasons of state requiring that Cheshire should not remain in hands likely to confederate again with the Welsh Marchers, and this motive, as well as personal influence, must be supposed to have guided the Parliamentary Barons in their measure of exchange. The surrender of Cheshire to the more trusty guard of de Montfort, was stipulated on the principle of exchange, and a large indemnity, professedly an equivalent, having been given up by him from his own estates in Leicestershire and elsewhere, these lands were, on May 8, 1265, in due form, given up, as a compensation to Prince Edward. It may also be observed that after the death of Simon de Montfort, when the king eagerly granted away all his confiscated estates, there is no trace of his having died in possession of more than his own hereditary property, with the addition of this exchange in Cheshire.

The pride and presumption of de Montfort's sons at this crisis are generally noticed by chroniclers, and it is possible that their influence over him, for he was a fond and unrepining father, may have prevailed on his better nature to yield to the temptation of undue aggrandisement, though a more full knowledge of the transactions of the period might perhaps efface what appears to tarnish his character. One authority states that his eldest son, Henry, seized for his own use all the wool, which English or foreign merchants had brought to port, "thus from a bold knight becoming a wool-draper." Whatever degree of truth there may be in this, there is extant but one grant of estates to any of his sons, and that was prior to the battle of Lewes. Peter de Montfort, whose relationship was very remote, received also a grant of two manors, and the unimportant favour of permission "to live in the house of the late Edward of Westminster."

But Leicester had rivals among the barons, perhaps as ambitious as himself, whom he now proceeded to overpower with the aid of the authority, and under the sanction of the popularity which he now possessed. "Robert de Ferrars, Earl of Derby, was accused in the king's name, seized, and committed to custody without any legal trial. John Gifford, menaced with the same fate, fled from London, and took shelter in the borders of Wales. Even the Earl of Gloucester, whose power and influence had so much contributed to the success of the barons, but who of late was extremely disgusted with Leicester's arbitrary conduct, found himself in danger from the prevailing authority of his ancient confederate; and he retired from

parliament. This known dissension gave courage to all Leicester's enemies and to the king's friends, who were now sure of protection from so potent a leader.\*

The royal influence had not been able to restrain the turbulence inseparable from the nature of a feudal aristocracy, and Leicester was now to find, that the power of the nobles, now at its height, and increased by their recent successes, was more than he, even with the aid of the submissive Commons, was able to withstand. The partisans of the king were now again ready to rise, and Leicester promised to release prince Edward, if he would order his adherents to surrender the castles which they still held, the conditions of which agreement were only fulfilled by one of the contracting parties, as the prince was still detained a prisoner at large. The Earl of Gloucester was now levying forces in Gloucestershire, though without openly declaring himself in opposition to Simon de Montfort, and the Marchers in the interest of prince Edward had with their forces advanced as far as Pershore. Against the latter the Earl of Leicester marched with the king and prince in his company, and compelled them to retire into Wales. They again collected in Gloucestershire, and Leicester returned with his army to watch their motions, and station himself at Gloucester, whence he afterwards removed to Hereford, where some fruitless treaties were carried on. It was here that an event occurred, which completely frustrated the hopes of Leicester, and soon led to his defeat and death.

Prince Edward, who had been treated as a prisoner on parole since March, had accompanied the court to Hereford, and companions already known to him were appointed to attend him with the utmost respect. These were Thomas de Clare, his familiar friend and bedfellow, in whom de Montfort, ignorant of his treachery, reposed great confidence; Robert de Ros, a gallant knight of his own age; and Henry de Montfort, his cousin and associate of many years.

" Sir Simon de Montfort out of warde nom

Sir Edward him to solace, that to lute thank him com :

He bitoke him Sir Henri is sone to be is companion,

With him to wende aboute, to sywe him up and down."

Rob. Glouc.

A leader, with a spirit so able, and a hand so ready as the prince, was of the greatest importance to de Mortimer and the other malcontents, and every preparation was accordingly made in secret, to favour his escape. This was effected, as is well known, by stratagem.

" Sir Edward bed Sir Simon, that he him geve

To a prikie stedes withouten toun leve."—Rob. Glouc.

\*Hume.



His friends having sent him an excellent horse, so spirited that few dared to mount him, he affected a wish of trying its paces and speed against the choicest horses of his escort, to judge of its fitness for a tournament, if such an occasion should arise, and, for this purpose, repaired with them to a convenient spot, to the North of the town, called Widmarsh. Here he mounted in succession all the others, and galloped them until their strength was exhausted ;

“ He asayed tham bi and bi and retreied them ilkone,  
And stoned them alle wery, standand stille as stone.—Pet. Brune.

As soon as he had thus disabled them from pursuit, he rode off rapidly on his own fresh horse, with a parting taunt to de Ros, who had especial charge of him :—

“ Lordlings, now good day and greet my father and say,  
I shall soon see him and out of ward, if ich mai.”—Rob. Glouc.

Two knights, (one of them, probably, Thomas de Clare,) and four squires attached to him, accompanied his adventurous flight, and a party of horsemen appointed to lie in wait, soon fell in with him, and conducted him in safety to de Mortimer's castle of Wigmore, about twenty-four miles distant.

The prince soon found himself at the head of an army, and the Earl of Gloucester now openly declared himself in favour of the royalists: Leicester was now in a perilous situation, the prince advancing upon him from the north, and the Earl of Gloucester from the south, while the Severn, the bridges over which had been broken down by the prince, barred his approach to London and the south-eastern counties, where the strength of his party chiefly lay. In this extremity, he wrote to his son to advance with an army from London to his relief, who obeyed his orders, and took up his station at Kenilworth. Prince Edward marched to encounter this new foe, and Leicester, in his absence, took the opportunity of passing the Severn in boats, and lay at Evesham, in expectation of being joined by his son. But the latter had been already surprised by the prince in his encampment, and completely defeated in a night attack, and the prince and the Earl of Gloucester were now advancing by different roads upon Leicester, who was preparing to leave his position at Evesham and to effect a junction with his son.

The Barons were preparing to mount their horses and leave Evesham, in pursuance of their plan, when there came into view, issuing from the folds of the hill in the very quarter where they looked for young de Montfort, a large army, advancing towards them in battle array, divided into orderly squadrons, and bearing in their van the emblazoned banners of their expected friends. The sight gladdened their eyes and hearts for a time, but it was to Prince Edward they gave this fatal welcome. The heraldic ensigns were his trophies snatched from the Kenilworth captives, and his approach

had been purposely so contrived as to cut off all communication between the father and the son, and thus to appear in the direction most likely to give effect to the delusion.

It is remarkable that in the first two battles fought in England after the general usage of heraldic distinctions, they should have been converted into successful engines of stratagem, and they have probably never done so much mischief since.

In modern times a telescope would have revealed the fraud afar off, but in the absence of such instruments, the detection, when too late, was left to be made by de Montfort's barber Nicolas, who happened to be expert in the cognizance of arms, and who, without even a surname for himself, was the earliest amateur herald on record. Observing the banners while yet distant. Nicolas remarked to de Montfort that they appeared to be those of his friends, and the Earl confidently answered, "It is my son, fear not, but nevertheless go and look out, lest by chance we should be deceived." Ascending the clock tower of the Abbey, Nicolas recognised at length, among the banners of the host advancing on Evesham, the triple lions of Prince Edward, and the ensigns of Roger de Mortimer, and other notorious enemies. He spread the alarm, but the error had continued long enough to be fatal, and little time then remained for the Barons to prepare their defence.

The example of the skilful tactics of Simon de Montfort on former occasions had been watched with profit by Prince Edward, and his army, though superior in numbers, was no longer conducted in the rapid march with headlong rashness, as at Lewes, but with all the precautionary discipline which had been then employed against him. He had interposed between the two bodies of his enemies' forces, so as to be able to defeat them separately, and now, though fresh with the pride of his victory, did not neglect to increase the power of his army, by arranging it methodically in divisions, that there might be no confusion in its advance.

When de Montfort, in order to reconnoitre the royalists, ascended a hill; or as some say the Tower of Evesham Abbey, where he had been hospitably entertained, he was so struck with admiration of their improved discipline, that the natural pride of a soldier led him to exclaim with his usual oath (alluding to a relic of the chivalrous champion of Spain recently brought to England,) "By the arm of S. James, they come on skilfully, but it is from me they have learnt that method, not from themselves."

But the Barons were not yet aware of the whole extent of their danger; the approach of the Earl of Gloucester rendered their cause hopeless, and they prepared for the battle with desperate courage.

At first only one division of his enemy, that led on by the Prince, had been seen by de Montfort, a small hill intervening to conceal the Earl of Gloucester's advance by a different line. When the whole danger was revealed to him, it seemed at once so overwhelming, that he gave free permission for his friends to take to flight, venting his prophetic apprehensions, "May the Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are in the enemy's power." While escape was still possible, a generous rivalry led each leader

to persuade others to adopt that means of safety, which he rejected for himself. Hugh le Despenser and Ralph Bassett, when urged to fly, refused to survive de Montfort, and the great leader himself, when his son Henry affectionately offered to bear the brunt of the battle alone, while his father should preserve his life by flight, steadily answered, "Far from me be the thought of such a course, my dear son! I have grown old in wars, and my life hastens to an end; the noble parentage of my blood has been always notoriously eminent in this one point, never to fly, or wish to fly, from battle. Nay, my son, do you rather retire from this fearful contest, lest you perish in the flower of youth; you, who are now about to succeed (so may God grant!) to me and to our illustrious race in the glories of war."

Love and honour are ever deaf to such arguments, and all remained to perish. Though facing danger boldly in what they believed to be the cause of God and justice, de Montfort did not expect victory.

"Or ever he lift his scheld, he wist it sed amys;  
He was on his stede, displaid his banere,  
He sauh that treasoun sede, 'doun went his pouvere.' "

Rob. Brune.

The enemy came rushing on, and though the surprise of the attack made the defence disordered and desperate, the Barons gathered their forces into a dense body, and the contest, during the two hours it lasted, was obstinately fought. The emergency soon separated the zealous from the indifferent, and the Welsh auxiliaries were the first to shrink from the Barons' ranks, and to seek concealment among the corn-fields and gardens, where many were afterwards discovered and slain. The veteran de Montfort, though the circumstances gave him no opportunity to display his talents as a general, yet fought with all the vigour and courage of a young soldier. Undaunted by the superior numbers of his foes, he met and trampled under his horse's hoofs all those opposed to him, so as to carry dismay and wonder among the royalists. One of the knights of that party, Warren de Basingbourne, was obliged to rouse his faltering troops by reproaching them with their defeat at Lewes.

"Agen, traitors, agen, and habben ower thogt  
How villiche at Lewes ye werde to grounde ibrogt,  
Turneth agen and thenceth that that power all ower is,  
And we solle, as vor nogt, overcome ur for iwis."—Rob. Glouc.

Simon de Montfort (says one account) "fought stoutly like a giant for the liberties of England," and even when all the weight of the enemy's forces was made to press upon him personally, he resisted their assaults "like an impregnable tower," with his dearest friends crowding around as if to defend him with the ramparts of their bodies. One by one they dropped in death, Basset and le Despenser, the most faithful of all his friends, at length sank to the earth near him.

"Sir Hue le fer, ly Despenser,  
Tres noble justice,  
Ore est à tort lyvrè a mort,  
A trop mal guise."

Despenser true, the good Sir Hugh,  
 Our justice and our friend,  
 Borne down with wrong, amidst the throng,  
 Has met his wretched end.

"Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers, but to God alone," cried de Montfort, when summoned to do so. His horse had been killed under him, but though weakened by his wounds he yet fought on with so much spirit, wielding his sword with both hands against twelve knights, his assailants, and dealing his blows with so vigorous an old age, that, if there had been but eight followers like him, he would, according to an eye-witness, have put the enemy to shame. It is said that Prince Edward, before the battle, had been desirous of taking the Earl and his sons prisoners, but the Barons of his suite were resolved on their death, and an angry multitude now pressed on de Montfort so fiercely, that, though fighting on to the last sword in hand, and with a cheerful countenance, he at last fell when wounded by a blow from behind, overwhelmed by numbers rather than conquered.

The victory of Evesham was complete, and the moderation with which it was used most exemplary; the anarchy which had prevailed, with little intermission, ever since the grant of the Great Charter, terminated with the death of Simon de Montfort; no blood was shed on the scaffold; the only attainders were against the Montfort family, and the constitution remained unaltered, a sure proof that it was the nature of the times and not the generosity of the Barons, which made the Commons a constituent part of the English parliament. "The mild disposition of the king, and the prudence of the prince, tempered the insolence of victory, and gradually restored order to the several members of the state, disjointed by so long a continuance of civil wars and commotions.

Mr. Blauw has taken considerable pains in collecting from the ancient chroniclers and writers of the thirteenth century, many passages illustrative of the manners and feelings of the people, and the state of society at this period. The satirical writers of the time devoted their talents to unsparing ridicule of the vices and luxury of the monastic orders, who had long before departed from the austere privations of their predecessors, and in the confidence of the full establishment of ecclesiastical power and influence, gave themselves up to all the comforts and enjoyments of the world. They do not, however, appear to have been aware that there was anything at all incongruous in their abandonment to pleasure, and imagined, that any diminution of what they doubtlessly considered as comforts necessary to their existence, which they might suffer from their superiors, would be immediately redressed by higher authority. Henry II. must have been considerably astonished when he was one day stopped on the highway by a crowd of monks, evidently in deep affliction, who informed him that their abbot, the Bishop of Winchester, had cut off three dishes from their table, probably wishing

the king to conclude, from this deprivation, that the exemplary religionists were in considerable danger of starvation. But the king, apparently, did not consider their unhappy case with the sympathy they expected, "How many dishes," said he, "has the abbot left you?" "Ten only" replied the disconsolate monks, as if they were relating a piece of unheard-of barbarity. "I myself," says the king, "have only three, and I desire that your abbot will reduce you to the same number." History does not relate how many of the monks survived this cruel infliction.

We have here an amusing specimen of the mode of life in monasteries; the seclusion of their inhabitants only kept them free from the discomforts, without depriving them of the pleasures of life.

The Priory, in conjunction with the four French ones, constituted "the five chief daughters of Cluny," near Maçon, in Burgundy, the Prior of Lewes being always High Chamberlain of the order. Subject as they were to a foreign authority, the monks, as well as their head, may well have had a bias towards the alien courtiers of the king, and doubtless rejoiced at the honour of receiving such distinguished guests as their inmates. The young christian martyr, Saint Pancras, to whom the Priory was dedicated, displayed no such marvels on the occasion, as were believed by his devotees to have occurred at his tomb in Rome. There any false swearer, who came near, either became instantly possessed of the devil and went mad, or fell down dead on the pavement; and this occurred in some cases, where the test had been tried in vain at the tomb of the more indulgent St. Peter. Neither king nor courtier were affected at Lewes by this touchstone of truth.

Having adopted the discipline and black habit of S. Benedict, they were often familiarly designated as the Black Monks, and let us hope they did not deserve the character given them by a satirist soon after this time, who describes the "Moyne Neirs" as members of the order of Easy Living, (*Ordre de Bel Eyse*) getting drunk every day from mere jollity.

"E sont chescun jour ivre.  
Quar ne sevent autre vivre,  
Mès ils le font pur compagnie,  
E ne mie pur glotonie."

They must perforce get drunk each day,  
They know of life no other way;  
But they only drink for company,  
And not a jot for gluttony.

The tact of finding excellent reasons for doing what they liked was not peculiar to this fictitious order. In a similar manner the monks of S. Denis offered sound clerical arguments to Charlemagne in favour of their hunting: the flesh of hunted game was so medicinal to their sick, and the skins served so well for their gloves and girdles, and for binding their psalters. Hunting accordingly continued for many ages the orthodox practice of churchmen. Walter de Suffield, the Bishop of Norwich, in 1256, had bequeathed his pack

of hounds to the king, and there were thirteen parks well stocked with game belonging to that see at the Reformation. An interesting precedent was also furnished by the Archbishop of York in 1321, when he conducted his visitation with a train of 200 persons and a pack of hounds, which his clergy had to maintain, as he moved from place to place. Many a monk, like Chaucer's, was "an outrider that loved venerie," and the luxurious living in some of their cloistered retreats is amusingly caricatured in an early satire.

" All of pasties beth the wall,  
Of flesh, of fish, and a rich meat,  
The like-fullest that man may eat :  
Flouren cakes beth the shingles all  
Of church, cloister, bowers, and hall :  
The pinnes beth fat puddings,  
Rich meat to princes and kings.

Yet do I you mo to wit  
The geese yroasted on the spit,  
Flee to the Abbey, God it wot,  
And gredith ' geese all hot, all hot.'

The young monkes each day  
After meat goeth to play."

The present guests at the Priory of Lewes, had all celebrated the great feast of the patron saint, on Monday, May 12, doubtless with all due merriment, and we shall see with what excited spirits they received the offer of peace on the following day. On the morning of the battle also they were so little alert as to be nearly surprised in their beds, a circumstance which tallies somewhat suspiciously with the warning of the satirist, if any friend should come to visit the black monks in the evening :

" Ce vus di je de veir,  
Yl dormira grant matinée,  
Desque la male fumée  
Seit de la teste issue  
Pur grant peril de la vewe."

I'll tell you true true what he will do,  
He'll snooze away far into day,  
Nor leave his bed until his head  
From the fumes be free of the night's revelry,  
And much I fear he won't see clear.

That the Cluniacs were not wholly absorbed in devotion, authentic evidence was given by some English brethren of the order, who set forth their grievances to Edward III. in 1331, complaining: 1. That a few foreign brethren, their privileged masters (*per heritage*) sent the revenues out of the kingdom; 2. That the Prior of Lewes evaded the act of Parliament, and persisted in sending new monks abroad for admission; 3. That heads of houses were chosen, who knew nothing of clerical matters except

scraping up money and sending it abroad; 4. "That if a monk should speak of discipline or religion he would be despatched a hundred leagues on foot, and with a stinted allowance, and on that account the order of Cluny has fallen into shame, and no one dared to speak of religion."

All unhappily was not unalloyed pleasure; it must have been grievous affliction for a venerable prior to have been disturbed early in the morning while he was taking needful repose after the fatigue of the preceding day, the nature of which are explained in the passage just cited, and to have been required to listen to such a request as the following, which though expressed with a brevity which we should hope was prompted by the charitable motive of not disturbing the religious man's slumbers more than was absolutely necessary, yet certainly savours of considerable coolness, and no very clear perception of the rights of meum and tuum.

"A tall knight, Philip Champion, roused the prior out of his bed at dawn, saying, I want all your wheat, all your beer, and all your larder. Give me the keys."

The English language was in a very backward state in the thirteenth century, compared with those of the continental nations, as the specimens of our ancient poetry in the present work sufficiently show: though two centuries had now elapsed since the Roman Conquest, but little had been done towards the amalgamation of the two nations who peopled the country. The nobles still adhered to the French language, which indicated their rank, and the use of the Saxon tongue was confined to the half enfranchised commonalty; the admission of the latter to a share in the legislation, and their rapidly progressing importance, would render themselves and their language more respectable, and in the course of another century the mixture of the two languages was effected, and English began to be universally spoken.

Learning had made but small progress; its first beginnings had been unfortunately directed to the dry and discouraging studies of metaphysics and scholastic philosophy, pursuits only suited to a high state of civilisation, and upon which the ruder minds of the nations of Europe soon got bewildered, and learning languished for many centuries after the first efforts had been made in its favour. Robert of Gloucester, from whom many quotations have been made by Mr. Blaauw, wrote in the beginning of the reign of Edward I., and composed a metrical chronicle from the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth. This work is considered as the earliest effort of English poetry, the previous compositions being exceedingly barbarous, though commended by the pope, together with the learning of the English, which was certainly entitled to no very great praise.

For in this kingdom of England there is found in these present times a most agreeable fountain of Helicon, from the very sweet liquor of which,

not only natives, but even foreigners, receive and quaff pleasant draughts, by which their dry hearts and thirsty breasts are copiously refreshed. There reside the liberal arts of philosophy, by which the rude spirits of men are disciplined: from thence proceeds and has proceeded, an illustrious multitude of learned men, and a succession of Saints, in whose company the army of Heaven rejoices, and from the authors of this land also deep springs of writings have burst forth, and are now bursting forth, so as to irrigate the neighbouring provinces with their floods."

What these draughts were of which the Pope had so keen a relish, it is difficult to trace. There were certainly some Englishmen of great learning even in this age, when paper was unknown and parchment scarce, but they were mostly educated at Paris, such as Archbishop Langton, St. Edmund, and Bishop Grethead. The latter, indeed, was partly an Oxford scholar, and was not only a good Grecian, but composed, also, a Romançal poem "on the sin of the first man," of 1,700 verses, still extant. There were some other poets of little note: William of Waddington, who translated the poem of "Manuel" into French; Robert Wace, of Amesbury, who wrote "Brutus;" Denis Pyramus, the author of some free tales at Henry III.'s court; and the "Roman de la Rose," too, was begun in 1250 by William de Loris. Can the Pope have alluded to the wondrous intellect of Roger Bacon,\* to whom all the knowledge of preceding and succeeding times seems to have been familiar? Many of his greater works, however, had not then been written.

It is to be hoped that the wit of the English writers was more flourishing than their learning, though if we take the following verses as an example, where the word "paper" is said to signify "pay, pay," we should conclude their wit to be on a level with their mathematics, and perfectly secure from the grasping efforts of all purloiners of jokes, though the humour of the verses is not so bad.

Cum ad Papam veneris, habe pro constanti,  
Non est locus pauperi, soli favet danti:  
"Paez, paez," dit le mot, si vis impetrare.  
Papa quærit, chartula quærit, cursor quærit,  
Porta quærit, cardinalis quærit. bulla quærit,  
Omnes quærun, et si quod ides uni deerit,  
Totum ius falsum, tota causa perit.  
Das istis, das alijs, addis dona datis,  
Et cum satis dederas, quærun ultra satis;  
O vos bursæ turgidæ, Romam veniat, is,  
Romæ viget physica bursis constipatis.

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\* R. Bacon says he only knew four men of his time skilled in mathematics, his own pupil John of London, Peter of Picardy, Campan of Navarre, and Nicolas, the tutor of Almeric de Montford. No others could pass the "pons asinorum" of Euclid.—Op. Min. Wood, Antiq. Oxon.



Rich givers may hope to speed with the Pope,  
Of this be sure, 'tis no place for the poor :  
" Pay, pay's" the word, if you wish him " yes" to say ;  
The Pope and his Brief and his Bull cry " pay."  
Cardinal, porter, and lacquey cry " pay,"  
All echo " pay, pay," and if one's left unfeed,  
All your right becomes wrong, your suit goes to seed ;  
Give these and give those, empty store after store ;  
Give freely to all, they beg a little more :  
Come quick, ye fat unwieldy purses, come,  
Your costive bulk get physicked thin at Rome.

The popes always took care of their own interests in the commotions of nations, and the papal absolution, which Henry III. had procured to discharge him from the consequences of an oath to observe the conditions which the barons had extorted from him, contains a very politic reservation of all ecclesiastical rights secured by the treaty, which were the only part of the articles which the pope, if he had any claim to interfere at all, could have any right to modify, and very kindly releases the king from all obligation to observe the articles foreign to religion, as they only concerned the affairs of laymen.

" Alexander, Bishop and servant of the servants of God, to our dearest son in Christ, the illustrious King of England, health and apostolical blessing.

" It has come to our knowledge, that you, heretofore induced apparently by a certain pressure of the nobles and people of your realm, have bound yourself by your personal oath to observe certain statutes, ordinances and regulations, which they, under the pretext of reforming the state of your kingdom, are said to have made in your name, and to have confirmed by oaths to the diminution of your power and to the detriment of your royal freedom.

" We therefore, being willing to provide for your dignity in this matter, with our Apostolical authority in the plenitude of our power, from this time forwards, entirely absolve you from your oath. If however there should be contained in those statutes and ordinances anything concerning the favour and advantage of prelates, churches, and ecclesiastical persons, we do not intend to make such void, or in any way relax the said oath in that respect.

" Let no sort of person therefore infringe this Charter of our Absolution, or oppose it by rash endeavour; if however any one should presume to attempt it, let him know that he will incur the wrath of Almighty God and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul. Given at the Lateran, April 13, 1261."

But little progress was made in agriculture during the middle ages; capital and skill would be both deficient in a rude age and one in which the agricultural population were in servitude! so that the

land already in cultivation had but little chance of being rendered more fertile; and no additions could be made to the quantity of cultivated land, the manorial and commonable rights being in those times strictly observed. The monks were the chief agents in the restoration of agriculture; large grants were made to them of lands lying waste, which they frequently cultivated with their own hands (this was probably in the earlier stages of these institutions), and in addition to this, the monks being the best landlords in those times, the lands attached to the monasteries were generally the best cultivated in the countries they inhabited; this and the preservation of ancient manuscripts being perhaps the only benefits resulting from those institutions. England was behind other countries in the cultivation of the soil; the effects of the Norman conquest would considerably retard its progress by the rigorous manner in which the forest laws were enforced, whole tracts of land being laid waste to give place to the forests which covered the kingdom in many parts. The whole country between the Humber and the Tyne was laid waste by William the Conqueror, the villages burnt, and many of the inhabitants starved to death in consequence: this was to break the power of the great Earls of the north, who were most active in resisting his authority. The value and extent of the cultivated lands of England appear from Domesday book to have been exceedingly small, but from the end of the eleventh century the state of agriculture began to improve, though at first by slow degrees. Even in the time of the Conqueror, some marsh lands in the fens of Lincolnshire were improved, and by the statute of Merton in the 20th of Henry III., the lord of the manor was allowed to inclose his waste lands, provided he left sufficient common of pasture for the freeholders. Still, in the reign of Edward I., six bushels were considered to be a fair produce for an acre of land. This lack of agriculture produced its full effect upon the population of the kingdom.

The small quantity of productive land in these counties, since become so flourishing, may be estimated by the thinness of the population at that time. A few years later, in 1278, a poll tax of 4d. was levied on all persons, male and female, of fourteen years of age. The sum of £5,588 15s. 4d. was thus collected from 35,326 lay persons in Sussex and Surrey, then united in one county. In Chichester, at that time probably the largest in population, £14 9s. 8d. was raised from 869 persons. Priests paid separately 12d. each, and mendicants and children were exempted. Doubling the above numbers, in order to include these classes omitted, would give 70,652 for the united county, and 1738 for the cathedral city. Contrasting these numbers with those of the census in 1841, we may observe that the population had increased 12½ fold, Sussex being then 299,770, and Surrey 582,613, making a total of 882,383 persons.

Surrey and Sussex were possibly not so well cultivated as the adjoining counties, since the southern and eastern counties are con-

sidered to have been the best cultivated. The population of towns was exceedingly small at this period, that of London probably not being more than 35,000.

Superstition had been little, if at all, abated in the reign of Henry III. Simon de Montfort being very popular among the people, his body would, after his death, be exceedingly valuable property for the purpose of working miracles; it was accordingly taken charge of by a body of monks, and the sainted martyr, as he was called, brought much honour and profit to the fortunate possessors of his wonder-working carcase.

The first alleged miracle, occurring immediately after his death, is highly characteristic of the current manners and opinions. The bearer of the fearful trophy to Wigmore had not found the lady Matilda in the castle. She was at mass in the neighbouring Abbey, founded by the de Mortimers, and thither the messenger followed her, still bearing the head, and thrusting into his bosom the maimed hands sewn up in a cloth. As he rushed into the church, in the eagerness of his zeal, and whispered the tidings of victory into the ears of the devout lady, at the moment of the elevation of the Host, the hands of Simon de Montfort, as if from the force of long habit during life they were now irresistibly attracted to their accustomed duties at so solemn a service, were seen by the whole congregation to be raised up over the messenger's head, clasped together in prayer, although they were afterwards found within the bag, with its stitches undisturbed, as before. The Lady Matilda, herself a witness of this scene, is said to have refused the hands admittance to the castle, and sent them back to Evesham.

As this marvel was enacted among his enemies only, it naturally became the forerunner of many among his friends, and in spite of the discouragement of the court, the odour of his supposed sanctity diffused its efficacy over the land. The particulars of 212 miracles have been noted down as they occurred, comprising all manner of cures effected, not only on men, but on horses, oxen, and hawks; fevers, fits, blindness, dumbness, even death itself, all gave way when the patients were true believers, while distant revilers were struck dumb. Of the prayers directly addressed to the political saint, one hymn has been preserved to us.

“ *Salve Symon Montis Fortis,  
Totius flos militiæ.*

*Duras poenas passus mortis  
Protector gentis Angliæ.*

• • •  
*Sis pro nobis intercessor  
Apud Deum, qui defensor  
In terrâ extiteras.*

Hail, Symon de Montfort, hail,  
Knighthood's fairest flower!  
England does thy death bewail,  
Whom thou didst shield with power.

• • •

Never did Saint such tortures rend,  
 As thee of Martyr race :  
 Thou who on earth didst God defend,  
 Now gain for us God's grace.

But besides prayer, other curious modes of obtaining relief by his intercession were in common use, such as bending money in his honour, and the process of "mensuration," which consisted of the application to the sufferer of some fillet or string, which had been previously put round the Saint's body. Several priests certify to such miracles as the following specimen. "A certain man at Hawkesbury, dumb and convulsed for seven years, being measured by the Earl, immediately recovered from all his infirmities. The Abbot of Pershore and many others bear witness to this." The Priors of Gloucester, Oxford, and Waltham, testify to others. The Countess of Gloucester, the Countess of Albemarle, and many noble ladies also appear as witnesses. Persons drowned and burnt to death recovered. "Avicia, daughter of Alan of Derby, after being unquestionably dead, roused herself and got well on being measured by Earl Simon." "Gregory de Grandun, Rector of the church of Sapecot, reports of his ox, which would not eat for fifteen days, on a piece of money being bent in honour of the Earl, immediately ate greedily and recovered." Whole parishes and towns testify to some instances, among which some are dated as late as 1278, proving how long the memory of Simon de Montfort continued to exercise influence; pilgrims came to his tomb from afar, and though persons of all ranks readily attested the miracles performed there, yet none dared to talk openly of them, from fear of the king and Prince Edward.

There is in this book some curious information relative to the manner of living, and the prices of provisions and household expenditure at the close of the reign of Henry III. Linen formed, apparently, little of the comforts of those times. It should be remembered, in calculating the relative expenditures of that age and the present, that 1*l.* would purchase about as much then as 24*l.* would now.

A very curious detail of the private habits of Princess Eleanor has been lately brought to light, which enables us to trace her movements, her guests, and her every meal daily during six months of this eventful year, 1265, and the particulars throw so much light on the state of society as to deserve our attention.

According to the entries of her household expenses by her steward, we learn that the luxury of the rich then consisted in supplying the table, amid some scanty dainties, with articles of food such as would now be rejected from the meanest hovel. What Roger Bacon then prophetically said of science holds good in mesner matters: "Wise men are now ignorant of many things, which hereafter shall be known to the very mob of scholars." The art of multiplying food has happily so advanced with the demands of an increasing population, that nobody is now reduced to feed on grampus or whale, which were then served up to princes: The tail and tongue of whale

were then prized as choice delicacies, to be dressed with peas, or roasted; and the porpoise was served up with furmenty, almond milk, sugar, and saffron; but there would be little temptation in either dish at modern tables.

Sea wolves (*lupi aquatici*), which were perhaps the dogfish still eaten in France, were also used as food. Four to six hundred salt herrings were daily consumed in the Princess' household, and the abundant use of other fish may appear from the bill of fare displayed in some of her fish dinners now put on record.

"Sunday, March 1, 700 herrings. Monday, 2nd, 400. Tuesday, 3rd, 500.

Wednesday, 4th, 400. Thursday, 5th, 600. Friday, 6th, 400.

Wednesday, June 17, plaice, breams, soles, and other fish, 35s. 1d.; with eggs for two dories to be put in bread, 4d.; pepper, 1d.; strawberries (*frasse*), 4d.

Saturday, July 4, cherries, 4d.; conger eel, 3s.; herrings, 2s. 6d.; soles, 12d.; whelks, 9d.; crabs, 2d.; bass, 13d.; beans, 4d.; eggs, 18d.; milk, 3d.

On February 26, two carts arrived from Bristol at Wallington, laden with 108 cods and lings, thirty-two congers, and five hakes. 'Stokfis' eighteen for three days; lobsters and shrimps 6d."

There was indeed a supply of fine flour (*panis de froille*, *bolstella*) and wasted cakes (*gastelli*) for the Countess and her few guests, but the common bread for the many was a coarse mixture of wheat and rye (*mystelon*), which is still in use under the name of *maslin* in the North of England. Large quantities of wine from Guienne and Gascony were required, and often made more palatable by being boiled with cloves or mixed with honey. When the Countess was at Dover, the regular daily consumption for the Knights of her high table seems to have been a quarter of a tun of Gascon wine, and half-a-tun of "bastard wine" for the inferiors (*pro familiâ*). The beer in use was made indifferently from any grain, barley, wheat, or oats, and was seasoned with pepper in ignorance of hops. As the wife of Simon de Montfort was necessarily attended by many armed followers, and as she appears also to have had as guests several hostages of distinction, the consumption of beer, as well as of wine, seems to have been rapid.

"On April 18, five quarters of barley and four of oats were brewed into beer by women.

April 25, 188 gallons of beer were bought.

April 29, seven quarters of barley and two of oats were brewed."

Wheat was 5s. to 5s. 8d. a quarter; oats, 2s. to 2s. 4d.; peas and beans, both fresh and dried, onions, parsley, fennel, radishes, and a few other herbs, with apples and pears, were the home produce of our gardens; and it is pleasant also to recognize the ancient popularity of cheesecakes and gingerbread.

Whether foreign fruits, besides dates and almonds, were then imported, does not appear, but a few years later (1290) the Castilian Queen of Edward I., purchased from a Spanish vessel at Portsmouth, raisins, dates, 230 pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven oranges (*poma de orange*), being

the earliest notice of the latter fruit in Europe. Some Asiatic condiments, probably from Alexandria, were certainly added; spices, rice at 1½d. a lb.; almonds at 2½d. to 3½d. a lb., and of these 9lbs. were consumed in a week; sugar at 1s. to more than 2s. a lb. The latter article, which had been already praised by an historian, as "most precious to the uses and most necessary to the health of mortals," was at this time grown in Syria extensively, and from thence distributed to Europe.

How highly these foreign delicacies were esteemed appears by the present of them graciously sent by the Princess Eleanor (March 29), from Odiham, in Hampshire, to her brother the King of the Romans, then a prisoner at Kenilworth. The royal gift is thus noted in the detail of her accounts:—"20lbs. almonds, 6s.; 5lbs. rice, 9d.; 2lbs. pepper, 20d.; 2lbs. cinnamon, 20d.; ½lb. cloves, 9d.; 1lb. ginger, 18d.; 2lbs. sugar (Zucari) 3s."

The price of meat may be judged of by the purchase of two oxen, four sheep, and three calves, for £1 2s. 10d.; of two calves for 1s. 6d.; of a calf and sheep for 3s. 3d., and sheep from Romney Marsh were supplied to the garrison at Dover for 22d. each; ten geese cost 2s. 3d. Salt, which must have been much needed to prepare their store of winter food, seems very dear, ten quarts costing 44s. 6d.; but though the prices of these times may generally be multiplied by fifteen to represent the modern value of money, it is probable that the confusion of the civil war had raised the prices of the year 1265 beyond the usual average.

Among other striking illustrations of the manners of the times we must conclude that linen was little in use, for the only charge for washing during five months, appears to be 1s. 3d. There is presumptive proof that the Countess encouraged reading in her family, for after twenty dozen of vellum were bought for 10s., a payment of 14s. is made for writing a Breviary on them at Oxford, for her daughter Eleanor's use; and the damsel, though young, enjoyed also the rarer accomplishment of writing, for her letters to Prince Edward were sent at Easter by a messenger for 6d. The purchase of twenty-five gilt stars for the young lady's hat, costing 2s. 1d., is duly registered, as well as "fourteen long pins for her head-dress, 2d." A supply of needles was provided for the use of the drawing-room, and for the tailor; their knives were kept in sheaths worth 2d. or 3d.; the repair of four spoons was effected by devoting eight silver pennies to that purpose; and there were also some forks, though long before their use became general. While the young Eleanor was at Odiham, the barber at Reading was twice sent for to bleed her.

Judging from what was paid to the servants and huntsmen of her sons, and of her other guests, as well as to Jacke the keeper of her own harriers, the rate of wages seems to have been about 1½d. and 2d. a day; the huntsmen received the higher wages of 2d. by the especial desire of the royal Countess. All the menials in her employ bear Saxon names, such as Ralph and Hande, bakers; Hicque, the tailor; Dobbe, the shepherd; the carriers Diquon, Gobidhesty, and Treubodi; while we can picture to ourselves the very gait of Slingawai, the courier.

There being no other means of communication, a special messenger was necessarily sent with any letters, and for this there are frequent payments in

the Roll, though even for long distances the rate of postage was wonderfully small. Thus a servant bringing letters to the Countess at Bramber from Porchester is paid 4d; Slingawai earned but 2s. for going to the Earl then at Monmouth, from Dover; Gobidhesty 3s. from Lewes to Hereford; 12d. from Dover to Windsor; and 6d. to Pevensey; Picard for carrying letters from the Countess to Kenilworth at July, 16d.; Treubodi, 2s. and a pair of shoes for journey from Dover to Kenilworth, September 2; and to the messenger of Prince Edward in August, with letters, probably the announcement of the events at Evesham, 2s.

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ART. IV.—*On Feigned and Factitious Diseases, chiefly of Soldiers and Seamen, &c., &c., and the best Modes of Discovering Impostors.* By HECTOR GAVIN, M. D. &c., &c. John Churchill, London. 1843.

It is almost impossible to believe, though it can be substantiated beyond all doubt, that some of the most horrible disorders to which the human body is subject, have been simulated in so perfect a manner as to deceive even those whose profession it is not only to cure disease but to detect imposture. Nothing formerly was more common, than to meet in the course of a morning's walk along any of the high-roads immediately in the vicinity of the Bridges, objects of the most loathsome and forbidding appearance—wretches who traded in the sympathies of the people on the staple of some feigned or factitious disease. Among this class of impostors, the simulating epileptic was perhaps the most common and the most successful in levying contributions on the sensitive and the ignorant, who struck with the suddenness of the attacks, the severity of the symptoms, the apparent agony of the patient, and the excruciating postures which he occasionally assumed, opened not only their hearts, but what was of infinitely more importance and consequence to the impostor, their purse-strings also at the same time. Large sums were thus collected by persons, who so far from being afflicted with disease, must have been in the enjoyment of the most robust health, to enable them to act the infamous part they had taken upon themselves.

It becomes a matter of grave inquiry to the ontologist, ethnologist, and theologian, how far that principle which would lead one human being to prey upon the property of another, through the medium of his sympathies, is to be considered as an innate idea, cognate and inherent in our nature, or to be viewed only as an undue and improper encouragement of the faculty of self-adulation, which seeks to secure to itself the applause and approbation, or the pity and commiseration of mankind by legitimate modes of conduct. In a word, whether it be natural to man to deceive his neighbour, or that deception, especially in cases of feigned diseases, is the cause and consequence of education in the elements of indolence, vice,

and a total abandonment of self-respect. The enquiry, even in the preliminary steps, is fraught with difficulty and obstructed by doubt, and requires not only a cool head, but a kindly heart to investigate it. How far Dr. Gavin has succeeded in laying down rules for the detection of imposture, we shall not in this part of the review attempt to consider, but we have no hesitation in saying, that in the investigation of what constitutes imposture, he has signally failed. According to the doctrine which he has laid down with somewhat too much of the *I'd-rather-be-wrong-with-Galen-than-right-with-all-the-world*-beside school, there scarcely exists any nervous affection, excepting choræ, paralysis, and neuralgia, which might not, following out his rules, be referred to imposture, deception, or imagination. Indeed there are numerous cases of undoubted disease which, were the plan recommended by Dr. Gavin and the school of medico-sciolists, for mere detection or cure persevered in, would, or inevitably ought to lodge the practitioner in the nearest jail.

We well remember a case related in the *Lancet*, of somnolence in the Edinburgh Hospital, during the continuance of which a surgeon, now of repute in London, perpetrated one of the most atrocious outrages on the body of the patient that the history of medico-chirurgical proceedings, barbarous as many of them are, can furnish. Yet this patient, a female, was subsequently proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, to have been in a comatose state, and to have been unconscious of the injury inflicted upon her. Dr. Gavin (p. 108) re-relates the case so frequently alluded to by medical writers, and so generally treated as imposture, without, in our opinion, however, sufficient cause, of Phineas Adams, a soldier in the Somersetshire militia, who lay in a state of insensibility from the 2nd April, till the 8th of June, 1811, "resisting every means which it was deemed advisable to have recourse to for rousing him;" among which were snuff, electricity, cathartics, thrusting pins up his nails; and at last, we suppose at the suggestion of some barbarian rejoicing in the name of surgeon, actually scalping and scraping the skull. "Yet," continues Dr. Gavin, with a naiveté that has descended from the original writer in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, where the case of Adams first appeared, down through the channel of hundreds of chirurgical aspirants to the doctor himself,—“Yet no complaint was made, but one groan being uttered when the last step of the operation was performed.” A man of very ordinary common sense,—one who had not ever seen much of the world, or “walked” a hospital for a brief winter season, or played at hide and seek behind the counter of some country chemist, or practised one solitary month in a Poor Law Bastile on the attenuated bodies of the nameless paupers, or even read a chapter of Dr. Gavin's book, would be very apt to say, that to all intents and purposes, and according to the testimony of the senses, and the rule and practice of medical men, that



Phineas Adams was in a state of coma, somnolence, or complete insensibility; and that, therefore, the cruel and horrid means resorted to—which after all, supposing the case to have been feigned, were unsuccessful, and therefore useless—were contrary to all experience, inimical to the profession of physic, destructive of confidence in medicine, impolitic in the advisers, and disgraceful in the operators, or rather executioners. Notwithstanding this, however, Dr. Gavin, in common with that large class of practitioners who fancy they have acquired a thorough knowledge of the difficult and arduous art of physic by hustling through the wards of a hospital, or running through the curricula of a medical school, infers that this was a case of imposture. This is somewhat surprising too, since he refers to the case mentioned by Astley Cooper, of a mariner who fell from the mast-head of a ship of war in the Mediterranean, and remained a twelvemonth in a comatose state—was brought to England—landed at Woolwich—thence conveyed to one of the metropolitan hospitals—operated on by Mr. Cline for depression of the skull—recovered—sat up, and asked when they were to sail to some particular port? The year of sleep had passed to him as a moment of time; and all the blistering and bleeding and vomiting and physicking had not been felt, and consequently not remembered. Had this man fallen into the hands of a less enlightened surgeon than Mr. Cline, it is very probable that the poor wretch would have been subjected to all the tortures to which Phineas Adams was, without cavil and without question, most unprofessionally submitted,—fortunately, however, without being aware or being sensible, among the rest, of the very surgical operation of thrusting pins down his nails. There is another case well known to the profession, of a deserter, who was struck dumb on being apprehended, and continued so: and no doubt would have been considered to this day by the medical sciolists as a malingerer; but unfortunately for them, he carried his “factitious disease” so far as to die outright, which in common fairness to them he should not have done. “What a fellow that is,” said a Hungarian general, who had been taken prisoner by Buonaparte, to the hero himself without knowing him—“He fights by no rule at all. He does not know how to fight. He attacks in the front, in the rear, and on both flanks at the same time, which is contrary to all the laws of military tactics.” “But he has beat you,” said Buonaparte. “But he had no business to do so,” replied the other. “He ought not to have done so—it is contrary to all rule.” So this is the argument of the school of which we are speaking. “The deserter should not have died—no more he should.” But joking apart, this desire to pass off as extremely clever by new-fledged medical men, in the pretended discovery of feigned diseases, leads them sometimes into very grave errors; for we well remember a surgeon who pretended to discover that a poor wretch who was in the

last agonies of lock-jaw was shamming, applying a red-hot iron to the nape of the neck "to rouse the patient"—when the dying wretch giving one horrible howl sunk back and expired ere the echo of his voice had ceased upon the ear. So much for pretending to be wiser than one's neighbour. But a contrary practice sometimes obtains among graduates, as well as surgeons, who have but lately escaped "plucking," which though not so dangerous or even fatal to patients, is nevertheless productive of ridicule to the profession. A young surgeon who had just squeezed himself through the Hall, desired the writer of this article to visit some dispensary patients with him, on some of whom he practised with an emphasis in doctrine and a fortitude in prescription, that if continued in after life, must have made the fortunes of some undertakers. Among about twenty in one close, was an Irishwoman, whose child, about six months old, was teething, and required some refrigerant laxative. Our Galen was not an ordinary Galen. Looking at the child with the importance of King Cophetua, when he wooed the beggar girl, he boldly pronounced it had the measles. "The *measles*! And is it the *measles* that you say the babby has?" cried the Irish lady with somewhat of an Indian yell.—"Plase your honor, *Docther*, and its the *flay-bites*!" (flea-bites). Our limb of physic, with a look of horror which was irresistibly comic, turned rapidly on his heel, and made one of the most precipitate retreats it is possible to conceive; the inexorable Milesian shrieking out at the top of her voice, as he hastily made his exit, "Its the *flay-bites*, *Docther*, and not the *measles*, by the Holy Father *St. Pathrick*."

It is this spirit of dictatorial knowledge of which we have to complain, more especially in London practitioners, and to which we are desirous of drawing the attention of our readers, as well as the author himself, that has induced us to take the view of the subject we have done, and from no desire either to underrate the labours or depreciate the industrial tact of Dr. Gavin. As a University Prize Essay, "Feigned and Factitious Diseases" is a respectable performance, if we take the age and experience of the author into consideration when he wrote it—but as a practical work it is useless, being deficient in experience and destitute of sound judgment.

At p. 112, 113, 114, for example, the directions given to detect simulative somnambulism are utterly fallacious, and if followed up in practice would be productive of unimaginable evil. The fact must be admitted, because it cannot be denied, that numerous cases of somnambulism have been treated as imposture, and death has been the consequence. A patient who rose in his sleep, and performed one of the offices of nature to the annoyance of a neighbour, was often cautioned on the subject, but always denied it, and in a manner so solemn that he shook the confidence of the neighbour in his own senses. He accordingly watched for two nights, determined to con-

vict him, and strange to say, the somnambulist did not appear for two nights! Could anything be more clear than that he was simulating? So argued the neighbour. On the third night the nuisance was repeated when the neighbour was not watching. This was corroboration beyond question, and it was determined, by the aggrieved party, that in company with two friends he would sit up and detect the pretended sleep walker *in flagranti delicto*. For this purpose, a quantity of red-ochre was dissolved in a pail of water, and it was decided that when the somnambulist should approach under the window, which looked out upon an ornamental garden, the whole should be emptied upon his head, while one of the party was to arrest him as he would attempt to scale the wall, the red-ochre being undisputable proof that there had been no mistake as to identity. On this very unfortunate evening, the somnambulist made his appearance, and as concerted, received the contents of the pail upon his shoulders, while the party waiting for that purpose seized him by the arms. But this violence was unnecessary. He never attempted to move—but opening his eyes and staring about, asked what all this meant? The party still fancying he was simulating, bantered him on his detection, but were somewhat surprised that he made scarce any reply, and seemed quite lost in reverie. He was conducted back to his own house, which was not fifty yards off, without the slightest violence, all being on good terms, and retired to bed—the party accompanying him remarking that he was unusually silent. In the morning they all met by appointment at the house of the detected impostor. They found him alive, but senseless; and in three hours after he died in the most horrible convulsions—his mind seemingly weighed down with the idea, no doubt engendered by the red-ochre on his night clothes, that he had committed murder. Such cases could be multiplied. A gentleman, a member of one of our colonial houses of assembly, was afflicted with somnambulism, and on that account the windows as well as doors were every night carefully fastened by his servants. On one occasion he gave a large dinner party, and three of the friends slept in the house. One of them, ridiculing the idea of somnambulism, and feeling warm on retiring to bed, opened the window on the staircase, which had been fastened by the servant. In the dead of night the gentleman got up, wandered about the room, as was subsequently proved, walked down stairs, attempted to get out at the outer door, but failed, and returning up stairs, and finding the window open, which seems on his descent not to have attracted his attention, walked out of it and broke his thigh. It was a compound fracture. Amputation was performed, but he died three days after. Now, these cases are not from books but from nature—the parties were known to the writer, and there are hundreds alive who remember the facts. Another case of disease of a most horrible nature was treated as imaginary, by many medical men who

were consulted upon it, yet it proved in the sequel to have been as the patient described. It was this :—the patient alluded to insisted that he had swallowed a centipede. He was laughed at and nearly out of his conviction—and some trifling remedies administered—but the disease got no better, and he again applied to some of the most eminent men in Jamaica for advice. It was still treated as imaginary, and being a gentleman of property, he was advised to “take a trip” to London. He came and consulted the first physicians, who listened with more or less attention to his story. Among those consulted was Dr. Elliotson, who said “it was possible;” others, for the most part, ridiculed the idea—and the gentleman went back to Jamaica very little the better for all the money he had expended, for the disease again returned with greater violence; when one day, after unusual suffering, he vomited, and brought up a live centipede! Now, here was a case which, if it had occurred in a man who could have been shewn to have had any, the most distant cause for simulation, would have been considered as “factitious,” and treated accordingly.

Some of the cases cited by Dr. Gavin, go in our opinion directly to controvert the conclusion at which he aims. Thus, at p. 416, he quotes the case of a priest from Cardan, who could simulate death, with no sign of respiration, and in whom pricking, tickling, and even burning produced no sensible effect. Now here was *no* simulation, if the words simulation and dissimulation are to be used in the sense in which their roots are employed by Sallust,—it was simply a manifestation of a peculiar faculty not common to all men and indeed rarely granted to any, as the case of Col. Townsend related by Cheyne amply proves. [And in regard to the singular properties of some persons, we may mention that we know a Bishop at present living, who perceives a peculiar sensation when he passes even at some miles distance from a place where a death has taken place. This happens to him generally when on horseback and in the country. He assured the writer that he had never been deceived once in his prophecy of death. Would such a condition of the organs—or rather, nervous machinery, be admitted in the case of an Okey, or any other Mesmerized patient? No, not by Dr. Gavin and his school. And this brings us to a remarkable passage in the work, p. 409, which for cool self-sufficiency exceeds every thing we ever read :—“A woman at twenty-one, having been indisposed for a few days, took some cathartic medicine, and passed by stool ‘a reptile of the lacuta species.’ The authority of the patient in this case *satisfied* Dr. Spence!” Now if this is not the height of self-confidence we know not what is. A respectable physician—a man known to be able, scientific, learned, virtuous, and honourable, who is distinguished by his ability, and respected for his skill as a practitioner, happens to have a patient who for ought that appears to the con-

trary, is as much entitled to credit for her statement, as Dr. Gavin for his opinion, is nevertheless deliberately and coolly accused of falsehood and deception—and for what cause? Merely that Dr. Gavin might have an opportunity of proving his theory of “factitious” disease. We remember a case very graphically related by the author of “Ned Clinton,” where the man complained of feeling a living animal in his stomach, and was treated as an impostor by the hospital surgeon for a length of time, until procuring a pint of rum, he drank it off for the purpose of relieving the pain, or destroying himself, we forget which; but the spirit acting as an emetic, he vomited violently, and brought up the stomach animal, monster, or wolf, as it has been variously named. We may also cite the case of one of the men who attended the lantern of a light-house, which igniting, soon destroyed the beacon, and with it all the apparatus for illumination. The person alluded to, having escaped down the stairs, looked up at the burning mass above him with his mouth open, when according to his statement, a quantity of molten lead ran down his throat. The report was discredited, especially as the patient lived some weeks afterwards; nevertheless, when he died and was opened, a very considerable mass of lead was found in his stomach.

We pass over an immense number of statements of supposed malingering, which to controvert would detain us too long, but we cannot avoid noticing the case the author so triumphantly refers to at p. 109, as being one of confirmed malingering, because it is by no means satisfactorily proved that it was a case of fraud; many medical men to this day believing that the disease was real and not feigned. Dr. Gavin places much reliance in this case on what Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh, told him about a half-penny being carried forward by the contraction of the *corrugator duperailii*,—now, supposing this test had been worth one button, which it is not, Dr. Knox is not infallible, as the reception of sixteen bodies into his dissecting rooms, which had met with violent deaths and yet were not even suspected, sufficiently proves; consequently his opinion is only worth what it will fetch. Again, at page 408, the cases of fasting alluded to, were *bona fide* cases of fasting, no matter for what motive undertaken. And Moore did, and could fast for a very long period, and the ordeal she was compelled to submit to substantiates that fact. That she could fast continuously and for any given period of time, we do not believe; nor, if our memory serves us, did she pretend to be able to do so. The fasting of Marie Brencker, of Osnaburgh, is undoubted, though considered apocryphal by Dr. Gavin, who, when he comes to a fact that can neither by implication nor direct evidence be contradicted, deals with it after the following manner: “A woman was condemned for the murder of her husband in the 31st Edward III.; she had the wisdom to fast in prison forty days, and was pardoned in consequence of her miraculous abstinence.” So when a case cannot be set

aside, the patient is found to have "the wisdom to fast." It surely would have been more philosophical to have said that the woman possessed the faculty, or had acquired the property of abstinence. Fasting, by some individuals, is by no means difficult of attainment. The present writer can fast thirty-six hours without much inconvenience, and once succeeded in lengthening the interim between the meals to within a very few minutes of forty-eight hours, without great inconvenience; and we are confident, with a little practice, especially in warm climates, the habit may be acquired. Cavanagh, whose detection in swallowing a small quantity of gruel in Reading Jail is alluded to, by the admission of the surgeon, fasted nine days, and we can speak from actual experiments made on the man by ourself, and with a view to test his powers of abstinence, that he fasted first a week, and then ten days, and under circumstances where it was not possible that he could obtain water, much less food; and the particulars of the case were published in the "Times," at the time, by the gentleman then on that establishment who undertook, and instituted, the experiments. But it was never contended, or believed, that Cavanagh could fast *for ever*. Indeed, the physician who made the experiments, looked upon the case as simple anorexia, the consequence of a severe attack of fever, and was desirous of treating it as such; but as Cavanagh was an enthusiast (though his enthusiasm rapidly subsided after a residence in London) he refused to submit to any medical treatment. It is worthy of remark, that being a Catholic, he took the Holy Sacrament every Sunday, and though the elements constituting this offering are trifling, when viewed in the mere light of sustenance, it is possible to believe that it tended very considerably to augment his powers of fasting, when we combine with it, the feeling that must have been present in his mind, that he was verily and truly in fact, and in faith, supported on the body and blood of our blessed Saviour. These elements, or at least adjurants, to the power of abstinence, must not be lost sight of in this or in any other case, where the imagination excited, by religion or enthusiasm, is enabled to uphold, and as it were to carry away the senses from the contemplation of mere sensual or material objects. Darwin tells us of a clergyman, who, having swallowed a portion of wax from the cork of a wine bottle, took it so much to heart, believing that his bowels "would be sealed up," that he abstained from eating and drinking and died shortly after. Of real disease being induced by the mere *will* of the individual, Dr. Gavin seems to have taken no account whatever, yet every physician of even moderate practice, must have experienced this, though not recognized it under that head; but generally designating it as the effect of sympathy, imagination, imitation, or fashion. All the officers of Alexander's army who were in immediate contact with him, because he was long-necked, carried their heads on one side, and what was at

first in them imitation or fashion, became subsequently habit, and eventually disease. To enumerate therefore this class of ethico-physical affections, or affectation, among the class of "factitious" diseases, is by no means taking a wide or extensive, a philosophical or even a nosological view of the anomalous complaints which affect mankind, not only in Europe, where her inhabitants are too apt to believe that all the knowledge of disease supposed to be in possession of mere mortals is centered in themselves, but in the wide and extensive regions of India and America,

The remarks consequently (from the original blame of which however we exculpate Dr. Gavin), on the prevalent disease in the court of Louis. XIV., (Introduction p. iii.) does not hold when we take a very comprehensive view of the constitution of man, his habits, appetite, passions, pastimes, avocations, and religion—the latter enabling a Hindu devotee to entomb himself for a month, without any very evident inconvenience; and the former, taken collectively, provoking an English fox-hunter to undergo fatigue and venture life in a manner that to other nations appears not only simply dangerous, but positively insane. Neither does it seem to us that Dr. Gavin has allowed for the moral effect which any great, or noble, or daring, or harrowing deed produces in those whose organs are predisposed to the performance of the same acts. We are told that Cæsar's troops hesitated to land when he invaded the English coast, till his standard bearer leaping into the sea, excited that action, and awakened that spirit, in the bosoms of the soldiers, which were only dormant and not lost. And shortly after the girl Moyes threw herself off the Monument, a bookseller's apprentice followed her example. Now in these cases we contend it was not *imitation*, but a manifestation of that principle which sometimes develops itself in popular assemblies, and is then called *enthusiasm*; in armies, and then becomes *panic*; and in unhealthy districts, and is then designated *epidemic*. We can only illustrate this principle, the bearing and extent of which could not be discussed with any propriety in this place, by a reference to the effect produced by wine or alcohol on different individuals. A parallel may also be drawn from the various phases which fear assumes in the persons of the passengers and crew, and in the difference manifested in the conduct of English and French mariners in cases of shipwreck,—two of the most remarkable instances of which being those of the *Antelope* East India Packet, and the French frigate *Medusa*. In a remarkable disease which appeared in the West Indies a few years since, and called the "Dandy Fever," it is undoubted that the disease was conveyed from one to the other almost by *will*. This happened so frequently that persons abstained from thinking, and consequently from talking of it, and those who persevered in this resolution are said to have escaped it, while those who affected to disbelieve its reality, or ridi-

culed it, were sure to be the victims; and what is very singular, when in the act of doing so.

But we stray from the subject immediately before us, and must now hasten to conclude our strictures upon this work. A few words on Insanity, or that abnormal action of the organs of the brain which manifests itself in so many extraordinary ways, whether in violence, idiocy, or eccentricity, will serve to shew that little is to be learned from this volume. We are almost tempted to deny *in toto* every thing that Dr. Gavin advances upon this very frequent consequence of insobriety, misfortune, ill-assorted matches, and malconformation of the brain. Marshall, to whom he is so much indebted throughout his work, is no authority (in fact, we scarcely know of a *great* one!) in this disease. We well remember the case of a man who had been eleven years in the army, who was *five* times tried by court martial for pretended insanity, and five times sentenced to be flogged—yet this maniac committed suicide at length by drinking sulphuric acid. The case was published in "The Times" of 22nd July, 1826. Now this man, according to Marshall, Hennen, and Dr. Gavin, should not have died. He had been declared *not* mad, and flogged by the order of *five* courts martial, and therefore had no *business* to be mad! God help any one who is labouring under insanity, if he were submitted to the tender mercies of the school of the Marshalls, Hennens, Brodies, and Gavins! He would stand a better chance even with a "doctor," who "keeps a private asylum." We knew of a case where a negro was repeatedly flogged for the alleged crime of pretended madness,—but having drowned himself one Sunday morning, his master owned himself convinced that "there had been no sham, because," as he coarsely expressed himself, "the fellow was such a ——— coward, he never would have done so if he had not been mad.

There is a passage also on the subject of Mesmerism, which we noticed on reading the volume, but which we cannot now find, that calls for some remark, because it is a sample of the manner in which university prize-takers treat all those who investigate nature for themselves, and are wont to shake the dust of the schools from their feet when they turn their backs on the janitors of the college. We forget exactly the words, but the inference we drew from the context of the passage was, that all and singular those phenomena which have been attested by thousands of the most distinguished men in England, Germany, America, Prussia, and the West Indies, are all and every one illusions, delusions, or collusions. We shall not waste time in comments on the striking absurdity of a man giving a positive opinion, and on so grave a subject, without having, so far as our memory serves us, seen one single case. If therefore we are to judge from this single fact, of the value of Dr. Gavin's opinion on other points connected with disease, it will amount to really very little. However, the work will be found a very excellent catalogue



raisonnée of the most of the cases which many medical men have described as simulative, or at least not common developments of abnormal action of the nervous system; as such it will be found useful to the man who thinks for himself, and an excellent table companion. But to the student or the *mere* practitioner it will be worse than useless, because it will not only tend to give the one or the other a very contracted and unphilosophical view of disease; but will arm them with authority to do much mischief. The programme setting forth that it was originally published under the auspices and with the names of two northern *professors*, who, though very respectable in their way, have not yet satisfied the world that their dicta are worth more than those of hundreds of other medical practitioners, who have neither been so fortunate nor so successful in securing the "good things" of this world. There is one trait in this work, however, the credit for which we cannot, and have no desire to withhold, and that is industry, which is highly honourable to Dr. Gavin as a student and a scholar; and which, had he been content with, or anxious to secure, without attempting generalization of disease, in which he has signally failed, would have entitled him to take rank among some of the first industrial writers in Great Britain. It is the performance of inexperience, but the conception of a capacious mind.

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ART. V.

1. *The "League" Newspaper*, Feb. 17, 1844.
2. *The Aristocracy of Britain, and the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture*. London: G. & J. DYER, 1844.
3. *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, March 1844.

At length it is openly avowed by the organs of the Anti-Corn-Law League that the grand, ultimate object of the leaders of that body is not the mere establishment of the principle of "buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest," or the realisation of "free intercourse" and "unfettered trade" among the nations of the earth:—their labours are directed to the accomplishment of a *total change in the landed system of this kingdom*,—to the prostration and extinction of the order of country gentlemen—the abolition of a hereditary aristocracy—the suppression of all feudal distinctions and customs, and the achievement of such a revolution in the laws which regulate real property in England, as would lead to the division of the soil into innumerable small proprietorships;—splitting up the great estates, sweeping away parks and demesnes, and levelling in the dust the palace of the peer and the mansion of the squire.

That this design, though hitherto kept in the back ground, has

from the first been one of the great decimating motives of the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law movement, who have thrown over their democratic purposes the veil of political economy, there is strong reason to suspect. Messrs. Cobden and Bright have been, and now are avowedly, "agitators with ulterior objects." Up to the present time it had been considered politic to adopt a line of tactics calculated to draw into alliance with the League certain members of the aristocracy favourable to the repeal of the Corn-Laws; and from time to time disclaimers were put forward in the publications of that body, for the purpose of quieting the apprehensions and misgivings of such parties; in which astonishment was expressed at the bucolic simplicity of any body that could suppose that *they* who worked in the same cause as the Ducies, the Spensers, the Fitzwilliams, and the Westminsters could, for a moment, harbour a thought injurious to the nobility!

The mask, however, is now thrown aside. In the *League* newspaper, the country is informed that the Corn-Laws are *but one* of the sores connected with the landed interest that must be probed to the bottom; intimations being given that the laws respecting Real Property must be attacked root and branch; and that the laws of Primogeniture and Entail must be for ever done away with.\*

In furtherance of this object, a volume has just issued from the press, entitled, "The Aristocracy of Britain, and the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture." It professes to enter into an examination of the merits of the question involved in the consideration of these laws; and, in support of his views, the editor quotes the opinions of Passey, Gustave de Beaumont, Condorcet, O'Connor, Sismondi, Buret, Guizot, Constant, Dupin, Say, Blanqui and Miquet—the most eminent among the modern political writers of France. Notwithstanding the weight which attaches to those very respectable authorities, we are not, we confess, as yet prepared to yield up the ancient institutions of England to the tender mercies of theorists, and resign all the good old usages and prudent laws of our forefathers (which after all have not prevented England from being "the envy of surrounding nations"), to the ruthless axe of republican patriots: We do not think that the abolition of the nobility, and the working out the projects of the confederacy that modestly term themselves the Anti-Corn-Law League, would conduce to the renown or utility of this kingdom abroad, or to the happiness of the people at home. On the contrary, we think such changes would be attended with fatal disorders and irretrievable calamities; in which the humbler classes would be the most severe sufferers,—as they always have been in civil convulsions.

\* For what are we ever advocating a freer, more popular system of representation, but that, among lesser evils, England may get rid of that *tap-root evil*, the law of Primogeniture?"—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, March.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, the land of England was divided by the Conqueror among his chiefs, after the manner of the Germanic nations, and the feudal system was established as the law of the kingdom. According to the feudal principle, the ultimate property of the whole soil was declared to be vested in the Crown; all lands being held by virtue of a grant from the king, subject to the performance of military service and other requirements. The chiefs, or barons, in their turn granted the land to inferior vassals, who took the oath of fealty to them; promising to attend their lords in time of war, to do suit and service in their courts, to perform certain stated services for their lands, and to join them in the general defence of the nation; the barons, on their part, engaging to protect their vassals from the rapine and violence of others. As a necessary part of this system, the law of PRIMOGENITURE\* was introduced—a law which, we may observe in passing, was known in the very earliest ages of the world,† and was recognised in the Mosaic economy. It was indispensable that the fief should be held by some individual capable of performing all the duties of vassal of the lord paramount, and of maintaining the vigour and efficiency of the feudal government: the constant division and sub-division of the fief which would have attended an equal distribution of the estates among the several children of the lord, would have been destructive of the fabric. The law, therefore, gave the inheritance to the eldest son, and preferred male to female issue. This was the origin of the state of things that we now find in existence. This law has flourished in England since the year 1066; upon it has the constitution itself been based; and, though hereditary services are no longer required from the barons, knights, and owners of land, and the feudal system has for centuries ceased to be in the ascendant, yet the same reasons of state policy which justified the rule of Primogeniture in the reign of William the First, remain in force in the days of his descendant Victoria. The object of feudalism was to establish firmly, and maintain in full vigour, an order of nobility in the state, who would have the strongest possible motive in preserving the stability of the laws and institutions; and also, while they contributed to uphold the power and dignity of the kingdom, would operate as a balancing force between the Crown and the people—checking the absolute will of the former, and, at the same time, curbing the spirit of popular turbulence in the latter. These, too, are the ends secured by the laws of Entail and Primogeniture at this day. “When the emperors,” says ‡ Blackstone, “began to create honorary feuds, or titles of nobility, it was found necessary, in order to preserve their dignity, to make them impartible, or as they styled them, *feuda indi-*

\* *Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.* Coke upon Littleton.

† *Vide Book of Genesis.*

‡ Bl. Book II. ch. 14.

*vidua*, and in consequence, descendible to the eldest son alone. This example was further enforced by the inconveniences that attended the splitting of estates. These reasons occasioned an almost total change in the method of feudal inheritances abroad; so that the eldest male began universally to succeed to the whole of the lands in all military tenures: and in this condition the feudal constitution was established in England by William the Conqueror.

ENTAILS followed the law of Primogeniture as a necessary consequence. They were designed to preserve estates undivided and secure from alienation. They were originally based on the fundamental principle that the fief was a sort of *benefice*, granted by the lord on certain stipulations, and liable to revert to the grantor, either upon failure of the donee to perform the conditions imposed upon him, or on failure of heirs. The fief, being thus granted conditionally, was called an estate *tail*, from the French *tailler*, to cut—part of the fee being, as it were, cut off by these conditions.\* In order to prevent the alienation of estates, the celebrated act of 13 Edward I., c. 1, usually called the statute De Douis, was passed. It was enacted that lands should go to the heirs specified; and on failure of heirs, that they should revert to the original donor. Means were, however, soon devised to evade this stringent law. By process of fine and recovery, the tenant in tail was enabled to aliene his lands and tenements, and thus defeat the interests as well of his own issue as of the reversioner; except in the case of the Crown. Fines and recoveries were established by the act 3 and 4 William IV., c. 74; the proceedings in such cases being considered fictitious, dilatory, and expensive. This statute now enables a tenant in tail to make an effectual alienation of the land by deed enrolled in Chancery.

How stands then the Law of England respecting PRIMOGENITURE and ENTAILS? Does it *coerce* the parent as to the disposition of his property? Does it *tie him down* to a prescribed mode of proceeding, and prevent him from acting according to the dictates of natural affection and prudence? Does it say that the land shall be inalienable; or does it put obstacles in the way of any man, great or small, who wishes to become the proprietor of a piece of land? By no means. It does nothing of this kind. On the contrary, the law vests a discretionary power in the hands of the parent, which is censured for its latitude by the foreign publicists. The case is stated with sufficient fairness by the French writer Beaumont: "Nothing, I believe," he remarks, "is more common in France than to mistake the nature of the law of primogeniture which exists in England. It is enough that the imperative will of the law bestows on the eldest son the whole real estate, and that he takes it under favour of the law and

\*For the grounds on which a vassal forfeited his land, see Hume's Hist. England. vol II. Appendix.

contrary to the inclinations of his parents. There is nothing of the sort. The liberty which the proprietor of an estate has of disposing of it is, as I shall immediately show, greater than here, in the father of a family making a final disposition of his means. He may, if he chooses, divide them equally amongst all his children; he may give the greater share, even the whole, to one of them, to the last born, or to the youngest of his daughters, and nothing to the rest; he may cut off the eldest. What do I say?—he may not only give all to one of their number—he may disinherit them in a body and leave his whole fortune to a stranger. What is the nature and effect of the legal principle? It is, that if the father does not make a testament, and dispose of his real property in another manner, the eldest son inherits the whole to the exclusion of his brothers and sisters, who have absolutely nothing. But what results from this? It is that the father preserving silence, the law speaks for him; and the voice of the law pronounces in favour of the eldest son."

Let it be observed that this rule applies only to REAL ESTATES. It is not applicable to the *personal* property of an intestate. The distribution of chattels in such cases, is regulated by the Statute of Distributions.\* A third goes to the widow; and the remaining two thirds are divided share and share alike among the children; though the heir-at-law takes the real estate. When we consider the enormous mass of personal property in England vested in the public funds, the mercantile marine, in manufactures and trade, this is a consideration of the highest importance. The Law certainly thinks it desirable that the soil of the country should not be rent up into innumerable shreds and split into miserable little allotments; but it coerces no one. Land is an article constantly in the market. It can be purchased in large quantities or in small quantities. George Robins will at any moment make the capitalist a landed proprietor; indeed every country newspaper that you take up contains notices respecting the sale of estates. We have already seen that tenants in tail can effectually bar the entail. *It may then be safely affirmed that the custom of Primogeniture prevails in England, not because the law enforces it, or imposes it on the owners of property; but because the feeling of the nation, based upon that common sense that characterises the English people, is attached to the principle.* Indeed so true is this that we find one of the greatest authorities cited against it, making the following admission:—"There is in England a county (that of Kent) where the feudal law in regard to succession is not in operation. There it is not the right of primogeniture, but the principle of an equal division amongst all the

\* 22 & 23 Car. 2, c. 10.

children of a family (the *gavel kind*), which forms the common law; but this does not prevent in the county of Kent, any more than in Yorkshire, estates from being preserved entire: what is not effected by the law is done by the will of man, and the yeoman of Kent creates by his testament that preference in favour of the first-born of his family which the law would not have given him\*."

*A simple repeal of these laws would therefore effect nothing;—the system is not based upon legislative enactments, but on a deep-rooted national sentiment. The Anti-Corn-Law League and the other declaimers against primogeniture aim at the establishment of a stringent, coercive law, which would deprive a parent of all power over the final disposal of his estate, and, on philosophic principles, make an equal distribution of his property, real and personal, among his children, without reference to their conduct during the life-time of their parents.*

It would not, we apprehend, be easy to induce the British people to adopt such a law.

In the first place, the principle of primogeniture, or lineal descent, *is essential to the existence of a hereditary monarchy.* If the law were to brand primogeniture as a thing contrary to the laws of nature and natural justice, the Crown would soon cease to be respected; and the succession would in a very little time, most probably, be regulated on a different principle from that which the Legislature had already voted to be preposterous.

Secondly, if the laws of Primogeniture and Entail, were displaced by a statute enforcing, upon the death of each proprietor, the distribution of estates into equal parts, *the nobility would cease to exist as an order in the state.* It is difficult to conceive how honours could be hereditary if the law did not prefer one child above another, and recognised no distinction between male and female. If they even could, by some device, be rendered hereditary, the subdivision of the soil would wrest the land from the nobility, and we should see the barons of England the mere shadow of an aristocracy, persons without weight or influence in the national councils. The proposed change, therefore, would amount to a revolution,—to a total change in the British constitution. Admirably blending three different principles, monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical, the constitution of this country has stood the test of ages, remaining unshaken, while more ephemeral governments have sprung into existence—flourished for a day, and perished:—

"The firmest state

That e'er was seated on the subject sea."

Yet with the experience of all time, with the lessons of ancient and modern history before us, we are called upon by vain and restless

\* Gustave de Beaumont.

men to adopt measures that would overthrow this form of government! "England," it is confessed by M. Passey, "is obviously at the highest point of European civilization, and she has reached it under the sway of a territorial aristocracy." Yet, in despite of this, are we to level the whole political fabric of England, because a few sciolists, who desire to ingratiate themselves with the multitude by promising "Agrarian Justice\*," tell us they can devise a more perfect system? We are not blind to the evils which pervade society in Great Britain and Ireland; but there are evils, of as great, and greater magnitude both in France and the United States of America, where Primogeniture and Entails have been abolished. We have no wish to recriminate; otherwise we might tell the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law League, that if there be suffering, immorality, and crime in England, they are chiefly to be met with around their own factories; and were fearfully augmented by what is called the Factory System†. We content ourselves with saying, that till a better form of government than that handed down from our free ancestors, can be pointed out to us, we must beg leave to cleave to the British Constitution, against which, judging from recent observations in print, already adverted to, the operations of the Anti-Corn-Law League are in fact directed.

But we are told that the destruction of the present system is essential to the happiness of the people, and that the subdivision of the land would be conducive to the welfare of the community. In happy France the laws prevent the agglomeration of territorial wealth. "*The greater number of small proprietors in France are at one and the same time cultivators of their own lands and work for others; some as common day labourers, others as vine-dressers; some are merchants in villages, and others artisans.*"†

The blindness which cannot see the beauty and utility of this state of things is pitied by our philosophic neighbours:—

"In order to understand this state of feeling," observes M. Beaumont, "it is necessary to take into view all the wealth accumulated on the soil [of England], all the factitious arrangements in connection with it, and all the artificial transformations which the hand of man has made it undergo. Estates in England are so many objects of art, each of which forms a perfect whole; it seems as if it were to be guilty of impiety to make them undergo a division; each of them is a picture of Correggio, forming part of a family succession. It is a matter of absolute necessity that a single heir should possess the estate, and no one would wish to see it mutilated. And remark that these domains, resplendent with luxury and cultivation, are not

\* See the work on this subject by Thomas Paine, 1796.

† See the speech of Lord Ashley, in the House of Commons, March 15th.

‡ Gustave Beaumont.

rare accidents which are to be met with here and there; they constitute the general state of the country; they succeed each other without a blank from one end to the other, without any intermediate differences to interrupt them, without any contrasting objects to mar their effect; all is grand, magnificent, sumptuous, in the country of England! It is necessary to have seen for a hundred times those admirable tracts of country upon which nature has lavished all its gifts, human industry all its wealth, and art so many ornaments. It is necessary to have traversed England at a stretch, to have gone from London to Edinburgh, and glanced at the magical spectacle unfolded to the eye, to understand, not the law of primogeniture, but the feeling in regard to it in England, in order to account to oneself how a species of popularity comes to be attached to that privilege, without which these beautiful demesnes that go to form so fine a country *would fall under the hatchet of the principle of equality which divides and breaks down property.*"

It is a mistake to suppose that the people of England are captivated by the mere magnificence of this state of things. Their practical common sense is quite capable of discerning

"how wide the limits stand

"Between a splendid and a happy land."

It is true that they regard with veneration the noble park that has been the seat of nobility ever since the times of the Saxon Kings\*; they feel the force of the sentiment expressed by Lord Bacon: "It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time!" But the English nation would cease to respect the aristocracy and their demesnes, if, in their opinion, they did not conduce to the social and political welfare of the country. They see that all this beauty is created by the hand of the working man; demands the highest exertions of human industry; and gives employment and subsistence to tens of thousands. The fact is before them, though there are a great many lovely parks and demesnes kept up in the highest order, by the nobility, that the great portion of the land is cultivated with infinite skill by the farmers who hold the land as tenants. *Beside it seems to be altogether overlooked, that while there are many large estates in England, there are a great many small ones too, cultivated by the proprietors themselves.* The number of farmers who occupy their own land is very considerable; and the law protects this class equally with the more wealthy one.

Finally, even if it were possible to place out of view the political

\* As an illustration of this remark we may mention that Rendlesham House, Suffolk, the seat of Lord Rendlesham, was the palace of Redwold, King of the East Angles, and has ever since then been the seat of nobility.



considerations involved on this controversy, we should on agricultural principles challenge the propriety of dividing the land into such minute fractions. Large farms, such as are to be found in Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, &c., are, it is generally admitted, more favourable to good husbandry than small farms;—specimens of which may be seen in Wales and in Ireland. The present system, regarded as a whole, employs more capital, gives occupation to a greater number of individuals, produces more human food, and diffuses a larger proportion of benefits than the rival plan, or perhaps more than any other that could be devised. We are entitled to quote in support of our positions M. Beaumont's own words: "England shows better than any other country how, under a good aristocracy, the agricultural population may be happy without ever acquiring 'proprietary right to the soil;'"—to which admission we append the observation of Adam Smith, whose opinion was unfavourable to Primogeniture: "These laws and customs, so favourable to the yeomanry, have contributed more to the present grandeur of England than all their boasted regulations of commerce put together." (*Wealth of Nations*, page 366.)

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ART. VI.—*Histoire des Idées Littéraires en France au XIX. siècle, et de leurs origines dans les siècles antérieurs.* Par ALFRED MICHIELS. 2 tom. Paris. 1843.

M. MICHIELS is the friend and admirer of De Vigny, which is tantamount to saying that he belongs to the same literary school. He is already somewhat known to the English reader by his *Treatise on the History of the Middle Age*, translated by Mr. Jones. The present work, however, is decidedly more to his taste, and does him higher credit; in it he is perfectly at home; he revels and luxuriates in his theme, writes *con amore*, manifests great literary research, and discriminates between the various literary views and opinions prevalent at different epochs in the history of his country, with all the sagacity and fairness requisite to impart to his reader a just and comprehensive conception of the ample and diversified field over which he has travelled.

The dispute as to the real and comparative merits of the ancients and moderns in regard to intellectual production and talent, is as old as the time of Perrault and Sir William Temple; but the writer that has, perhaps more prominently than any other in recent times, drawn public attention to the subject in a manner to induce an earnest and searching enquiry into the origin and foundation of literary ideas, was Madam de Staël, by the publication of her *Germany*. Considering literature as an art, it has its criticisms and its theories, which cannot now be past by or neglected. In the primitive

ages, when action always preceded reflection, poems were antecedent to systems. The rhapsodist, the bard, the minstrel sang as they felt themselves inspired, without any heed as to the influence they might exercise, or the native talent they might possess. But those ages of simple nature are long past. Modern notions must account for every thing: they investigate the entire universe; there is no object of conception or of sentiment of which they do not scrutinize the nature, origin, and end. Is it likely, then, that letters should be allowed to claim the prerogative of exemption from such examination? nay, rather, may it be asked, by the curiosity they inspire, do they not in a peculiar manner invite it? Now, no literature would seem to require or prompt it so much as that which is based on æsthetic opinions. Among moderns, the German is undoubtedly the first, if not the only one, thus founded. Our own has been growing more and more so for more than a quarter of a century. During three hundred years that of France was a voluntary production. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, French authors strove to imitate the ancients; and the principle of the eighteenth was the faithful and respectful reflection of the preceding age. Now, however, since the "march of intellect" has brought other ideas into vogue, which, as our author observes, literary artists must adopt, have we not witnessed a gradual metamorphosis of their art? If, then, poetry has formerly preceded systems, it would seem that henceforth systems are to precede and originate poetry.

In accordance with this view, M. Michiels remarks the great importance and consequence assumed of late by literary discussions.—from which springs, indeed, the mighty vigour and moral power of modern criticism;—but with regard to the French critical art, M. Michiels asks somewhat indignantly:

In what condition is French criticism now found? Does it exercise a happy influence? Does it enlighten the mind, ameliorate the taste, or render the sentiment of art more lively, and pure? We have already replied negatively to this question in a former work, and have hence excited against us somewhat ungenerous hatreds; for, be it remembered, we mentioned no names; we spoke of things without attacking individuals. Instead of refusing us if we were wrong, or correcting themselves if we were right, many of our *confrères* have endeavoured to injure us materially; there is no sort of intrigue or manœuvre that they do not believe permitted in order to be revenged on us for the observations we made. As if we were guilty of their errors! As if we were able to prevent a reform from becoming necessary! As if it were not, sooner or later, to be demanded and accomplished!

M. Michiels appeals, in this book, to those who are disinterested in the question in dispute, and proposes to himself two objects; one is, an endeavour to solve a part of those philosophical and historical problems in literature, which have been neglected; the second is, to

prove in detail what he has already affirmed in general; namely, that French critics, not comprehending even the words they employ, exercise a fatal action upon learning. As there are two recognised schools of literary art, the *romantic* and the *classic*, he defines the former as the expression of Christian society, together with all its circumstances of climate, of races, of geographical situation, of relative position in history, with its principal facts and essential characteristics. On the other hand he asserts that "classical literature reflects the Greek and Roman world, as Hindoo literature does the Indian civilization, or Chinese literature the civilization of China. It is not then a general art, eternal and absolute, but local, transitory, and particular; it depicts a form which humanity has put on at a certain period of its existence, and in a certain region. It cannot claim universal empire, for if it is more perfect than its predecessors, it is less so than its successor, less than all its future descendants." These two literatures have had each of them a twofold origination, which our author, for the most part, has faithfully described, though, like the rest of his school, there is a good deal of the fanciful, and perhaps too much of the systematic, in his delineations. According to M. Michiels, the revival of classic learning was brought on by five different causes: the numerous remains of the antique world, the lassitude of the middle age, the romantic charm and attraction of novelty which an ill-understood civilization offered, the pride of authors, and the rising materialism and incredulity of the age. But however profound and vast might be the classic inundation that flowed over Europe, it was at length destined to ebb back, though not before it had done its work of demolition, by engulfing nearly all the modern tongues. It was Joachim Dubellay who first ventured to stand forth in vindication of his native language by the publication of a work in 1549, entitled *Illustration de la langue Française*. The school of Ronsard, especially, contributed, at this epoch, to the enfranchisement of modern letters, so far at least as words and terms were concerned; but as regards things, "it is necessary," said they, "to recommend to the poet above all the imitation of the Greeks and Latins." Then came Bois-Robert with his defence of the modern theatre compared to that of the ancients. After a lapse of thirty years he was followed by Desmarest de Saint-Sorlin who published in 1657 a Christian epic called *Clovis*. This author, though he had not at first taken any part in the controversy, now found himself personally interested in defending the moderns against the ancients. In the preface to a second work, *Marie-Madeleine*, in 1669, he broke through the long truce conceded to the admirers of the Greeks: "Here," said he, "is a kind of poem for which there is neither precept nor example in antiquity; and those who would judge of it by the rules of Aristotle or the writings of Homer and Virgil, will deceive themselves or deceive others, by

causing them to pass false judgments upon it. There is a vast difference between a heroic subject of which the principal personage is only a man of valour and extraordinary power, and when the marvellous and the supernatural appear only as auxiliary or in the contrarieties of heaven and hell,—and a subject of which the principal personage is a Man-God, and who enacts of himself marvellous and supernatural things." The year following the publication of *Madelaine*, Desmarest collected all his forces, and entered at once and formally into the field of controversy. He published a special treatise in favour of the French language and genius, entitled "La comparaison de la langue et des la poésie françaises avec la Grecque et la Latine, et de poètes Grecs, Latins et Français." Still he does not deal unmixed condemnation on the taste of the ancients: he blames only their want of invention and of judgment generally. Moreover, he distinguishes two kinds of poetic elements, the one furnished by nature, the other created by man. He considers the former immutable: this is not quite correct, however; for if real objects do not absolutely change as to their essence, or exterior, our point of view does; we do not constantly maintain in their presence the same dispositions. They give room, therefore, for poetic delineations as varied as their effects upon us. The other element appears to St.-Sorlin to improve with years. Every day brings us nearer to perfection; we form conceptions of things progressively more just, grand, and pure. While Desmarest was thus engaged in combating the prejudices of his age, he beheld a generous auxiliary advancing to his aid: this was the Sieur de Boisval, who, in the year 1670, published a Christian poem of which the charming history of Esther formed the subject. In the moral solitude in which Desmarest found himself, such a coadjutor must have been most welcome. He now found himself less disposed than ever to quit the field. At the end of his *Clovis*, the third edition of which appeared in 1673, he reprinted his critical work, augmented by several chapters. But death was about to precipitate from his height this strenuous at least, if not able, panegyrist of the moderns. In 1676 Desmarest died. Seeing his end approaching, he could not well depart without looking about him for some defender of the cause of poetical progress. He therefore addressed a piece of verses to his friend Perrault, conjuring him to maintain with earnestness and perseverance the interest of letters. He represented to him his country as in tears, demanding of him succour: "*Viens*," said he to him,—"*Viens défendre, Perrault, la France qui t'appelle*." This summons was not wholly without its effect: Perrault, it is true, did not hasten to obey it; and a profound calm reigned in the literary atmosphere during eleven years; scarcely indeed was it troubled by the *Discourse* of Fontenelle on the *Eclogue*. At length, however, the principal advocate of the moderns stepped into the arena. The atmosphere of letters became

again troubled. Perrault read before the Academy in 1687, a poem entitled *Le Siècle de Louis le Grand*, wherein he repeated the objections of Saint Sorlin with more order and distinctness. As Perrault was quitting the Academy after the reading of his poem, he was accosted by Racine. The caustic poet congratulated him in a jeering mood,—said, that assuredly no one could have delivered himself better of such *badinage*, or have better defended an indefensible paradox. Perrault was mortified to perceive that his production was not taken, or feigned not to be taken, *au sérieux*. Hence he formed the design, forthwith to write in prose that he had composed in verse, and to leave no doubt as to his real sentiments. From this resolution emanated his celebrated *Parallel between the Ancients and the Moderns*. In this work he goes over the various species of art, architecture, sculpture, painting, eloquence, history, poetry, &c. &c.—and awards the meed of excellence where he thinks it due. We have not space to follow him into detail on such a variety of topics, and even if we had, it might not be sufficiently interesting to the reader: we shall therefore merely observe, that Perrault treated seriously, and in a manner worthy of the subject, this so vast, complicated, and difficult problem, which embraces two literatures, two arts, two civilizations, which touches in a thousand ways history, philosophy, æsthetics;—a fundamental problem that, after two ages of literary toil applied to it, has not yet been examined in all its various phases.

It may here be very naturally asked, how did Boileau, the prototype of Pope, and of the classical school of poets in general—how did he receive this attempt to pull down the idols of his worship, and hitherto of the world's regard? The poem of Perrault suggested to him three epigrams, and the nicknaming of the poet himself *un sot plein de bassesses*. In 1693, Boileau replied more seriously to the literary heresy in his *Reflexions on Longinus*, which, says our author, "possessed no more value than his epigrams; no general question is touched by them." "This famous legislator of Parnassus, as he was formerly called," proceeds M. Michiels,—“handles in the blindest manner this great question which comprises the ground-work itself of the history of letters. Every page proves his want of discernment. Boileau, as M. Leroux has remarked, had not sufficient intelligence to understand his adversary."

Perrault was not disturbed or irritated by Boileau's method of refutation, and contented himself with replying in this pointed *jeu d'esprit* :—

"L'agréable dispute où nous nous amusons  
Passera sans finir jusqu'aux races futures.  
Nous dirons toujours des raisons  
Ils diront toujours des injures."

Speaking of this famous quarrel of authors, M. Michiels has a passage that we should hardly expect to find in the work of a Frenchman. It undoubtedly contains much truth, though to some of its statements we demur:

At all epochs, (says he,) the French people have been a frivolous people. In their unreserved moments they confess it themselves. ; Foreigners are firmly persuaded of it. Nature has not bestowed upon them the philosophical sense; their genius halts disgusted and afraid at the portals of the rational world. Hardly do they quit for any distance the circle of daily realities. They set out from observations, and travel on towards application; rest seems to them a pure folly. Petty agriculture, petty commerce, the object of luxury, the dance, the fashions, *la cuisine* and war, comprehend all they think about. As to general, essential ideas, they are of little concern; they don't comprehend them. Thus have they sent to die in Sweden the most remarkable, and perhaps the only philosopher they have had. Historical considerations of too elevated a cast do not interest them at all (!) *L'Esprit des lois* was at first ill received, purely because the regards of the author embraces a too vast extent. With such a nation Boileau must of necessity bear down Perrault. The latter openly grappled with the question, essayed to resolve it, and in pursuing the investigation in a manner level to the general abilities, smoothed the way for its unravelment. The former ridiculed the man; made a jest of his postures and actions rather than replying to his discourses. The public, amused by his buffooneries, concentrated upon their author the whole of their attention; Perrault could not even make himself heard. Very far from gaining his cause, he was nearly being placed among the rank of fools. For a hundred and fifty years he has preserved that honourable place in the history of our literature.

Boileau, however, entertained a much more favourable opinion of Perrault; this is put past doubt by a letter he addressed in 1699 *à propos* of their reconciliation. He avows, moreover, that the letter is right on all his essential points, and that no one can deny the progress of letters. His excessive animosity against the ancients appeared to Boileau alone blameable. He assures Perrault that he entertains for him the liveliest esteem, and that nothing shall hereafter disturb their union.

Thus terminated this grand controversy. It may be that Perrault had the advantage over his adversary, but the latter at all events obtained the public admiration and applause. Bayle, we believe, was the first to do justice to Perrault; whose work must be admitted to contain numerous faults and errors, which are for the most part, however, but involuntary concessions to the prejudices of his times. Instead of departing widely from classic models, M. Michiels blames him for keeping too closely to the ancient routine. He had no idea, for instance, that there could exist any other system of literature than what is termed the classical. He deems it, indeed, possible

to excel the Greeks. But only in following as near as may be the same route. All that he wished was, that the age of Louis. XIV. should not be immolated on the shrine of veneration for that of Augustus. The veritable Christian muse had no existence for him; she had never wandered with him under the shade of cloisters, nor upon the solitary platforms of desolate and forsaken mansions. He knew nothing of that powerful charm which draws us towards the abbey in ruins, or to meditate awhile beneath the sombre and silent branches of the cemetery yew. Nevertheless he did his mission. He most profoundly agitated the stagnant waters of criticism. An essential point of literary criticism had now been touched; the contest continued when the principal mover had finished his work, and a great portion of Europe became engaged in it.

The first that embraced, after the example of Perrault, the cause of the moderns, was the circumspect and shrewd Fontenelle. His *Discourse upon the Eclogue* has decided the part he meant to take. He was not remarkable for bringing any fresh ideas to the argument; he contented himself with a *résumé* of the principles advanced by Perrault, changing their order, and lending to them the graces of his own fascinating style. Unfortunately, he forgot to acknowledge the source to which he was indebted; and if he did not forget, it was an impudent theft, for he follows every step of his guide without a single observation.

The dispute was not less violent in England than in France; Bayle, Wotton, Bentley, St. Evremont declared in favour of the moderns, while Sir William Temple and Dean Swift took the part of the ancients. The former of these two writers allowed his prejudices to carry him so far as to maintain that they were superior to us in every thing, even in the natural and mathematical sciences. Swift wrote the *Battle of the Books*, in which he gives the advantage to the Greeks and Latins over Christian nations.

Italy was exposed to the same literary storm. The national poets have their eager defenders. Paul Beni, more especially, was for placing above the ancients Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and Machiavelli; while Scipio Erico, in his *Troubles of Parnassus* (*Revolte di Parnasso*) made the moderns the butt of his sarcasms, the Spanish poets exciting above all his indignant sneers. Menzini, Gravina, Crescimbeni, presented themselves afterwards in the midst of the quarrel. But it was in France principally that the minds of men were most violently agitated on this subject. The mode in which the old Greek and Latin authors of great name were treated—not with much mercy we may be sure,—but certain of their idolizers *au désespoir*. It is recorded of a certain abbé Fraguier, that he almost died of grief at the literary heresies now broached.

Subsequently, for a time, tranquillity reigned in the literary world, when a new disturbance arose. La Mothe attacked the *Iliad*;

but the father of Grecian poetry was not long without an able defender. This was Madame Dacier, who replied to La Mothe in the preface to her Iliad. But this was not all; a special work "*On the Causes of the Corruption of Taste*," enabled her to develop her principles more at length. La Mothe did not consider himself as beaten in the argument, and rejoined in his *Reflections on Criticism*, a treatise that did not contain much more than the author's former objections presented under a new form, with the addition of certain details and some facts omitted in the prolegomena of his translation. As the two antagonists defended their cause with obstinacy, the dispute seemed as if it would never end. At length, Fenelon was solicited to arbitrate the matter, who, like a wise man, decided for neither the one party nor the other; but, in one of his works, has very justly and prudently observed: "I do not set up the ancients as models without imperfections; "I do not wish to deprive any one of the hope of surpassing them; on the contrary, I am anxious to see the moderns superior in virtue of the study of the ancients which they shall have excelled." This we take to be an excellent judgment, brief and to the point. He lays it down to be as harmful to disdain the classic models, as to march fanatically in their footsteps. As for Homer, he declares him to have been a mighty genius; and we believe, most European writers, as well as scholars, ever since—those, at least, whose productions are likely to survive their own age,—have been, and are of the same opinion.

Around these literary chiefs were ranged men of secondary talent, who envenomed the contest by a succession of injurious libels. Thus, though La Mothe and Madame Dacier had publicly made their peace, the debate was not extinguished with their animosity. Fire lurked beneath the ashes of the conflagration throughout the eighteenth century; and frequently there sprang forth jets of flame, fanned by the breath of Marivaux, Diderot, and Condorcet, who upheld the cause of the moderns and of national literary progress. At the commencement of the present century, the controversy was renewed with more ardour than ever.

Voltaire, who had been somewhat of a stickler for antiquated systems, as shown in his opposition to La Mothe, after he had visited England about the year 1730, when he had breathed the air of poetical as well as political freedom, began to adopt opinions directly contrary to those he had previously maintained. And Marmontel, his disciple and admirer, imbibed literary ideas analogous to those of his master. The theoretic reflexions of these men were not without their influence on literature. Diderot lost no opportunity of exalting the natural above the artificial, either in his writings or conversation. At his call many men arose to justify and continue the notion he had auspiciously embraced. Before all the rest Beaumarchais declared himself his feudatory, maintaining the cause of the more natural



drama—both by theory and practice: In 1767, he gave to the theatre and the public his *Eugénie*, prefacing it with a defence of the new system. But one more advanced, in point of theory, than either La Mothe, Diderot, or Beaumarchais, was Sébastien Mercier, author of the *Tableau de Paris*, whose dramatic pieces, while they were censured by the critics, were run after in crowds by the populace. His "*Essay on the Dramatic Art*," printed in 1773, is one of the most astonishing works that have appeared in the French language. A wonderful spirit of freedom breathes throughout, and the author treats poetical questions without any regard to the reigning prejudices. Neither Montesquieu, Rousseau, Buffon, Voltaire, La Harpe, nor Marmontel, had exhibited such complete literary independence. M. Michiels describes it as the finest piece of criticism published in the eighteenth century; it rose as far above all others, as the dialogues of Perrault predominated over those of the anterior epoch. In 1802, Mercier published in French the *Joan of Arc* of Schiller, and several other Germanic creations. In this respect, he may be said to be the precursor of Madame de Staël. And in his philosophical opinions, inasmuch as he was the warm admirer of Kant, he may be regarded as the annunciator and forerunner of M. Cousin. It is through him chiefly that such an influx of new words and expressions has been introduced into the French tongue. Our author denies to Mercier, however, the possession of genius in the full sense of that term: but what he failed in was supplied by three other eminent characters—Buffon, Bernardin, and Rousseau. The *Etudes de la Nature* of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, published in 1784, had the same kind of success that all books have which are entirely new in their ideas or their style. This work and its complement, the *Harmonies de la Nature*, belong both to philosophy and criticism. We find in them a theology and æsthetics of nature, worthy of the highest attention, as well as observations on the human heart and the poetic sentiments of which French literature had till then not known the existence or the power. Bernardin may be said to hit the mean between Buffon on the one hand, and Rousseau on the other, and to unite the latter author to Chateaubriand, being in some sort the disciple of Jean-Jacques, as well as the intellectual father of the living writer. "Jean-Jacques, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Chateaubriand," says Michiels, "are three magnificent trees grown on the same hill, producing from the same soil a diversity of flowers and of verdant beauties."

There is one branch of literature we must not here forget, in which the French have always been allowed to excel, namely, the composition of letters and epistolary correspondence. "That love of nature, lively sensibility, and consciousness of a propitious Deity regulating all the phenomena of the universe, were developing themselves at this period so spontaneously," says our author, "that

the driest and most classic of souls exhibited themselves as innovators in their familiar writings. From 1778 to 1785, two old men, two authors equally tedious, held a correspondence, now in part published. These letters, very different from their works, are full of an intrinsic fervour, of a brilliant imagination, and of a sustained enthusiasm that might cause them to be taken for the production of our day." These correspondents were Ducis and the immoveable, supercilious, and fastidious Thomas. We give a passage from a letter of the former on the death of his mother, to which we fear our translation will hardly do justice:—

I render thanks to Providence for having made me her son, and I supplicate him with tears to re-unite me to her in a better sojourn. Her malady was wholly an exercise of resignation and patience. The angel of peace never quitted her couch. Oh! if I had been able to gather from her lips the impressions of religion, of faith, of love, of hope, which sustained her even to her last sigh!—No—death destroyed not the natural grace of her form: the signs of external predestination were upon her forehead!—Oh my mother!

I have learnt from her the great lesson of the man and the christian; to suffer.—I will now keep silence over my misfortunes, and hope that my secret griefs will be taken account of in a world where all is justice and truth. My dear friend, I have put my trust in the God of my mother. I ask of him to die as she did, under his celestial benediction. I shall never love any one without wishing him a death as sweet and as holy as hers.

In another part, Ducis has this beautiful and charming metaphor:

Alas! my dear friend, you are right: upon this great river of life, among so many barks which descend rapidly never to go back, it is yet a happiness to have found in one's little boat some good souls who are willing to blend their stores with yours, and to have their heart in common with you. One hears the dash of the wave which tells us that we are passing, and one casts a look upon the varied scene of the shore which recedes from the sight.

As we have already said, the war against the ancients and the imitation of their forms, though somewhat tranquillised, was yet prolonged in France till the end of the last age, to be resumed with greater vigour at the opening of the present. Some men whom poetry interested only in an accessory manner, sought to get rid of what they considered a usurpation. D'Allembert attacked it in three different circumstances: "Since poetry," said he, "is an imaginative art, there can be no longer poetry when one is bound to repeat the imagination of others. Our best writers agree that phrases, and, if we may so speak, the formulas of poetic language, are insipid in prose. And why?—because this language has been invented for near three thousand years, and the kind of ideas which it includes is become tedious and irksome. Analogous to the effect which a servile imitation of the classic authors might have upon

French literature, would surely be that which should arise from too close a leaning to the modern systems of foreigners. Hellenism might cramp or destroy the just development of a national literature in France; but so also would the imitation of English, German, and Spanish ideas. The first work which turned the regards of the French towards England were some letters (*Lettres sur les Anglais et les Français*) published in 1725, but written thirty years before, by a certain de Muralt. The writer forms as harsh a judgment on English literature, and affects the same disdainful superiority on the part of that of his own countrymen, as the author of *Zaire*. This work was not, however, without its ability. Voltaire enlarged the sphere of this new light thrown upon the literary mind of France, and from this circumstance may be dated the introduction of English intellectual influence. His own *Letters on the English* appeared in 1731, displaying less of admiration than surprise, while moral and political liberty alone obtains his unmixed encomium. The national fatuity shows itself in every line; when he praises, it is with a kind of secret astonishment that barbarians are capable of meriting his approbation. Such, it is well known, is the manner in which he treats Shakespeare: the grandeur of "nature's dramatist" struck him with amazement, but his *bizarries* alarmed him. Frederic Schlegel, speaking of the predilection of the French at this period for the poetical literature of England, remarks, that even Voltaire had made much use of it in particular instances, not only without acknowledgment, but in the midst of perpetual sarcasms against Milton and Shakspeare. M. Michiels truly and neatly observes:—

Circumstances favoured the success of the *Lettres sur les Anglais*: the parliament condemned them: they were burnt by the hand of the executioner and proscribed by the sovereign pontiff. From that time they had an immense success; their action was even more palpable than the author could have desired. Sympathy for England did not restrain itself within the boundaries whereby he would have wished to circumscribe it. He had imposed prodigious restrictions, but the public imposed none: Shakspeare was read, admired, and this admiration became so strong that Voltaire was desperately mortified at the extent of his own influence. He essayed to reclose the sluice opened by himself; but the violence of the current would not permit him. Good ideas are more powerful than the promulgators; as soon as they have seen the light, they advance all alone, and pass on in defiance of all obstructions even from their producer. The satire against the English theatre, which he wrote under the name of Jérôme Carré, produced not the least effect; he rallies Shakspeare in the most absurd and pitiful manner. It is then evident how little he understood him; every arrow that he sends abandons its direction and returns to strike himself. The profound thoughts, the eloquent words, the touching scenes, which place Hamlet in the first rank among tragic chefs-d'œuvres, only inspired in him silly sarcasms; one would pronounce him indeed a *lourd* and heedlessly

a talisman of which he knows not the mysterious efficacy. Nor does he rest here : but after quarrelling with Shakespeare, throws himself upon Otway, and in his ill humour, applies to him the most violent *gourmades*.

"The study of our past times leaves them," says he, "little of hope ; we there see bad systems and vicious principles of criticism ever triumphant. The authors who have truly understood the art have never been comprehended by the nation. Even the most brilliant fame has not insured them against this evil. Neither Beaumarchais, nor Bernardin de St. Pierre, nor Chateaubriand, nor Madame de Staël, nor MM. Cousin, Sismondi, and Guizot, have ever been able to cause their ideas to be appreciated. Nobody in France looks upon them as critical theorists. The men, who alone possessed the knowledge of the true literary problems, and who have not obtained any great celebrity by other merits, have disappeared in the great abyss. Saint-Sorlin, Perrault, La Mothe, Sébastien Mercier, and the anonymous of 1825, have either had no auditory, or no success. Lastly, not the least attention has been paid to the remarkable work of M. Bénard. Why should this any longer be the case ?"

Whilst Voltaire was thus employed in denouncing Shakspear, a young enthusiast, Ducis, caused to be represented before the auditory of Mérope, an imitation of Hamlet, which met with their applause, and that not momentaneous, but enduring for fifty years. The public favour encouraged Ducis to continue his undertakings, and he produced, as adapted to the French stage, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, &c. Thus, on French boards, were exhibited the principal creations of Shakspear's genius. "Voltaire écumait de rage. Il tonnait, priait, menaçait, puis, de guerre lassé, éclatait en sanglots, pleurant la mort, la mort éternelle du bon goût"!! But his indignation and contempt rose still higher when he heard of Letourneur's intended translation of the English poet. He wrote to D'Alembert, La Harpe, and Marmontel, soliciting their interference to put a stop to these abominable pasquinades, as he was pleased to call the Shaksperian Dramas. This was in the year 1776. Letourneur however proceeded, and thus rendered service to the cause of literary progress in France. He understood his work, and the kind of influence that his translations would exercise. Hervey, Young, Sterne, Richardson, as well as the "immortal William," were introduced by him to the Gallic intellect and taste. His prefaces and notes set him above the calling of a mere interpreter; and those to his Shakspeare give him the right to an important place in the history of French letters.

About this period Germany also began to attract the regards of the French literary world. The works of Gessner and of Haller, being translated, obtained great favour, more especially the former. Friedel published in ten volumes the chefs-d'œuvres of the German theatre, the baron d'Holbach clothed *Louisa* in a French costume, and *Werther* appearing in 1775, was soon naturalized on the French soil, and caused there the most lively sensation. Its succes wass

prodigious ; not only was it read with rapture the most intense, but imitations of it continued to be published for thirty years. The most successful imitators were a young Alsatian, Louis Ramond, who died in 1827, and Bonneville, somewhat kindred in fortune to our Chatterton, whose sufferings he relates. These, and the Delilles, the Rouchers, the Saint-Lamberts, and all the descriptive poets, helped to bring about the intellectual revolution, of which, as of the political, we now feel and witness the effects.

The literature of the revolutionary period of 1789 presents two dominant characteristics. While on the one side it turned suddenly and with redoubled affection towards the ancients, (and admiration of Sparta, Athens, and Rome, which for a long time had been inculcated in youth, was one of the principal causes, according to our author, that had determined the explosion of '89),—on the other, it explored unknown regions of the thought and fancy. Among the poets, the chief of the first movement,—those who have the best title to that character,—were André Chénier, Lebrun, and Lémercier. Like the demagogues of the time, these men sought innovation by leaning only on the Greeks and Romans. They studied the antique art with more of moral liberty and intelligence than their predecessors ; and Chénier in particular wished to revive it in its native simple force and plastic rudeness. Modern literature seemed to them, as more feeble and effeminate. But no special work came forth to illustrate and establish the purer innovation ; its partisans of the *Fructidor* defended and urged its adoption on their own sole authority. “The men who were to glorify it,” says M. Michiels, “were receiving at that time the severe lessons of adversity. Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Nodier, Senancour, the brothers de Maistre, heard divine justice speaking in the bloody drama which was enacting before their eyes. They were destined first to create those virgin forms which lay beyond the imaginative range of the followers of Greece. Their genius, indeed, arose later, but as a recompense, with more of fascination and éclat.

Republican poetry is in general miserable and trivial enough ; the prose of course much superior ; and this was the case in France. There are brilliant passages in the speeches of Mirabeau ; but extracts might be given from the writings of men of less note equally brilliant, as being the language of passion. Our historian favours us with several, taken from the remains of Saint-Just, Robespierre, Danton, Isnard, Hebert, and others of the same class. The *Institutions* of Saint-Just contains this extraordinary passage: Posterity ! thou shalt bless thy fathers, thou shalt know what it hath cost them to procure freedom ! Their blood now moistens the dust which enfranchised generations are to animate. Every one who bears a sensible heart in his bosom will respect and honour our courage.

God, the protector of truth, since thou hast brought me among wicked and perverse men, it was doubtless to unmask them ! Policy had reckoned much upon this notice, that no one would dare to attack men of celebrity surrounded by a grand illusion. I have thrown from me all such weakness ; truth alone is what I regard, and I have spoken it.

Circumstances are difficult for those only who fear death. I look forward to it as a beneficent provision of Providence, that I may no longer behold the impunity of crimes plotted against my country and humanity. Surely, it is but a small thing to quit a miserable life, in which one is condemned to live either the accomplice or the powerless witness of crime. This matter of which I am made, and which now addresses you, I despise. It can be persecuted, and made to suffer death ; but I defy persecution to rob me of that independent life of which I am assured in eternity and the heavens."

Perhaps the finest poetic effusion that ever proceeded from the inspiration of the democratic muse, is the *Hymn to the Supreme Being*, composed by Joseph Chénier. It may be looked upon, indeed, as an ode of Lamartine's written thirty years before his time. We can only give a few stanzas, and in the original :

" Source de vérité, qu'outrage l'imposture,  
De tout ce qui respire éternel protecteur,  
Dieu de la liberté, père de la nature,  
Créateur et conservateur !

O loi ! seul incréé, seul grand, seul nécessaire,  
Auteur de la vertu, principe de la loi,  
Du pouvoir despotique immuable adversaire,  
La France est debout devant toi.

Tu poses sur les mers les fondements du monde,  
Ta main lance la foudre et déchaîne les vents :  
Tu luis dans ce soleil dont la flamme féconde  
Nourrit tous les êtres vivants.

La courrière des nuits, perçant les sombres voiles  
Traîne, à pas inégaux, son cours silencieux :  
Tu lui marques sa route, et d'un peuples d'étoiles  
Tu semas la plaine des cieux.

Tes autels sont épars dans le sein des campagnes,  
Dans les riches cités, dans les autres déserts,  
Aux angles des vallons, au sommet des montagnes,  
Au haut du ciel, au fond des mers.

Mais il est, pour la gloire, un sanctuaire auguste,  
Plus grand que l'empyrée et ses palais d'azur :  
Dieu lui-même, habitant le cœur de l'homme juste,  
Y goûte un encens libre et pur.

Dans l'œil étincelant du guerrier intrépide  
En traits majestueux tu gravas ta splendeur ;  
Dans les regards baisés de la vierge timide  
Tu plaças l'aimable pudeur.

Sur le front du vieillard la sagesse immobile  
Semble rendre avec loi les décrets éternels :  
Sans parents, sans appui, l'enfant trouve un asile  
Devant les regards paternels." etc., etc.

M. Michiels commences his second book with an interesting and instructive essay on the genius and works of Madame de Staël. We regret that we cannot linger on this chapter, and we proceed, therefore, to notice a publication whose appearance may be said have constituted a grateful epoch in the career of French æsthetic literature ;—we allude to the *Génie du Christianisme*. Its author, M. de Chateaubriand, has been compared to two of our own countrymen of considerable note,—Edmund Burke and Dr. Southey ; not that he is as shining and powerful an orator as the one, nor as good a poet as the other, but that his mind exhibits many of the characteristics that have been displayed by each. Of the two, however, he most resembles Southey, and that resemblance is perceived not only in the manner in which he has employed the ample resources of his enthusiastic and gifted mind, but even in the direction of many of his tastes. He is truly an æsthetic writer. There is in him the disposition to let the imagination preside over the judgment, and to resolve matters of speculation into matters of feeling. But when this is not carried beyond the bounds of moderation, so as to compromise the interests of virtue and religion, who shall say that it is to be unconditionally deprecated ? And when, on the contrary, it happens that those interests are thereby fortified and strengthened, such disposition would appear amiable and commendable. The object of the work to which we have just referred, is thus described by M. de Chateaubriand. It had been maintained, he says, that Christianity was “ a religion sprung from barbarism, absurd in its doctrine, ridiculous in its ceremonies, and hostile to the progress of arts and literature ;”—and he undertakes to add to the evidences of the beauty and truth of our common faith, by endeavouring to prove that “ of all religions that have ever existed the Christian religion is the most poetical, the most favourable to liberty, to the arts and to literature ; that the modern world owes every thing to it, from agriculture to abstract science, from the humblest asylum for the unfortunate to the temples built by Michael Angelo and embellished by Raphael ; that it favours talent, purifies taste, and invigorates thought—that it offers noble images to the writer, and perfect models to the artist ; and that it is desirable to call all the enchantments of imagination, and all the interests of the heart, to the aid of that religion against which they have been employed.”

Who shall say that if Chateaubriand succeeded in this attempt, he

did not render distinguished service to the cause of human advancement, and advancement founded upon a right basis? Assuredly, at the close of a scoffing age, after all the storms to which Christianity had been exposed, and when the last echoes of their thunders were not yet lost in the distance, it required some courage, even then, to descant thus on the grandeur of Christ, to celebrate the miracles of a pure faith, and to set up a new literary theory in the face of the ancient poetics. All this good service, however, seemed to be required at the moment it came. Multitudes were weary of the state of irreligion and spiritual drought which had for a long time been withering and corroding, like a blight, all productions and efforts of the mind. "Religion, nature, the grandeur and misery of man, the surges of restless passion, the sad reveries of a soul without attachments,—from all these profound sources the author has drawn the materials that he offers for our healing and consolation." The *Génie du Christianisme* is divided into four parts: the first treats of dogma and doctrine; the second, of poetry; the third, of the fine arts and literature; and the fourth, of worship and the services rendered to society by the faith of our forefathers. Of these the second and third would alone seem to require our attention, inasmuch as they comprise the author's views and principles of literature and art. But the whole work really forms but a system of poetics. When Chateaubriand places the feebleness of the religions, conception of antiquity, the vices of its myths, the absurdities of its god, in opposition to, or in comparison with the greatness, the glory, and majesty of Christian teachings, he pleads the cause of modern poets; for the idea of the supreme Being recurs incessantly in art, and furnishes it with a multitude of resources, while it permits the acquirement of a multitude of most beneficent and unequalled effects. The more this nation becomes purified and elevated, the more it elevates and purifies the soul of poets,—which is thereby sustained and assisted more and more, and many a horizon of thought and fancy becomes unveiled to it, which could not possibly be discerned even from the height of anterior systems. Hence, the work acquires certain merits antecedently unknown. The peculiar bent of his genius urges Chateaubriand to make known the whole worth of these benefits; and the picturesque side of things is that which makes the most vivid impression upon. Hence when we should expect to find only theological abstractions, we are treated with a succession of literary remarks. He has explained the relations of Christianity with poetry, nature, the being of man, and the wants of society; and you may admit his views without partaking of his convictions. He bears a torch into the ruins of a half-demolished age, and we make use of his light to judge of its plan and style, and discover its grandeur; but we preserve our own habits of mind, and depart as from a magic dream in which, for a few hours, we had felt reawakened within us the illusions of the past.



The literary doctrines upheld by Chateaubriand are often novel, though he does not depart from certain recognised principles of criticism of long standing. For instance, while he admits that the moderns are in general more learned, ingenious, and subtle, and often times even more interesting in their compositions, than the ancients, he yet allows the latter to possess more simplicity, grandeur, tragic power, copiousness, and, above all, more truthfulness. Classic recollections pervade all his discourses. He is, however, we think, inconsistent with himself when he lays down a maxim that would go to annihilate as epic poems "*The Paradise Lost*" and the *Divine Commedia*; that maxim being that in all works of a poetic kind, "men and their passions are made and fitted to occupy the first and grandest place. Thus, every poem in which religion is employed as the subject and not as an *accessory*, in which the marvellous is the *foundation* and not the *accident* of the piece, sins essentially in its very basis." He draws thence the somewhat singular corollary, that modern times do not furnish more than two fine epic subjects, the one being the *Crusades*, and the other the *Discovery of the New World*. Now, this last subject not having had the honour to occupy the attention of a sufficiently gifted mind, (for the *Colombiad* by Joel Barlow is excluded from consideration,) the *Jerusalem Delivered* of Tasso becomes, according to this doctrine, the sole heroic production of which the Christian era is able to boast. We cannot follow M. Michiels through any further analysis of the works of this celebrated French author, and excellent man. We will therefore conclude this part of our article with an extract describing in the words of our historian the effect produced by the publication of the *Genius of Christianity*.

It was for his successor to analyse the other characteristics of romanticism; if they had displayed the same intelligence as their chief, that vast mole would have been entirely constructed, and ignorance, folly, the love of routine, would dash themselves against it in frantic foam. Unfortunately, far from providing the stone and extending the mound, they have not even comprehended the terminated works. When the author had finished his labour, the critics of all the literary provinces hastened to demolish it as quickly as possible. The nature of their objections proves that its sense had escaped them, and that they did not at all suspect its drift. Eight years later it inspired in Marie-Joseph Chénier but bitter words. The *Anti-Romantique*, an anonymous book published during 1816, does not even mention Chateaubriand among the innovators; the warlike champion reserves all his strokes for Madame de Staël, M. de Sismondi, and William Schlegel. In fine, the official critics of the modern school have invariably disowned him, as we shall demonstrate below\*. They caused to be enacted

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\* "I had just published this chapter in a periodical repertory," says M. Michiels, "when I received the following letter from M. de Chateau-

towards him the part of those opulent proprietors, whose iniquitous heirs seize the property *et cachent le portrait.*"

M. Michiels devotes a very interesting chapter of his work to an elucidation of the plan or basis of classic or ancient literature in contradistinction to that of the moderns. The two, it must be confessed, present many points of dissimilarity. Not only must this groundwork vary with successive ages in respect of many important particulars, but nearly all the external modifications which change the aspect of art, proceed from this very vicissitude. In proof of this position we are favoured with an examination of the essential basis of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, of the generic characteristics of the classic drama as exhibited to us in the works of *Æschylus*, *Euripides*, and *Sophocles*; of comedy and the ode, as represented by *Aristophanes* and *Pindar*; of ancient architecture, politics, and religion. From which discussion the conclusion is drawn that the aspect under which modern times are presented to us is materially modified; and two famous examples, taken from the paths of painting and sculpture,

briand, whom I had not the honour to know personally; it breathes a courteousness worthy of his genius:—

"Paris, 8 Février, 1841.

"J'ai lu, monsieur, avec un extrême reconnaissance, non pas votre article, mais votre bel et savant ouvrage sur *le Génie du Christianisme*. Tous les défauts que vous reprochez à mon travail s'y trouvent en effet et je les traite plus sévèrement que vous dans mes *Mémoires*. Du reste, depuis l'époque de la publication du *Génie du Christianisme*, j'ai mille fois combattu dans mes divers écrits les erreurs sur les arts et sur les principes dans lesquelles j'étais tombé. Il restera pourtant vrai que j'ai posé les premiers fondements de cette critique moderne que tout le monde suit aujourd'hui, en montrant ce que la religion chrétienne a changé dans les caractères des personnages dramatiques et dans les descriptions de la nature, en chassant les dieux des bois. Ce sont là deux résultats dont je me contente, moi qui n'ai aucune prétention à la critique. Je crois aussi avoir porté un rude coup au voltairianisme, et, si cela est, j'aurai rendu un grand service à la société. Au surplus, monsieur je me permets de causer avec vous, comme vous avez eu la bonté de causer avec moi dans votre article : revenu de tout, je n'attache aucun prix à ce que j'ai fait, ni à ce que je pourrais faire. Les éloges me font toujours un très-grand plaisir, parce que tout vieux que je suis, je suis homme; mais très-sincèrement, je ne crois pas les mériter. La foi me marque en toute chose, excepté en religion : voilà pourquoi les volumes de critiques auxquelles j'ai été exposé ne m'ont jamais blessé, parce que je me suis toujours dit : 'On a peut-être raison.'

"Vous, monsieur, vous maniez la critique avec tant de sûreté et de grâce que je n'aurais à me plaindre que de votre indulgence. Agréez, je vous prie, avec mes félicitations, mes remerciements les plus empressés et l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

"CHATEAUBRIAND."

namely, Poussin and Michael Angelo, are produced to serve as the terms of comparison. The actual state and character of religion, politics, and literature are appealed to as corroborative of such conclusion. It is maintained that if literature be truly the social mirror, the interior construction of a poem ought to present the same organization as the epoch in which the author happens to live. Of this the antique world has already given us a proof. The view which our author takes of the nature of the change that has taken place in the foundations of literature, thus rendering a different superstructure likewise necessary, is thus stated :—

At the instant that the mortal agonies of pagan civilization commence, the world becomes the property of one man. The peoples of the East and the West, of the North and the South, bend before the throne of Augustus. This symptom announces that the death-warrant of antiquity has just been signed by Providence. Its aspect changes ; power passes from the hands of the nation, and of the bodies that represent it, to the hands of an individual : Collective life, the first condition of its existence, languishes and dies under the regards of a master. Scarcely is the emperor wreathed with the diadem than Rome is seized with a prophetic tremour. She grows pale in the midst of her fêtes ; her knees falter, unable to support the weight of her body : she feels herself expiring.

But by an admirable foresight of nature, the causes of ruin are at the same time causes of reproduction. The principle of individuality, which laid paganism in the dust, proceeds to render that dust fruitful, and to generate thence a new world.

And first, Jesus announces himself as the son of God. Many reject him, but those who believe in him confound the religion which he brings with the adoration of his person. None among them would dare to isolate his words. It is a Word, an incarnate revelation, a dogma made personal. The God which he proclaims, has no resemblance to the innumerable gods of polytheism : his presence occupies the whole immensity. There is nothing that does not proceed from him, nothing which does not return to him ; a veritable unity, that of the first cause, replaces the abstract unity, the purely harmonic unity of the earlier period. Meanwhile the Nazarene receives the investiture of the western hemisphere with the crown of thorns, the derisive palm branch, and the cloak of sanguine purple. He dies ; and years glide away ; the elements of the empire already fly from each other, as magnetic needles whose like poles are placed *en présence*. Bishops succeed to municipal authorities ; then, when the Germanic hatchet has cut up the empire, the new nations choose each a king, from the chiefs who conducted them to battle. Time is constantly on the march, and anon, feudality is instituted. The emperor, as the representative of material power, becomes the head of this military hierarchy ; behind him, come the monarchs ; behind the monarchs, appear the dukes and counts ; and after these, the knights and inferior feudatories. Wherever we turn our eyes we encounter a man as the centre of an action. The individual reigns ; it is he who commands, rewards and punishes ; the laws have been dead a long time, and the city is no longer anything but a word.

M. Michiels proceeds to show how the church is subject to the like organization. Everywhere man exercises a direct influence over man. Architecture is changed to accommodate itself to new ideas and a fresh order of things. So also the epopee and the drama. In poetry, as in the reality of modern life, the individual connects with himself every thing by which he is environed. But when M. Michiels asserts that lyric poetry, even according to his own definition of it, as constantly employed on the inmost emotions of the mind, did not really exist before the introduction of Christianity, we think he suffers himself to be carried too far from the real facts of the case in his desire to uphold a favourite theory. The novel or romance, a species of writing unknown to the ancients, inasmuch as it fixes attention either on the good or ill fortunes of individuals, or upon the agitations of their souls, in a manner very different from the machinery of the antique drama, discloses, it must be confessed, of itself alone, the growing force of modern individuality, from its first appearance in the third century of our era down to the present time, in which it is become so popular and flourishing. "Our comedy," says M. Michiels, "has for its exclusive end the portraiture of character. Our philosophy is born of psychology, that is to say, of the analysis which the individual causes his own faculties to submit to Descartes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Reid, Dugald Stewart, Kant, Fichte, Hegel are especially psychologists. Grecian thought, on the contrary, never stepped out of the domain of objectivity. And this is proved by the different systems, cosmogonical and ontological. In the natural sciences we have replaced by the observation or study of the special laws of every object, the proud hypotheses of antiquity, that sought to impose their theories on nature. And not only have critics not observed this difference, but poets, who have taken the ancients for their models, have not perceived it. They wished to copy their manner, and neglected from the first the most essential point; —the more difficult it is to imitate the art of a period too remote, the more absurd is it to wish to cast off one's own proper nature. The classicists, in thinking to restore Greece, have built their works upon the modern foundation. Now, it is almost always an individual that constitutes their pivot, and not an event or action."

It was M. de Bonald, in a work published, in 1802, (*La Législation primitive*) who for the first time unfolded the maxim, that literature is the expression of society; and hence his literary opinions are the consequence of his doctrine. Having traced the progress and changes of the religious and the political states of society from ancient times to the present; he passes on to the belles-lettres, which he finds pursuing an analogous march; and this similitude appears to him to confirm the general law, which, according to this theory, governs history. If then, the long dispute with respect to the labours of the ancients and the moderns has never produced any satisfactory

results, it is, because our principal attention has been fixed on the works themselves, without ascending to the primary causes, without inquiring on what principles the parallel ought to be based. Literature being the mirror of society, its revolutions suppose that the civil world has changed before it. The extension of the social sphere has reflected itself in art, and this not only in regard to manners, ideas, and characters, but also as respects the design and plan, the poetic organism, as it were; and this again reproduces with a perfect exactitude the complication more or less obvious, the extent more or less vast, of the social system. Now, the Greek tragedy, compared to the modern drama, is of a marvellous simplicity. It never offers more than one sole and unique situation; no intrigue, no movement; when the positions of the actors change, the piece is at an end. Hence, modern imitators of the classic writers have been obliged, in order to give interest to their pieces, to unite two or three Greek plots into one. They satisfy in some sort the requirements of a modern audience by following a law of romanticism. In this respect, indeed, the Spanish, English, and German theatres differ from that of Athens. A drama of Shakspeare, of Göthe, of Calderon, or of Schiller would have discouraged Sophocles. In beholding such a variety of scenes, actors, and catastrophes he would have lost all hope of ever erecting a frame-work so ingenious, and so prodigiously complicated. Our dramatic pieces are therefore more instinct with life, more attractive, of a more laborious execution, and have a more pathetic effect; action is substituted for long tirades, and movement for harangues. We are not compelled to have recourse to the chorus in order to lengthen out the piece to a convenient dramatic extent. The conditions of this kind of composition are thus much better fulfilled by us.

Passing from the mention of the system of M. de Bonald, and the conclusions which our author draws from it, we come to the *Historical Sketch of the State and Progress of French Literature since 1798*, by Marie Joseph Chénier, a work of a very different calibre, and stated to have been read before Napoleon, on the 27th of February, 1808. "One would think," says M. Michiels, "that one heard *un bâtarde de Voltaire* prating with the like assurance, the like thoughtlessness, the like puerility, without possessing either his grace or his talents. There are in every page irrevocable decisions, insignificant maxims, vulgar or absurd judgments pronounced with the tone of an oracle. In this deluge of false ideas, of comic sentences, some passages more diverting than others fix the attention. Chénier expresses himself in the following manner upon the account of Göthe. "All that we have to remark with commendation, is, that M. Göthe ventures to imitate Racine and Voltaire, and that is a great deal for a German!"

Among the historians of the literature of France, one of the most respectable every way, is M. de Barante, who, as a critic, lays claim

to a very different sort of importance from those whose productions we have just glanced at. His *History of French Literature during the Eighteenth Century* is to be reckoned among the best publications of that kind. It contains but very few new ideas, however ; its style is pure, elegant, and earnest ; the author knows how to appreciate men, governments, and poetic creations in a manner both independent and original. We are greatly indebted to M. Michiels for a brief but expressive summary of M. de Barante's essay. Together with the work of Chateaubriand, it is, perhaps, the most judicious critical production that appeared from 1800 to 1810. While M. de Barante broaches views of human destiny, and of course of human history, quite opposed to the chance system of Voltaire, it may be questioned if he does not go a little too far in the other extreme. Voltaire, with many others, had hitherto regarded history as the product of circumstances and of volitions more or less judicious, under the influence and guidance of grand positions : the fate of the world thus depended on the caprice of events and of mankind ; ignorant, blind chance had the disposal of the happiness or misery of nations. Humanity appeared to him, as it has to some other modern system-makers, to be following a regular and destined course. From the reunion of men, and their habitual commerce, arises according to him, as M. Michiels well observes, a certain progression of sentiments, of ideas, of reasonings, which nothing is able to suspend. "This is what we call," he he says, "the march of civilization ; it brings on epochs at one time peaceable and virtuous, at another criminal and agitated. Our tastes, our opinions, our habitual impressions depend upon it in great part." This connection together of all human facts and thoughts, led him to pass upon the eighteenth century a judgment which probably astonished many of his readers. It was in effect admitted as an indubitable principle, that the writers of that age had alone, by their sarcasms, their system, their works of every kind, expelled from the heart religious faith, the sentiment of good, sobriety of tastes, and deference for rank. To them were imputed the numerous evils that supervened some years later. On them was charged the destruction of the social fabric, and around their memory were evoked the blood-stained shade of the departed. M. de Barante undertook to remove these criminatory phantoms, and to show that the eighteenth century and the revolution were not to be attributed to literature, but to the general condition of the country and of the minds of men.

The literature of that epoch was not, then, according to his view, a conspiracy formed by authors to annihilate the ancient influences, nor a noble concert for the happiness of the human race ;—he adopts the maxim of M. de Bonald, and only sees therein the expression of society. Instead of disposing of the manners and opinions of a people, letters are rather the result of these ; they immediately depend

on them ; the form and spirit of a government, the habits of society, in a word the relations of men one with another, cannot undergo alteration, without a correspondent change, shortly afterwards, of literature. Thus, then, the progress of the latter is not more arbitrary and fortuitous than the march of society; the actual world envelops it in the general vortex,—both exhibiting an inevitable career. From which principle it follows, continues our historian, that authors are not wholly responsible for their ideas or their influence. Their direction is given to them by the age in which they live. "They are navigating a current, the rapidity of which their movements may accelerate, but they are indebted to it for the original impulsion." Their bad faith alone should bear testimony against them. If they seek truth in the uprightness of their hearts, we have no right to inquire as to the result of their teaching. They are, as it were, subaltern chiefs of a gigantic army; they go whithersoever the mysterious command of destiny directs and urges them. Such was the idea of M. de Barante, a practical fulfilment of the remark of M. de Bonald. It must be confessed, however, that it was a depreciating of literature, and assigning to it a too inferior position. Combatting exaggerated views of a contrary nature and tendency, the desire of victory carried M. de Barante beyond legitimate bounds; he has made of letters a simple mirror wherein the forms of life are represented, but having no other relation to it than the mere reflection of its image. Surely, literature as a whole is of nobler worth than this:—it is human thought in its pure and unmixed state. Now, no intellectual agency possesses equal power; and to class it thus far below its proper rank, is to do it grievous wrong. Authors, it is true, do not think wholly and solely from and of themselves; many reflections come to them from without, whether derived from remarkable men of various talent and intellectual pursuits, or from public opinion; for the secret, and, as it were, impalpable instinct of the mass of men works upon and obscurely influences them. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that they possess a vigorous action and a moral pre-eminence; a multiplicity of notions and ideas adopted at a later period by the multitude is first broached by them. Literature, or the mass of intellectual productions of an epoch, does not only, then, concludes M. Michiels, accelerate the course of civilization, involved in, and governed by, such course as it is, even without knowledge of the fact; but in many cases it resembles those maritime winds whose breath causes the vessel to ride gently over the tranquil and immoveable waters.

There is much power and harmoniousness of grouping in M. de Barante's picture of the eighteenth century. He knows how to combine his elementary details around their natural centres. The doctrine of sensation is perfectly examined in its principle and results; the hatred of the present, and the thirst for innovation,

which then prevailed, are judged with historical calmness. The author describes in a firm and able manner the general course of that period. He is said by some to have been too severe and unjust towards the character of Rousseau; and he has, according to our historian, the fault of censuring too harshly men of remarkable note, such as Beaumarchais and Diderot, who lose in his hands all their dignity and greatness, for he looks upon them as rebels and fanatics. "No Frenchman before M. de Barante," says M. Michiels, "dared to ascend directly to the middle age and to proscribe unreservedly the idolatry of the classics. Chateaubriand himself, enemy as he is of polytheism, had not perceived in the imitation of its works, a cause of the decline of our literature."

A short time before the appearance of M. de Barante's "*Tableau*," in 1809, was published a small work by William Schlegel, entitled *Comparaison de la Phèdre de Racine avec la Phèdre d'Éuripide*; in publishing which at Paris the author acquired the right of being ranked among those theorists who have modified French literature. At the time of its publication, the book excited much notice and a warm controversy. The journalists universally attacked the writer, which impelled Madame de Staël to come to his assistance, by the publication of her *Germany*. M. Michiels devotes a whole chapter to the discussion of the merits of this last work, but we cannot dwell upon it further than to cite a passage or two indicative of our author's view of its character, scope, and tendency.

"Chateaubriand had pointed out every thing that modern society, poetry, and art owe to the religion of Christ; Madame de Staël showed wherein they are indebted to the climate under which Christian nations live, to the Germanic race and to feudalism. She spoke of Shakspeare and the Drama; she investigated the relations subsisting between the philosophy and literature of the present day. Nascent *romanticism* grew many degrees under her hands; she naturalised the word in France, for it had passed unperceived in the preface of Letourneur, in the sketches and digressions of Obermann." \* \* \*

"To conclude, the book *De l'Allemagne* is a composition of the first order, and by its importance takes place by the side of the *Génie du Christianisme*, the Dialogues of Perrault and *L'Essai sur le Drame* of Mercier. Fashion has willed of late that it should be treated with contempt;—though the world has grown older by thirty years since the first edition of it was destroyed by the emperor, and though the science of literary facts has progressed since that epoch, nevertheless there is not at this hour one French critic in a condition to produce a work, I do not say relatively as good, but as good absolutely."

In 1810 Mépomucène Lemerrier commenced at the Athenæum of Paris his *Cours analytique de Littérature*, which he finished in 1811. Of all French writers he is, perhaps, the most able defender of the Hellenic theory. He even does not allow as much licence to the fancy as the ancient interpreter of the antique art. His doc-



trine occupies a middle line; he has his eyes perpetually turned towards the fertile shores of Greece:—"Are not the chefs-d'œuvre of Greece, in eloquence and poetry, recognized," he asks, "by all nations as the invariable types of the perfection of art? Of what avail, then, to the precepts of art, are those capricious suffrages which ignorance accords to a vicious style; at such a time or in such a place? Let us return to the true models, and from their examination will flow the laws of taste." In other parts of his work, however, he praises without intermission the prudence and the regularity of French classics. Far from overstepping the bounds within which the heathen imagination ranged, he does not even discern the whole extent of its career, and is anxious to confine poetry within the limits of his own individual conception.

M. Michiels having given a philosophical analysis of the labours of De Barante, Madame de Staël, Renjamin Constant, Sismondi, Guinguené, and some others who lent their assistance more or less to strengthen the re-action that had set in against the literature and the principles in vogue in the eighteenth century,—which re-action had been commenced by Chateaubriand, Senancour, Nodier, and De Maistre,—gives a short review of the state of French literature at the close of the empire, and concludes this portion of his labours with an impassioned philippic against Napoleon and his reign:—

"Meanwhile," says he, "fell that audacious Nimrod, who, for fifteen years had chased the nations, and sent his terrible trumpet-sound over Europe, every note of which was echoed by the groans of the dying or the desperate cries of the vanquished. The good of France required the fall of the conqueror. war was his life and his profession: he would have gone on slaying to the end of his days. Cities were to him only so many barracks, their territories but fields of battle, and men of every age and rank, but so many soldiers. Under his rule nothing was to be hoped for neither repose nor liberty of action: thought was equally a prisoner, art and poetry had no longer any independence. Painters were obliged to reproduce his grand achievements, musicians to furnish him with warlike melodies, poets to celebrate his victories and flatter his ambition. He imposed upon them even his literary tastes, and what tastes,—bon Dieu!—Works rewarded by his order, or only approved by him, are models of emphatic dulness and of prolix declamation. In the long run he would have stifled the human voice beneath the thunder of his cannonade. He has destroyed more gothic monuments by himself alone, than all revolutionists put together, a loss so much the more great and deplorable inasmuch as his own edifices are no compensation for them."

The general influence of the restoration upon literature is the opening topic of our historian's third book, from which he proceeds to discuss the works of MM. Cousin, De Dussault, Charles Nodier,—the *Vie de Corneille* by M. Guizot; and introduces, in the second chapter, some notice of *Considerations on the Literature and Society of the Nineteenth Century*, by M. Desmarais,—as well as of the opin-

ions of M. Victor Hugo. "In literature," says the latter, "as in everything else, there is but the good and the bad, the beautiful and the deformed, the true and the false;" and yet is he justly blamed for not exhibiting more often in his writings the good, the beautiful, and the true. Our author's remarks on the writings and genius of Villemain, which comprise several chapters, as well as of Alfred de Vigny, are especially interesting and instructive, but we have not space to allude to them at any greater length.

The government of July M. Michiels represents as *le règne des marchands*. Now, cupidity and trickery, insipidity of taste, the dislike of serious works have ever distinguished this class in all ages. It was an inevitable consequence then, that literature should decline under their influence. Authors, unless they possessed a peculiar elevation and force of mind (which indeed for the most part was wanting) could scarcely avoid being forced into the vortex of corruption. They descended forthwith, casting far from them all nobleness and rectitude, respect for the reader, and love of art,—“the wrecks of their honour sadly strewing and marking their downward passage.”

La vortice infernel, che mai mon resta,  
Mena gli spirti con la rapina,  
Voltando et percotendo gli molastá.”

Passing over, as we are obliged to do, many interesting chapters of M. Michiel's second volume, on which we should have wished to linger, particularly those wherein are discussed the merits of MM. Planche, Beranger, Nisard, Quinet, Duquesnel, and others, we come down to the period of 1840, and alight upon two very important works, the one being the *Æsthetic* of Hegel translated by M. Bénard, the other the original *Æsthetic* of M. Lamennais. In reference to the former, the translator remarks, that of all the sciences of which the domain of philosophy is composed, none has been less cultivated among his countrymen (the French), than that which treats of the beautiful, and which studies its manifestations. Its name is hardly known in France. The treatises of the Abbé Batteux and of the père André, the essay of Montesquieu on Taste, and the performance of Burke, some passages of Diderot and of other philosophers of the eighteenth century, are far from responding to the idea that ought to be formed at the present day of the art and science which seeks to determine its principles and its laws. This state of things it was that induced M. Bénard to translate the *Æsthetic* of Hegel, in doing which he has not confined himself to a literal version, but has given a detailed, strict, and elegant analysis of it, and being himself a man of true talent, he has produced an excellent book. He and M. Cousin are, perhaps, the only two Frenchmen who could have efficiently performed the task.

The *Æsthetic* of M. Lamennais contains only a system of parti-

cular arts. He has neglected the most abstract portion of the beautiful, in order to study more directly its real manifestations. Its general absolute characteristics engage his attention but for the moment, while its special forms interest him the more: Within these limits he is, however, entitled to the greatest praise: he has clothed some excellent ideas in a charming and attractive style. M. Michiels alleges against him, nevertheless, one fault, that of disowning the independence of the art, inasmuch as M. Lamennais asserts that the poet ought always to have utility for his end—"misceat utile dulci"—that his poems should directly serve some specific purpose. Such an opinion, according to our historian, destroys the very idea of the art; for that which distinguishes it among all human productions is in effect the exclusive investigation of the beautiful; and it is annihilated as soon as we seek to bend it to the constraint of precept; it would then become identified with logic and science. It has reference to ability only in a general and indirect manner; it exercises, ennobles and ameliorates the intelligence of man; it causes us to conceive and imbibe the love of great things; it presents to us unceasingly, as a regulating type, the ideal of life and of society.

These two books, which would seem to announce a *revivement* in French criticism, have not, however, it appears, produced any results; inasmuch as the critical art has continued as empty and as futile as before. The work of Hegel has excited no attention in France; not a journal, nor a review has said a word upon it: that of Lamennais has been read indeed, the fame of its author insuring it that advantage; and it has been comprehended and relished by some few choice spirits. But what censor, our author asks, has it rendered less frivolous?—what impression has it made?—of what benefit have these two works been to French literature? The good grain lies dormant in a barren soil.

French criticism then, in the present day, is in a very singular position. The theory of it has made some progress, and poetry and its concomitants have undergone great changes. The new school of literature has moved and gratified the public, who care little about classic art, which they do not understand,—and which may now be said to have nearly expired in France. The drama, poetry, romance, satire, song, and even history, erudition, and archæology are all "tempered with the waters from the modern fountain." Michelet, Augustin Thierry, de Barante in history have all substituted for the vagueness of classic abstraction the vivid and picturesque manner, the ideal and genuine spirit of modern poetry. A host of distinguished writers have endeavoured to rebuild, as it were, the literary structure of the middle age, while M. de Montalembert has declared himself the champion of the thirteenth century, and prefers it to all other historical periods. And is the new and truly philosophical school of French literati fully understood and appre-

ciated by the French nation at large? asks M. Michiels,—and from the concluding passage of his work it would appear that it is not:—

“The study of our past times leaves them,” says he, “little of hope; we there see bad systems and vicious principles of criticism ever triumphant. The authors who have truly understood the art have never been comprehended by the nation. Even the most brilliant fame has not insured them against this evil. Neither Beaumarchais, nor Bernardin de St. Pierre, nor Chateaubriand, nor Madame de Staël, nor MM. Cousin, Sismondi, and Guizot, have ever been able to cause their ideas to be appreciated. Nobody in France looks upon them as critical theorists. The men, who alone possessed the knowledge of the true literary problems, and who have not obtained any great celebrity by other merits, have disappeared in the great abyss. Saint-Sorlin, Perrault, La Mothe, Sébastien Mercier, and the anonymous of 1825, have either had no auditory, or no success. Lastly, not the least attention has been paid to the remarkable work of M. Bénard. Why should this any longer be the case?”

ART. VII.—*Prize Essay on the Construction of School-houses.*

By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT. Boston, U. S.

IN the United States of America *education*, and whatever bears upon this paramount concern, have for a series of years been obtaining the most marked and a constantly increasing degree of attention. The subject is viewed by the enlightened and the philanthropic among our Transatlantic brethren in every direction, and in all its relations; and so minute and detailed are the circumstances which are embraced in the survey, that even the construction and the internal arrangements of their school-houses are made the themes of practical discussion, and also of philosophic speculation, in books and elaborate essays. Among these writers and anxious reformers, we find the author of the publication named at the head of our paper, from whose pages and certain appendixes to them, we propose first of all to cite a few paragraphs, and then to throw out certain observations of a general nature, in reference to the passion for system and artificial arrangements in education, which of late years has been so strikingly manifested; attributing, as we intend to do, much more to what may be termed the contingents and accidents of an elementary course, than is usually accorded.

Mr. Alcott commences in the following manner:

That the general arrangement and appearance of even inanimate things around us, have an extensive influence in forming our character, will hardly be questioned. Every object, and every individual we see, either renders us more cheerful and happy, or the contrary. The condition of those subjects, therefore, which surround a collection of children, whether the number

of those children be five, fifty, or one hundred, must of necessity have a very considerable influence in forming their dispositions, and giving a determination to their future character.

Nor is their present comfort more a matter of indifference, than that of the same number of adults. Where is the parent to be found, who would select as a location for his dwelling, the junction of four roads, or a portion of the highway, or a sandbank, marsh, or swamp? Or who would choose for this purpose, a bleak hill, a wilderness, or some lowly and secluded spot, rarely visited by man or beast? With a few misanthropic exceptions, mankind love to dwell in any places offering a pleasant prospect. They are fond of having shade and fruit trees, shrubs, flowers, fountains, and green-sward around their dwellings. The number of those who prefer the disagreeable sight of barren hills, and fields, and sand-banks, or the nauseous and unwholesome exhalations of stagnant water, the barn-yard and the sty, to the fragrance and rich scenery alluded to, must certainly be small: yet what is more common than to find school-houses exposed to many of these evils, and sometimes to all of them combined? The strongest evidence is everywhere afforded, that in constructing and furnishing them, we too often consult our own convenience, rather than the comfort, welfare, and accommodation of our children. Location, size, structure, internal arrangement, and furniture—all combine to force upon our minds the same conclusion. The many dark, crowded, ill-looking, and sometimes disorderly and filthy huts, to be found in the country, called, or rather *mis*called school-houses, seem to have been provided as a kind of necessary evil, rather than as places of voluntary and cheerful resorts for the offspring of the proprietors.

The Essayist next goes into a number of details with regard to the size, the situation, the play-grounds, the lighting, &c., of school-houses. The internal arrangements are in due order considered,—such as the regulation of heat and of ventilation, the construction of seats and desks, the disposal of the seats in relation to the teacher's platform, and a variety of other particulars which we need not notice, the whole being illustrated by means of a drawing, and abounding with practical suggestions. From an appendix, however, by a Mr. Woodbridge, who had been for fifty years actively engaged in teaching, we extract certain scientific points of information, immediately relating to the subject of Alcott's essay. Mr. W. treats of the "Size and Ventilation of School-rooms," and says,—

The air we breathe is so common a blessing, that its value is not esteemed; and the importance of preserving its purity in schools, by constructing rooms of sufficient size, and providing ample means of ventilation, cannot be appreciated, without considering the influence which it has upon life, health, and mental vigour. The heart of a healthy individual, of mature age, beats about sixty-six times a minute, or four thousand times an hour; that of a child much faster. The whole mass of blood is supposed to pass through it, fourteen times an hour, or once in four minutes. After it returns through the veins to the *heart*, and before it is again sent out into the body, it is made to pass through the *lungs*, where it comes in contact with the air we

breathe, and undergoes several important changes. First, its temperature is raised several degrees. Secondly, its colour is changed, from a dark red to a light crimson, a change which the venous blood will undergo when drawn from the body and placed in the air. The whole mass of blood, thus altered every four minutes, conveys heat and nourishment and life to the lower extremities of the body; and if this process be interrupted, or imperfectly performed, for four minutes only, every organ and member of the body is of course more or less affected.

These changes cannot be produced without the presence of *oxygen*, or vital air; and they are produced in a healthy manner, only, by such a mixture as we find in a pure atmosphere, consisting of 20 per cent. of oxygen, and 80 of *nitrogen*. If an air less pure, or containing other gases, be breathed, these changes are not thoroughly produced; the lungs perform their task with difficulty; and the body and the limbs do not receive their due supply of nourishment and vital energy. They are even injured by the half corrupted state of the blood; and that weariness and languor are produced, which is always the consequence of spending some time in a bad air. Thus, the person who attends a crowded assembly; where the ventilation is not complete, will find lassitude, and often chills extending through every limb, and languor invading every faculty of the mind; a feverish, unpleasant taste in the mouth, a restlessness through the following night, and often a degree of exhaustion in the morning, like that which succeeds a night spent in travelling. In order, therefore, to preserve the body in health, even after it has gained maturity, and especially to supply it when it is growing, and invigorate the constitution when it is forming, it is of the highest importance, that the air should be in that state of purity which the Creator designed.

It is true that disease and death do not immediately follow every deviation from this standard; but it is also certain that some degree of injury must be produced; and such a reason for neglect is as insufficient, as it would be to excuse ourselves for giving our friends, or our children, food which was partially spoiled, or drink which was partially filthy, because it would not immediately destroy their lives or health. How preposterous and inexcusable would every one regard it, to give them their food constantly mingled with poison, or their drink with pernicious and loathsome insects. Yet it is not less inexcusable to furnish them with half corrupted air, or that which contains poisonous gases. The food is given but three times a day; while the air is administered every moment. The child is at liberty to receive or reject the food; but he is forced to breathe the air in which we place him. To put our children or friends in a room, which does not contain that supply of vital air, which is necessary for their breath, is not only to offer them a poison, but to compel them to take it. Who can tell how much evil has been ignorantly done in this manner—how much health and enjoyment has been destroyed—how many constitutions have been enfeebled? The multitude of pale faces and meagre forms to be found on our school benches, and in our colleges, and our manufactories, will answer the question in part.

The following is one fearful example of the effects of negligence on this point. In the Dublin Hospital, during the four years preceding 1785, two thousand four hundred and forty-four children, out of seven thousand six hundred and fifty, died within a fortnight after their birth; or thirty-eight out of every

hundred. The physician, Dr. Clark, suspected the cause, and introduced air by means of pipes six inches in diameter. The consequence was, that during the three years following, only one hundred and sixty-five died out of four thousand six hundred and forty-three; or less than four in a hundred. The fair conclusion, therefore, was, that two thousand six hundred and sixty-five children, of the previous years, died for want of pure air! We shudder at the the history of the "black hole of Calcutta;" but here was a sacrifice of life, eighteen times as great, in an institution of charity!

Not to dwell much longer on the importance of good ventilation and pure air, or on the fearful consequences of breathing that which is corrupted, the example said to have occurred at what are called the Black Assizes, held at the Old Bailey, in London, 1750, may be cited. A large number of prisoners, it is reported, were brought into court, or confined temporarily in an adjoining room, with all the effluvia that accrued to or escaped from them; and so fatal were the effects, that more than forty persons present were taken sick and died, including four out of six of the judges, and several of the counsel and jury.

We do not pursue the subject of school-houses further; neither do we take it upon ourselves to pronounce upon all the details of the plan and arrangements recommended in the *Essay* before us. Principles may be sound and suggestive of excellent practical measures, and yet be carried to ridiculous lengths by visionaries and projectors, —by systematic and artificial people. We therefore now proceed from the more limited theme of Mr. Alcott's paper, to the consideration of theories of education.

Education, understood in its largest sense, comprehends all those influences by which the mind is enlightened, and the character formed. A larger proportion of these influences than is commonly supposed, are, we believe, in their nature contingent or accidental; and are not, therefore,—cannot be, included in any plan or system. We must repeat that a doctrine of late years has been carried to an unreasonable length with regard to system and artificial arrangements in the modes of conveying school instruction; the pupil being made not only to study, but to exercise himself, to eat and drink, and even to sleep by rule, and as much as possible under the very eye of his teacher. Adopt, however, any one of the favourite and fashionable plans, and refine upon it, as you can over the time, and notions, and even the thoughts of the child, and still he will be constantly liable to impressions from accidental causes; impressions which you could not only foresee and guard against, but which may be so comparatively strong and lasting as to determine what is afterwards to distinguish his mind and fortunes. There is no calculating the effect of what at first sight may be deemed the slightest as well as the most casual circumstances on the opening and susceptible spirit, balancing, perhaps, at that very moment, on some eventful question,

and wanting but the weight of a single feather to incline it the one way or the other.

It will hardly be denied by the close observer and the accurate reasoner, that the thoughts which are suggested accidentally, and pursued by the young mind voluntarily, crude and visionary as they will often be, are yet more likely to affect and determine the future character than those taught or forced in the regular exercises of the school. Accidental suggestions not only increase the stock of the child's ideas, but what is of far greater importance, they set him to think; and still better, to reason for himself. It is true we can make the thoughts of other men our own, by adopting them and acting on them; but a child will be slow to do this in regard to those lessons he is set to learn as a task, partly because he does not learn them as a task which will be likely to connect them with disagreeable associations, and make their recurrence unwelcome, and partly because when the lessons are recited, he will be apt to suppose the task done, and think little or no more about them. Persons engaged in the business of instruction cannot, we think, be reminded too frequently of this saying, that "no complex or very important truth was ever yet transferred in full development from one mind to another; that the truth of this kind is not a piece of furniture to be shifted, but that it is a seed which must be sown and pass through the several stages of growth." Now, as in the vegetable kingdom, of the multitude of seeds with which nature in her profusion strews the earth, not more perhaps than one in ten thousand strikes root and advances to maturity, so of the multitude of thoughts suggested or communicated to the child, not a greater proportion perhaps ever attains a living form. Those thoughts, however, are most likely to strike root, to which the mind takes spontaneously. Hence it often happens that children at school seem to be more affected in their intellectual as well as moral character, by the society of the place, the personal qualities of their teachers, their conversation with one another, and their own reflections on passing events, than by any thing taught them in formal lectures, or in the books given them to study, or even by any of the most striking and approved features in the peculiar system of discipline and instruction.

This should lead people to put less confidence than most theorists are ready to do in mere plans and systems of education, however recommended. Of course it is not to be denied that many decided improvements and facilities have been introduced of late years, applicable alike to all systems; such, for an example, as respect the construction of school-rooms, the use of the apparatus, and the character of manuals as well as the mode of employing them. We need not cavil in regard to the actual efficacy of the systems most in vogue at the present day, or at any recent period. For example, if with Pestalozzi's system we can have a Pestalozzi, if with the Lanca-



terian we can have a Lancaster, it may be difficult to know which to prefer, and not less so to impugn the principle of artificiality. We believe in the accounts of extraordinary proficiency sometimes made under each of these and other systems; proving, however, as it appears to us, that one system is as good as another, and that the wonderful progress in the cases that may be cited is to be ascribed not to the great excellence of the system, but rather to other and extraneous causes; in short, to the kinds of accident already referred to.

We must not depend, at least exclusively, or chiefly, on systematic instruction of any kind for the proper and full development of the understanding and the moral feelings. Many parents appear to think that if they spare no expense in the education of their children; if they place them at the schools in highest repute, and which are patronized by the best families; if they provide for them the best books and the most approved teachers; and put them under the newest systems of instruction,—that they have done all which, as parents, they are bound to do, or actually can contrive to do. They must not forget the original differences in children, and that the human mind from the beginning is not only essentially free, but wonderfully elastic and prone to vagaries; and that many of its operations, many of the influences by which it is swayed, are in their own nature, hidden, inextricable, contingent. Or, even if the ground be taken, that character is the creature of circumstances merely, and that it is formed for man and not by him, still, as we know but a small part of these circumstances, and have control over but a small part of those which we do know, we can but guess at the final result of our endeavours in particular instances. In short, experience teaches that children, especially in the early stage of their intellectual and moral culture, are liable at every step of their progress to extraneous and malign influences, which may eventually traverse and defeat the best laid plans.

Here, as it appears to us, is to be detected one of the principal causes of the frequent and melancholy failures in education. A merchant who beginning with barely learning enough to write his name, has gained wealth and rank, expends almost a fortune on the training of an only son, in the hope of making that distinction certain in regard to him, which in relation to himself he is willing in part at least to attribute to lucky coincidences. This son, however, after having been made to pass through the customary forms and most approved processes of what is called an accomplished education, comes out at last an incorrigible dunce, if not a gross profligate. The father in the bitterness of his disappointment, rails at schoolmasters, and schools, and systems of schooling, as if these alone had been to blame. But if he would look deeper and more justly, he would find that he ought to rail at prevalent abuses nearer home, or at the gene-

ral state of society, or at other extraneous influences, for which neither schoolmasters, nor schools, nor systems of tuition are responsible. There is a very common prejudice that our public schools and colleges are places where the virtue of lads and young men is in much greater danger than in other situations. But so far as our own observation extends, and to the extent that our reflective powers carry us, we do say, that as a general fact or rule, those children out of the same family who have been educated at the university, have not only become more distinguished for their activity, enterprize, and valuable services in after life, but for their exhibition of character and sense of honour, than those who have been otherwise nurtured and trained. Even when through the influence of wealth, or other temptations, the entire brotherhood have become licentious and profligate, the former have not commonly sunk so low, nor grown so utterly abandoned as the latter. We are convinced that the standard of morals and industry in most of our public seminaries are as high, quite higher, than in the community generally, or even in the average of those families and domestic circles, whence academical students proceed; and therefore it is, we think, that the publicly educated surpass in mental displays and moral bearing those who have been more privately and delicately reared.

Admitting now, that as things are, failures in education are generally attributable to extraneous and malign influences, rather than to schools and school-systems, an important question arises, whether it is not possible to do much more than has hitherto been done or attempted, to correct or shut out these influences.

No plan for excluding these influences, by founding a school in which the students shall be interdicted all intercourse with the world on rigid monastic principles, would now be practicable in England; nor desirable, if practicable. Theorists have sometimes contended that much must be gained by allowing the mind to attain strength and maturity, ere it be put to its first trials. This, however, is proposing a course which seems to offer counteraction to one of the great arrangements of nature, according to which any individual is exposed to temptation gradually, to one tempting trial after another as his susceptibility to it is developed, instead of being thrust on a multitude of new temptations at once. Others again have maintained that it must be a great advantage to children to have an opportunity to study their parts, as it were in private and obscurity, so as to become familiar with their parts and duties by frequent rehearsals, before they are called to actual performance in public and in the face of day. But we believe it will almost always be found that the formal lessons taught and the strict tasks enforced in the sort of retired and untroubled institution just alluded to,—that the narrowed experience and limited discipline there witnessed and felt, whether from one's own conduct, his intercourse with a few others, and in a society so

constrained,—will be of little service, and have hardly any influence in regard to preparation for the realities and the exigences of future life. Besides, shut out the world with all the painstaking that you can from your children or private pupils, you cannot shut out [a knowledge of its existence, or that they will mingle with it freely hereafter, or their longing for the sudden emancipation. You cannot prevent them from dreaming about what they will achieve or become; at the same time that you ought to calculate that they will be about as likely to become corrupted by the world as it presents itself to their imaginations, as they would by its realities and actual existence.

But there are still other theorists, who not satisfied with the world as it is, and despairing of being able to exclude its influence in education, have thought to make a world for themselves,—a new intellectual, moral, and social cosmogony—by an entire re-organization of communities. Such is the Owenite dream. And it is entertaining to look back to the confident utterances of which he made use, and to the experiments which he instituted, in obedience, as he thought, to irreversibly scientific principles. Little more, according to this visionary, was necessary, but to cut up a country into parallelograms, introduce an equality and community of interests, and apply his boasted science of circumstances, to make the system work “with the certainty of a mathematical procedure.” For a time his establishment at New Lanark did succeed far beyond the expectation of old-fashioned and sober-minded people, chiefly because it was animated by the indefatigable spirit and the ingenious contrivance of the enthusiastic projector, besides being recommended by the charm of novelty. At the same time the bold stroke had not been dealt, of excluding Christianity. But the total failure of New Harmony proved that these were tests to which the theory, when carried out to its legitimate lengths, was vain, false and ludicrous. Nature seemed now to visit with ineffable derision and scorn the pretended reformer, as she will ever do all those who dare to interfere with her established processes, and who in their efforts to forward and guide the development of the human faculties acknowledge not, refuse to recognise, the mind's essential freedom, its spiritual element and immortal longings, and its relationship to the Deity. There have been other less objectionable theories, with more encouraging results than those which are associated with the name of the New Lanark Projector. But even these more favourable and attractive examples are not to be estimated according as they appear on paper, nor from the manner in which they strike an occasional visitor, nor from the success of a first and single experiment. It is manifest that almost everything in all such extreme and theoretic cases depends on the personal qualities and efforts of the superintendent; and that these again depend not a little on local, or temporary excitements, which

would inevitably decline, should the particular system come to be widely spread and commonly adopted. And then, how much more injurious and sweeping must the mischiefs be in the case of a decay of zeal and fidelity in the superintendence, than that to which schools conducted on the usual plan are exposed, and which have never aimed at extraordinary reforms and the utter revolution of the intellectual and moral world!

We contend both from principle and practical results that much is not to be expected from purely artificial arrangements, to exclude or to regulate the influence of incidental and extraneous causes in education. Facts seem to have put it beyond controversy, that children in well-ordered families are brought up with as little exposure in large towns—with as little of taint of heart and weakness of mind, as in retired villages, or sequestered country-houses; with as little blemish in the open world, as in cloisters or gardens. This we maintain is proved by experience, provided you judge of the instances in the light of useful and honourable individuals, and taken throughout an entire lifetime. Certainly no security or advantage appears to be derived from seclusion, or any purely artificial and formal arrangement of circumstances, that will compensate for the loss a child must incur in being torn at a tender age from the influences of a virtuous and well-regulated home—for there happiness must predominate—not from being withdrawn from the eye and care of those whom God has constituted his guardians. True, a parent may cast off or disregard the affections, the powers, and the responsibilities appointed by nature, but these are things and ties which cannot be delegated to strangers.

It certainly appears to us, that instead of any of the very new-fangled and highly theoretical systems, which attempt to exclude all accidental and extraneous influences, or to dictate what these influences shall be, it would be much better to endeavour to fortify the youthful and susceptible mind against them,—to watch over and correct immediately the bad impressions it may from time to time receive from them. The aim should be to form or alter the mind in respect to circumstances, and not circumstances—a vain effort—in respect to mind. But you will be told that human nature is always and everywhere the same; which is true enough if understood to signify that the fundamental principles of man, their susceptibility of culture, and their displays altogether different from what are witnessed in any other tribe of beings. But if it be intended to insinuate that man, as man, is always and everywhere the same intellectual and moral being, to be affected in precisely the same way, and in exactly the same degree, by the same circumstances, we flatly and unequivocally offer a contradiction. Let sociologists say what they will, the world's history, and every section of that world, day after day, teacheth that the power of circumstances mainly depends on the

susceptibilities on whom they operate, and that these susceptibilities are capable of and liable to change by education and discipline.

It is not true that man is the absolute creature of circumstances, unless you include in these circumstances his own faculties and susceptibilities, and the state of his mind for the time being; or, in other words, unless you include in the circumstances the man himself.

To guard, therefore, against the interference of accidental causes in the cultivation and discipline of the mind, it seems necessary in the first place, to correct or prevent any affinities or apparent tendencies in the mind itself to error. To be sure, the maxim, that to the pure all things are pure, ought not to be taken as an excuse for encountering temptation, for daring in a wanton manner the snares which are plentifully planted throughout the world. Still it is not to be supposed that a single chance suggestion, that a glimpse, a winged thought, will be able to turn the mind materially out of its ordinary course so as flagrantly to sin, unless there has previously been an inclination to transgress. It is not likely that a spark will prove dangerous and disastrous, unless it fall upon elements ready for an outbreak—combustibles prepared for explosion. No doubt a child's habitual preferences may be right, and yet for the want of firmness, or from being off his guard at the moment, apparently single and sudden impulses may drive him hither or thither. But in the case of such a susceptible being, the province of education seems to have the widest scope; that sort of education, we mean, which ought ever to proceed on the sure principle, that the same God who has made us responsible for the use to which we put our powers and opportunities, has made us capable of extending these powers almost at will; and of creating opportunities not only for their increasing exercise, but for our own most delectable consciousness of growth and legitimate pleasure. Says a writer on education, "By faith in the capacities of his own nature, by a wise and patient self discipline, by crushing, together or in detail, those lusts and passions which make him a slave to his senses, by cultivating a knowledge and love of anything that is noble and praiseworthy, and above all, by frequently communing with the eternal fountain of all energy, the young may be, and must be inspired with an insensible strength and resolution." It is the duty, the loftiest vocation of the teacher, as well as of the parent, to prompt and to second these exercises and habits, with the most enlightened and considerate discretion.

It seems, then, that with the best systems of education, the great security from disturbing influences from without, is to be looked for in the mind itself; in strong virtuous preferences, induced by example and prudent teaching; in firmness and resolution to keep by and follow out these preferences, upheld by a consciousness and a foresight of a high vocation. These, to be sure, are compa-

ratively rare things, either in exhibition or real acquirement. But still they appear to be the touchstone of character, to be essential to the promise of great character. If a youth be able and willing to go through a long, painful, and often discouraging course of preparation, sustained throughout by the hope of a distant and glorious reward, much may be looked for from him. But if he has not acquired this power, and does not strive to acquire it, even if he should be capable of occasional effort, and equal to striking achievement, he must be set down as marked for mediocrity, if not for inferiority. Success ultimately can only be predicated reasonably in respect of that young person who has both forecast and perseverance, and whose rare disposition has been judiciously trained, so as to keep it in the right course, to lend strength and assistance as he advances, and to fire him with new resolution. The pupil should be taught, whatever his natural parts, not to find his qualities in his circumstances, not to look in other men's faces for opinions and principles, but in the communings of his own soul, anxiously guarded and perfectly sincere. A legitimate and paramount object in education, so far at least as character is concerned, and honourable advancement in worthy estimation throughout life, is to make men independent of circumstances; for where this high aim is neglected, or compromised, almost every thing seems to be thrown up to chance. So far as human agency and foresight are concerned, the final result becomes a contingency dependent itself on a multitude of other contingencies.

We must not leave out of view the consideration, that the progress of civilization, and the diffusion of useful knowledge among all classes, cannot but operate to the exaltation of the standard of education. The wonder is sometimes expressed, that Socrates, the philosopher, could be so weak as to direct in his last moments a cock to be sacrificed to *Æsculapius*. Various have been the conjectures with regard to what was intended by his dying request to his friend Crito. Some have thought him serious in this last act of his life; others have considered it as an ironical expression of his contempt of the vulgar worship of his country; and others again have thought that by this tribute to the god of the healing art, he obscurely intimated that death was to him the physician that cured all the ills of this life. But when we come to cite Lord Bacon, the restorer, if not the father, of experimental science, who is said to have lived and died in the popular belief of witchcraft and apparitions, perhaps we may be guided to the proper solution in regard to the credulity and superstition of both philosophers; for that the truth seems to be, that on all great and stirring subjects there is a communion and sympathy between the strongest and most cultivated minds and the mind of the mass, a relationship, a connection, a graduated scale,—so that to educate a part of the community with any degree of certainty

and of complete triumph on these subjects, the whole must be to a very considerable extent educated and enlightened. The standard will in all probability, we are persuaded, be determined every where by the moral and intellectual standard in general society, rising with the latter, but keeping prominently ahead; whether the leaders and directors be pioneers in the regions of philosophy and science, or the competent professors of the art of teaching and training the rising generation.

The views which we have been attempting to urge do not assuredly render the duties of professed teachers less important and necessary, than had we been advocating a thoroughly artificial system and clinging to a great number of precise rules, many of them of an inconveniently minute and unyielding nature. On the contrary, we think that our opinions could not be possibly adopted and practically tested, without the teacher finding that his vocation became more exalted and better sustained, as well as more onerous and arduous. "Schoolmasters," says an old English divine, "have a negative on the welfare of the kingdom." The time certainly has come, when we could no more dispense with the profession, as a distinct profession, than we could with that of the ministers of justice or religion.

It is not to be denied that great benefit has accrued from the introduction of new and recent systems of school-instruction. It is with most of these, perhaps, as with systems of religion, and bold invasions upon ecclesiastical establishments; each one aims to recommend itself by the distinctness and the prominence which it gives to some single beautiful principle, thought, or practical illustration. It is not unmixedly evil that new systems should be continually coming and going, that each in its turn should find enthusiastic supporters, seeing that each bequeaths some improvement, some additional light, to be added to the stock of wisdom and truth previously in possession. A teacher, too, who puts faith in the marvellous pretensions and wishes of his system, will be apt to derive from the circumstance alone, a zeal and an efficacy, which, though founded in illusion, and destined ere long to become the theme of derision, may for a time accomplish positive good in not a few instances.

It cannot be too frequently pressed, that almost everything depends on the personal qualities, upon the intellectual and moral features, the practical skill and the cordial disposition of the teacher. Dulness and stupidity are nearly as contagious as vice; genius and enthusiasm are not taught, but communicated, or by some felicitous emanations and influences inspired. And most encouraging it is to know that "the schoolmaster is abroad," and that the augury has been everywhere hailed by the enlightened and the philanthropic as pregnant with hope and ever expanding promise. And this promise

as well as this hope are made doubly sure, when there is beheld the well directed efforts which are used to elevate the profession and qualify every member of it for the high walk of his avocation,—the training the immortal mind, the sublimating and refining the all-embracing humanities. Who can despair of the onward march of civilization, of the progression of right principles, of all enviable prospects of the fore-looking race, when there is around and beyond us so many men, and so many women, of gifted minds, of earnest purpose, and penetrated with a sense of the responsibilities of the office,—minds profoundly read or eagerly studious in the laws by which the expanding character is affected, either for good or evil,—giving themselves to the work of training the rising generation to the knowledge of truth, to an appreciation of the good and the beautiful, and to a sense of the attributes and the authority of God.

## NOTICES.

ART. VIII.—*The Local Historian's Table Book.* Part 33. By A. RICHARDSON. J. R. Smith, Old Compton Street.

WE have received another part of this work ; the progress of which is most creditable to all concerned. It possesses more general interest than we could at all have expected in a local work. We give as an extract a description of a quaint character.

“John Brown was not a sexton of the description portrayed in Blair's Grave. I will not cite a line of that often-quoted poem ; for, though exquisitely drawn, it is not the character I am describing. Indeed, they have scarcely any thing in common, except a knowledge of their profession. John Brown was not that facetious being, whose disposition is so little in keeping with his avocations. “Clerk's ale” has gone out of fashion now, “Easter dues” are no longer collected in our Parish—and little remains of the old customs. On occasion of going his annual round at this festival, he washed his earthy hands, and appeared comfortable in his person. Yet he was neither a droll nor a toper, but a stern and trusty man ; and I am persuaded, that if every church-yard had a sentinel as uncompromising as was John Brown, a resurrection-man would have but “few temptations to violate” the sanctuary of the dead.

When old John drew near his end, he conducted himself with more than his usual gravity, and discovered a disposition the very reverse of ostentatious. It is the custom of the bell-ringers in Hexham, and probably in other places, on the death of one of their number, to honour him with a muffled peal at the funeral ; and, as John was one of the eight, this tribute was his due, independently of his more important offices, which entitled him to still greater distinction. Indeed, when his long and faithful services are taken into account, I do not know that half the parish would have considered it too high a token of regard, to have attended his funeral. But John, it seems, did not



relish parade ; and in his circumstances, it is to be hoped that his thoughts were employed on more profitable subjects than the anticipation of post-humous honours. Certain it is, that he forbade the accustomed peal, and discouraged the intention of any unnecessary ceremony. "I have been a plain man all my life," said he, to those around him, "and I wish to be buried in a plain manner—and hope you will make no needless fuss about me."

This prohibition was a source of disappointment to many, and even to me, who by this time had got the better of my boyish antipathy ; and would have had some special notice taken of a man who had been so especially useful to society. But John had given his protest against it, and his injunction was carefully observed. This respectable old man had, however, the singular honour to be buried by his own two sons ; he had initiated them into the mysteries of his calling, and they have been fortunate enough to succeed him respectively in his offices of parish clerk and sexton.

It may not be amiss, in closing this sketch, to glance at an event, in itself interesting, but rendered still more so as it opened the way to John Brown's introduction to that station, which he occupied in such a creditable manner for a period little short of half a century. He came into office when Francis Bell died. Poor old Frank, whatever might have been his faults, seems to have discharged his official duties with scrupulous attention, and a pardonable pride ; and he died at his elevated post !

He had climbed the belfry, one Sunday morning, as usual, to ring for Church, and had sat down, as is customary, after reaching the ringing-loft, to recover from the fatigue of ascending the long winding stairs. One of the band observed, that all hands were there, the clock had struck ten, and they had better *set in*. There are eight bells in Hexham church ; seven of the ringers were at their stands, and all wondered that the old man was inactive. "Come, Frank," said some of them.—Frank was silent—all eyes were turned to him ; he had leaned his head against the wall, and they thought he slept. He slept indeed—but waked no more. On old Frank's death, his son, of the same name, became a bell-ringer ; and it is somewhat remarkable, that he, too, *died in the church*, in ascending the same bell-loft of which we have had occasion to speak already ; and in a manner still more deplorable. Thirty years have elapsed since ; but it is, perhaps, still too soon to enter into a minute detail of the circumstances of his death.

ART. IX.—*History of Scotland.* By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq.  
Vol. IX.

THIS volume concludes a great national work. The author says that "the happy hours devoted to the pursuit of truth are at an end, and that he must at last bid farewell to an old companion." Doubtless it has been a delightful and a thoroughly repaying task this same noble history ; and we can conceive the regret with which it is finished. Gibbon, if our memory serves us, identified his happiness with the execution and progress of his splendid performance, experiencing a bereavement when it was brought to a close. A similar feeling may well be supposed to have taken possession of Mr. Tytler's mind, at the same time that he must be conscious of having done the state essential service.

The volume comprises the period between 1587 and 1603; Scotland having lost her station as an independent and separate kingdom. Much of this section of the work relates, of course, to King *James the Sixth* of that realm and the First of England. No small relief it must have been to him, when he found himself called to the English throne. Fowler has vividly pictured the condition of the poor and barbarous country which he was leaving. He thus describes its regal weakness and feudal misrule :

"He found James, he said, a virtuous prince, stained by no vice, and singularly acute in the discussion of all matters of state; but indolent and careless, and so utterly profuse, that he gave to every suitor, even to vain youths and proud fools, whatever they desired. He did not scruple to throw away, in this manner, even the lands of his Crown; and so reckless was he of wealth, that, in Fowler's opinion, if he were to get a million from England, it would all go the same way. His pleasures were hunting, of which he was passionately fond: and playing at the *mawt*, an English game of chance, in which he piqued himself on excelling. In his dress he was slovenly, and his Court and household were shabby and unkingly; but he sat often in council, was punctual in his religious duties, not missing the sermons thrice a-week; and his manners betrayed no haughtiness or pride. It was evident to Fowler that he detested the rude and ferocious bearing of his great nobles, who were content to obey him in trifles, but in all serious matters, touching life or justice, took the law into their own hands, and openly defied him. Upon this subject Fowler's expressions were remarkable. When it came to the execution of justice, it was evident, he said, his subjects feared him not, whilst he was terrified to deal with so many at once, looking tremblingly to the fate of his ancestors, of whom such as attempted to execute justice with severity, were uniformly put to death by their nobles. Often had the King assured the intimate friend who wrote these letters, that it was misery to be constrained to live amid the wickedness of his barons, and that they made his existence a burden to him. Nor could he look for redress to his Council. Even the wisest and greatest among them, not excepting the Chancellor Maitland, were infinitely more occupied in private quarrels and family feuds than with the public business of the State; and, to increase their individual power, were content to flatter the King in the basest manner, and become suitors at Court for everything ungodly and unreasonable. Well might Walsingham exclaim, in answer to this sad dark picture of regal weakness and feudal misrule, 'God send that young prince, being of himself every way well-inclined, good, wise, and faithful councillors, that may carry him in a constant course for the upholding of religion, and the establishing of justice in that realm.'"

The following are notices of the young earl of Gowrie, rendered so notorious by the conspiracy which is intimately connected with his name. Having studied for five years at the university of Padua, he yet came back a rigid Presbyterian, and highly accomplished too.

"The young earl was now only one-and-twenty; of an athletic person, and noble presence; excellent in all his exercises; an accomplished swordsmen; and so ripe a scholar, that there was scarcely any art or faculty which he had not mastered. Amongst his studies Necromancy, or Natural Magic,

was a favourite pursuit ; and his tutor Rhynd, detected him, when at Padua, wearing cabalistic characters concealed upon his person, which were then thought sometimes as spells against diabolical, or recipients of angelic influence. He was an enthusiastic chemist ; and in common with many eminent men of that age, a dabbler in judicial astrology, and a believer in the great arcanum."

He arrives in Edinburgh :

"He entered the capital surrounded by an unusually brilliant cavalcade of noblemen and gentlemen, the friends and dependents of his house, and amid the shouts of immense crowds who welcomed his return. On hearing of it, the King shook his head, and observed, that as many shouted when his father lost his head at Stirling. Whether this was said in the presence of the young earl, is not added by Calderwood, who gives the anecdote ; but it was noticed, and we may be pretty sure would reach his ear. When he kissed hands, and took his place in the court circle, his fine presence, handsome countenance, and graceful manners, struck every one. He soon became a special favourite of the Queen and her ladies, one of whom was his sister, Lady Beatrix Ruthven ; and to the King his learning and scholarship made him equally acceptable. He had lived in the society of the most eminent foreign scholars, philosophers, and divines ; but he was equally accomplished in all knightly sports, and could discuss the merits of a hawk or hound as enthusiastically as any subject in the circle of the sciences. This was much to James' content ; and as the monarch sat at breakfast, he would often keep Gowrie leaning on the back of his chair, and talk to him with that voluble, undignified familiarity which marked the royal conversation. • • It was in one of those familiar conversations on a strange subject, that an allusion escaped the King, which was afterwards remembered. Queen Anne was at this time great with child, and probably did not take sufficient care of herself ; but be this as it may, James consulted Gowrie, who had studied at Padua, then the highest medical school in Europe, on the most common causes of miscarriage. He mentioned several, but insisted on fright or sudden terror as the most dangerous ; upon which the King, bursting into a fit of loud and scornful laughter, exclaimed, 'Had that been true, my lord, I should never have been sitting here to ask the question. Remember the slaughter of Signor Davie, wherein thy grandsire was the chief actor ;' a reckless, cruel thrust, which the young nobleman must have felt like an adder's sting : for not only his grandfather but his father were present at that bloody deed."

Much of the narrative in this volume is stranger than fiction. Altogether the history of Scotland in Mr. Tytler's hands excites like the boldest romance, yet is characterised by the most severe adherence to truth.

#### ART. X.—*Works on the Currency.*

WE have received three pamphlets on the currency ; two by a Mr. "John Taylor, author of *Junius Identified* ;"—and another by "Veras," modestly, called "*A Refutation of the last Fallacy of the Times.*" Provided we can find space and time,—which the number of books we have on hand makes doubtful—they shall be noticed next month.

ART. XI.—*Beads from a Rosary.* By T. WESTWOOD, Author of "Miscellaneous Poems."

THESE Beads are jewels beautifully set. They have weight as well as grace and prettiness. Very lively and sweet are the fancies in them, extending even to the music of the words, and the structure of the verse. Take one sample :

Wilt thou come, and sit with me,  
Sweet companion, Poesy ?  
We will seek some quiet scene,  
That thou lovest—where the green,  
Overarching boughs have made  
Coolest twilight with their shade ;  
Where the golden-pinioned beam  
'Mongst the enwoven leaves doth gleam,  
In its idlesse working out  
Shining tracery all about ;  
Where, like music in a dream,  
Murmureth soft the rippling stream ;  
Where the small bird, timidly,  
Chirpeth low, in flitting by,  
And the very wind doth take  
Gentler measures so to make  
Harmony with all things there ;—  
Wilt thou seek this refuge fair ?  
Wilt thou come, and sit with me,  
Sweet companion, Poesy ?

I am weary of the sound,  
That doth compass me around ;—  
Weary of the strife and toil,  
Weary of the vain turmoil ;  
False and empty seems to me,  
All this worldly pageantry,  
And I long to free again  
From the clasping of its chain,  
My worn spirit, that doth sigh  
For the calm, pure founts, that lie  
Underneath thy halcyon sky,

Come, and thou shalt weave me there,  
With the sunlight and the air,—  
With the whispering secrecies  
Of the winds and waving trees ;—  
With the odours, rich and rare,  
That to thee a tribute are ;  
With the silvery sound, that wells  
From the ringing lily-bells ;  
With all voices, as they rise,  
All sweet, pastoral melodies,

All calm breathings of the earth,  
 Rapid utterances of mirth,  
 And her plaintive wailing too,  
 When she weepeth tears of dew,  
 And the rayless gloom doth lie  
 On her glory, mournfully ;—  
 With all these, and more than these,  
 With thy subtlest phantasies,  
 Thou shalt weave a web so fine,  
 Of such workmanship divine,  
 That no gross, dull thought, I ween,  
 Shall have power to glide between,  
 No discordant, worldly din,  
 Break thy tranced calm within.

ART. XII.—*Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan.*  
 Edited by her Son, J. P. GRANT, Esq. 3 vols.

THE subject of these volumes appears to us to have been quite disproportioned to such a bulky record. It can only be by her own immediate acquaintances, and by the Edinburgh circle of literati or of provincial retailers of small gossip, that the publication will be anxiously or unfatiguingly perused. Mrs. Grant's "Letters from the Mountains," and her work on Highland superstitions, are pleasant enough, yielding considerable insight into the scenery and manners of the north, at the same time that they evince an amiable although not an unprejudiced mind. We set before our readers one passage from her correspondence, on account of its bearing upon the conduct of the Edinburgh Review. The recent selections from that journal, and sundry of our extracts from the memoirs of William Taylor, reciprocate with the sort of interest which belongs to the extract:—

"You, my dear sir, are not singular in the surprise you express at the silence of the Edinburgh Review, with regard to the letters. You will be more surprised when I tell you I am in some measure personally acquainted with Mr. Jeffrey, the conductor of that publication, and that what further he knows of me is through the most favourable medium,—some friends of mine, who are also his intimates, and who are partial to my writings in consequence of long endeared attachment to the Author. My daughter, too, was the favoured friend of his late beloved and very deserving wife ; so that I am convinced it is no personal ill will that makes this Arch-critic so silent. But there are, among the Edinburgh Literati, two parties,—the *Philosophers*, who are also wits, and the *Enthusiasts*, who are also loyalists ; not in the lukewarm form of the late converts, but with such a sentiment as that to which your virtuous Falkland and our great Montrose fell victims. To this latter party, my friends more particularly belong. The Philosophers, whom we consider as disguised republicans, value themselves on their prejudice against prejudices, and on general incredulity. We, again, believe all that our fathers believed ; nay more ; we believe in the existence of the fair-haired

Fingal and the sweet voice of Cora. Now this enrages the Sophs beyond measure; their literary pride is all in arms at the very idea that gentle manners or generous sentiment should precede the existence of the sciences; and cannot conceive how man should have either valour or compassion without learning it at school. On the same principle they treat female genius and female productions with unqualified scorn, never mentioning anything of the kind but with a sneer. Of late they have clubbed their whole stock of talent to prove that no such person as Fingal ever existed; that our Celtic ancestors were little better than so many northern ourang-outangs; that we should never think of or mention our ancestors, unless to triumph in our superiority over them; that the Highlands should be instantly turned into a great sheep-walk, and that the sooner its inhabitants leave it, the better for themselves and the community. Judge what favours I, an illiterate female royalist and Highlander, am to find at such a tribunal! I admire Jeffrey's abilities, and with his criticism on Marmontel's *Memoirs*, and the other on Anacreon Moore's poem, I am unspeakably delighted. But then he has so committed himself by his severity towards Mrs. Hunter, Miss Baillie, and my friend James Grahame, the amiable writer of "The Sabbath," and been so reproached by their friends, that he has lately declared he will never more criticise his particular acquaintance. I, for my part, am yet to learn whether he spares the rod out of kindness or contempt; but I shall soon know. Walter Scott, the charming mintrel of the Border, is lately enlisted in the critical corps:—such a loyalist as he, appears among them like Abdiel among the fallen angels."

**ART. XIII.—*The Beginning of the End.* By a Member of the Carlton Club. Saunders and Otley.**

We have here a clever and skilfully written pamphlet on Ireland, containing a clear and humorous statement of the real aspect of affairs in that country, by one seemingly well acquainted with the subject,—we rather think, from one passage, an Irishman,—a good exposure of a few party fallacies, and some hints and reflections on the two practical questions, "what is to be done?" and "what is to be left undone?" One feature of the work with which we are much pleased, is its fairness of spirit. The writer is not a mere party man. Although a sound Tory in his doctrines, he takes a fair and reasonable view of his opponents and their side of the question. The following account of that sometimes too much abused body, the Roman Catholic Priesthood, deserves commendation on this account:

"It is quite true, that in their jollifications among themselves, priests do sometimes exceed, but it is comparatively rare, and does not exist to a sufficient extent to invalidate the general character of the body for sobriety. Could the same have been said of the Established Church, either in England or Ireland, half a century ago? The priest lives better than his parishioners, but the reason for that is not that his living is luxurious, but that theirs is grossly slovenly. He is not a particularly literary character, for he really has no time; his work is to be done in the saddle, or in the streets, for many of the country parishes are of disproportionate extent,

whilst in the towns the density of the population leaves the priest little leisure. With respect to the immorality that many suppose arises out of the celibacy of the priesthood, it is not to be supposed that every man out of a body of three thousand is a perfect model of chastity ; but as to any general abuse of the influence they undoubtedly possess over the females of Ireland, it is quite impossible that it should exist."

The following is our author's estimate of O'Connell :

"The man who organizes and holds in his hand six millions of people, as Mr. O'Connell does, if he has not military skill, must possess a tolerable substitute for it, and the charge of failing in "indifference to danger" is a strange charge to bring against a man who has been playing at chuck-farthing with high treason all his life long. Further on we hear of his 'selfish passions;' 'he appears to be inflamed by all the religious and national antipathies of the least civilized of his countrymen;' and 'he has to avenge his own failure in the British Parliament, and, what is more stinging, in British Society.' He little understands Mr. O'Connell who attributes such petty motives to him. No one supposes us to be very enthusiastic admirers of that gentleman, but whether for good or whether for evil, certain it is that there is nothing 'small' about him. It was no faint heart that took Protestant ascendancy by the collar, and strangled it; it was no mercenary spirit that abandoned an enormous practice, in middle age, and—in more advanced life, and with pecuniary difficulties thickening round himself, and an unprovided family to leave behind—spurned the ease, the emoluments, the station, and the patronage, of a chief judgeship. It is no small ambition that stamps his career, though his course lies through mud and dirt; his work is enduring, though his tools are rubbish. The very vice that will cast a dark shadow upon his fame forever—his habitual daring, and satanic disregard of truth in public—has a massiveness about it that almost calls forth the feeling which

bids the devil  
Be duly worshipp'd for his burning throne."

As to his failure in parliament, it is wonderfully close imitation of success. Why, the man singlehanded, maintained the whigs in office for six years—a most extraordinary feat! What is so called failure in (what he never attempted) British society, to one who is all but worshipped by his own countrymen? No: whether traced by the hand of love or the hand of hate, and both are and will be pretty freely at work, no man's name is more deeply graven in the records of his own land than that of Daniel O'Connell."

ART. XIV.—*Early Hours and Summer Dreams*. Saunders and Otley.

THIS is a small volume of insignificant amatory poems. In a curious and rather incomprehensible kind of preface, "the editor" informs us that the "writer" was a young man of great purity of mind, and in love with a very amiable young lady who died while betrothed to him. Why it is necessary that the public should know so much of his private history, or why he

could not publish his own scribbling without the intervention of an editor, or whether the "writer" and "editor," are not the same persons, concealed for the conveniency of self-laudation, we are not informed. The reason he assigns for publishing is, "that if deemed trifling, they are innocent." This we readily allow, certainly, in the Scotch sense of the word; but he seems to have forgotten that blank paper would be quite as "innocent;" and, we can assure him, very little more trifling, than his poems, and yet is not considered proper for publishing. Until, therefore, he can produce some cogent reason, we must consider his publication a *mistake*.



# INDEX.

A.  
 Abyssinia, notices of, 216  
 Accident and education, remarks on, 573  
 Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Mr. M'Culloch's edition of, 368  
 Adel, notices of the inhabitants of, 219  
 Administration of France, the Governmental, 226  
 Æthiopia, Harris's Highlands of, 216  
 Agriculture in the Middle Ages, state of English, 619  
 Alcott on School-rooms, 570  
 Allgemeine Zeitung, notices of the, 480  
 American reprints, notices of, 190  
 Ancients and Moderns compared, the, 547  
 Aristocracy of Britain, Dyer on the, 536  
 Ashley, Lord, Replies of Sir Charles Shaw to, 73  
 Austen, Mrs., notices of her translations, 191  
 Australian trees, notices of, 24  
 Axioms in political economy, 374

B.  
 Bahr Amal, notices of the, 220  
 Ballads, the Book of British, 390  
 Banished Lord, The, a Tragedy, 406  
 Barons' Wars, Blaauw on the, 491  
 Barrow's Life of Sir Francis Drake, 67  
 Battles of Lewes and Evesham, accounts of the, 491  
 Beauty of England, a Frenchman's description of the, 541  
 Beginning of the End, the, 588  
 Belgian Literature, notices of, 265  
 Belgium, intellectual regeneration of, 269  
 Biblical criticism and Biblical interpretation, 280  
 Birks's First Elements of Sacred Prophecy, 280  
 Blaauw on the Barons' War, 491  
 Boga, notices of Irish, 34  
 Book of British Ballads, The, 390  
 Bremer, translations from Frederika, 190  
 British Almanack, the, 150  
 Brownson's New Views of Christianity, Society and the Church, 114  
 Buffalo and Redman, the, 30  
 Bull, John, Characteristics of, 298  
 Burial Clubs, pernicious effects of, 329

C.  
 Campbell's Power of Association, 149  
 Cary's Dante, notices of, 45  
 Cataline's letter to Catullus, 349  
 Catholics, Belgian, notices of, 276  
 Cemeteries, remarks on national, 336  
 Censorship of the Press in Germany, 478  
 Centrifugal force, remarks on, 358  
 Chadwick on Interments in Towns, 326

Chamber of Deputies, notices of the French, 233  
 Characteristics and Wants of England in the present age, 73  
 Chateaubriand, literary doctrines of, 558  
 Chaucer, Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of, 448  
 Chevy Chase, remarks on the song of, 392  
 Cicero and Letter-writing, 341, 347  
 Civilization and Letter-writing, 345  
 Classic literary art, remarks on, 545  
 Coghlan's Companion to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, 137  
 Coleridge, Southey's judgment of, 431  
 Collingwood, Lord, on Letter-writing, 342  
 Comets, Washington Irving's remarks on, 366  
 Comic Annual, the, 149  
 Commedia, notices of Dante's, 45  
 Confirmations of Magna Charta, forms of, 497  
 Constitutions of Masonry, a poem, 439  
 Constructions of School-houses, Essay on the, 570  
 Contemporaries, Selwyn and his, 39  
 Continent, notices of Journalism on the, 468  
 Contributions, Jeffrey's, to the Edinburgh Review, 1  
 Cooke the Actor, notices of, 17  
 Correspondence of Burns and Clarinda, 144  
 Covenanters, Simpson's traditions of the, 121  
 Cowper and Letter-writing, 343  
 Cuvier, notices of Baron, 387

D.  
 Danakil, hideousness of the, 219  
 Dandy Fever, notices of the, 533  
 Daniel O'Connell and Ireland, 259  
 Dante, review of Dayman's, 43  
 Davies on Evils of Late Hours of Business, 161  
 Dayman's Dante, review of, 43  
 Death, notices of simulated, 530  
 Denison's New Theory of Gravitation, 355  
 Difficulty and Ireland, 258  
 Diseases, Gavin on Feigned Diseases, 525  
 Dodd, Dr., last moments of, 42  
 Drake, Life of Sir Francis, 67  
 Drama, human nature and the, 13  
 Dramatists of the day, the, how to be classified, 400  
 Drummond's Histories of Noble Families, 209  
 Early History of Freemasonry in England, 437  
 Early Hours and Summer Dreams, 568  
 Edinburgh Review, Jeffrey's Contributions to the, 1

Education, Belgian systems of, 267  
 Elements of Sacred Prophecy, 280  
 England, Characteristics and Wants of,  
 in the Present Age, 73  
 English and American Literature, 297  
 Englishmen and the theory of Govern-  
 ment, 227  
 Entail, remarks on the Laws of, 535  
 Epistolary correspondence and the  
 French, 551  
 Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, &c.,  
 Wright's, 413  
 Essays by an Invalid, 142  
 Eve of St. John, Scott's ballad, remarks  
 on the, 399  
 Evesham, notices of the Battle of, 514  
 Evils of late Hours of Business, 161

## F.

Fables and the Middle Ages, 418  
 Fair Helen of Kirkconnell, remarks on  
 the ballad of, 404  
 Fallacies in the Theory of Wealth, 379  
 Falsehood and the Tories, 254  
 Farnham's Travels in the Great Western  
 Prairies, 26  
 Fasting, notices of cases of, 591  
 Fetis on Music, 318  
 Fisher's Drawing-ident-Scrap-Book, 149  
 Frailty of Species, remarks on the, 384.  
 Flute, tradition touching the, 315.  
 Foreigners and the English, 493.  
 Four-horned Moon, a drama, review of,  
 60.  
 France and her Organization, 226.  
 Francis Jeffrey as a Reviewer, Talents  
 of, 5.  
 Freedom and France, 230.  
 Freemasonry in England, Early History  
 of, 437.  
 Free Trade, remarks on, 368.  
 French Budget, notices of the, 228.  
 French Journalism, remarks on, 469.  
 Future Days, in Letters to my Pupil,  
 notice of the work, 444.

## G.

Garton's Poems of Girlhood, 147.  
 Gavin on Feigned Diseases, 525.  
 Genealogies, 109.  
 George Selwyn and his Contemporaries,  
 39.  
 German Journalism, notices of, 474.  
 German Stage, remarks on the, 408.  
 Ghent and Brussels, 271.  
 Gigantic Sloth, Owen's Description of  
 the, 381.  
 Giles Collins and Lady Anna, the ballad  
 of, 206.  
 Gleaner, the, by Mrs. Parkerson, 448.  
 Gleanings among the Mountains, Simp-  
 son's, 121.  
 Goethe and the German Stage 408.  
 Goths, the, and the Roman World, 414.  
 Governmental Administration of France,  
 226.  
 Government of Charles the Tenth, notices  
 of the, 235.

Govett's Exposition of the Apocalypse,  
 280.  
 Grant of Laggan, Memoir of Mrs., 587.  
 Grave-Yards, Morbific Influences of, 327.  
 Gravitation, Denison's New Theory of,  
 355.  
 Great Western Prairies, Farnham's Tra-  
 vels, 26.  
 Griselda, a drama, 171.  
 Guest, Lady, her translation of the Ma-  
 binogion, 64.

## H.

Halliwell's Collection of the Nursery  
 Chymes of England, 202.  
 Halm's Griselda a drama. 171.  
 Hamiltonian System of Education exam-  
 ined, 451.  
 Harris, Major, his Highlands of *Æthiopia*,  
 216.  
 Henry the Third, State of English Man-  
 ners in the Reign of, 521.  
 Heroic Ballad, Chevy Chase, the finest,  
 396.  
 Highlands of *Æthiopia*, Harris's, 216.  
 Histoire des Idées Littéraires en France,  
 au XIXe siècle, 543.  
 Histories of Noble Families, 209.  
 History of Letter-Writing, 340.  
 Hoffman on Jacotot's System of Educa-  
 tion, 451.  
 House of Commons in Parliament, first  
 unequivocal appearance of the, 507.  
 Howitt, Mary, her translations from  
 Frederika Bremer, 189.  
 How to Understand Music and Enjoy  
 its Performance, 313.  
 Hubert de Burgh, government of, 493.  
 Hugh Murray's United States of Ame-  
 rica 310.  
 Human Nature and the Drama, 13.  
 Hume, David, anecdote of, 2.  
 Humphry Davy, Southey's judgment of,  
 431.

## I.

Impostors, Gayin on best means of dis-  
 covering, 525.  
 Inferno, Dayman's translation of Dante's,  
 43.  
 Influence of Respect for Outward Things,  
 311.  
 Interment in Towns, Chadwick on, 324.  
 Italy, notice of Journalism in, 483.  
 Ireland, review of Kohl's, 32.  
 Irish, the, and the serfs of Russia, 33.

## J.

Jacotot's Universal Instruction, Hoff-  
 man's examination of, 451.  
 Jeffrey's Contributions to the Edinburgh  
 Review, 1.  
 Jesse's Memoirs of Selwyn and his Con-  
 temporaries, 39.  
 Journalism throughout Europe, state of  
 467.  
 Journals, Sway of the French, 473.  
 Justice, Notices of French, 232.  
 Juvenile Scrap-Book, the, 149.

K.  
 Kennedy's Poems, original and translated, 434.  
 Knight's Companion to the Almanack, 150.  
 Kohl's Ireland, 32.

L.  
 Lady Rachel Russell, notices of, 240.  
 Lamareck, observations on the theory of 385.  
 Lamb and Munden 19.  
 Languages, Jacotot's Method of Teaching, 456.  
 Late Hours of Business, evils of, 161.  
 Laws of Entail and Primogeniture, Remarks on, the 535.  
 Learning in England in the 13th Century, backward state of, 517.  
 Legends of Purgatory, &c., Wright's Essay on the 413.  
 Leicester. Simon de Montfort, Earl of notices of, 500.  
 Letter-Writing, history of, 340.  
 Lewes and Evesham. account of the Battles of, 491.  
 Library of American Poets, 297.  
 Life in the Sick-room, by an Invalid, 142.  
 Life of Sir Francis Drake, 67.  
 Lives of Eminent Females, Mrs. Lovers, 238.  
 Local Historian's Table-Book, the, 562.  
 London Gazette, notices of the, 487.  
 Longfellow's Spanish Student. review of Professor, 54.  
 Lord William Russell, notices of, 239.  
 London, Mrs., her Glimpses of Nature, 311.  
 Lough Derg and Irish Legends, 423.  
 Lover, Mrs., her Lives of Eminent Females, 238.  
 Loyalty and the Americans, 305.  
 Luther and Music, 317.

M.  
 Mabinogion, Lady Guest's translation of the, 64.  
 Madame de Marchais, Walpole's sketch of, 41.  
 Magna Charta, confirmations of, 496.  
 Magnificence of English Estates and the English People, 542.  
 Martelli, a tragedy, 406.  
 Mary Jones and Joseph Munden, 15.  
 Melbourne, notices of the Whig government of Lord, 252.  
 Memoirs of Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, 67.  
 Michiels on French Critical Art, 544.  
 Middle Ages, fables of the, and Dante, 419.  
 Ministry of the Interior, notices of the French, 229.  
 Miróir Français, le, 460.  
 Mise of Lewes, notices of the, 505.  
 Modern English Stage, remarks on the, 406.  
 Monastic Orders, luxuries of the, 514.  
 Mothe, La, and Madame Dacier on the

Murray's Port Phillip, 21  
 Music Explained to the World, 313  
 Mylodon Robustus, Owen's Description of the, 381

N.  
 Napoleon and Journalism, 468  
 Naval Biographies, review of, 67  
 Newspapers, notices of early British, 483  
 New Views of Christianity, Society and the Church, 114  
 Newton, Sir Isaac, and Joseph Demison, 355  
 Nicolas, Sir Harria, his Life of Chaucer, 418  
 Noble Families, Drummond's History of, 209  
 Norman Conquest, the land of England divided at the, 537  
 Nursery Rhymes of England, collected by Halliwell, 202

O.  
 O'Driscoll's History of Ireland, notices of, 9  
 Origin of Proper Names, 211  
 Owayne Miles, legend of, 420  
 Owenite Dream, notices of the, 577  
 Owen's Description of the Gigantic Sloth, 381  
 Oxen in new countries, utility of, 23

P.  
 Palmer the actor, notices of, 16  
 Parisian Society, character of, 8  
 Patrick's Purgatory, St., 413  
 Peel, Sir Robert, strictures on, 256  
 Percy origin of the name, 213  
 Periodical literature and newspapers in England, remarks on, 449  
 Perrault and Boileau on the comparative merits of the Ancients and Moderns, 547  
 Personal qualities, importance of, in a teacher, 581  
 Phillip, Port, Murray's Summer at, 21  
 Pickering's Proverbs for Acting, 310  
 Pindar, the son of a musician, 315  
 Planets, velocities of the, 360  
 Pliny the younger, and letter-writing, 352  
 Poems, Original and Translated, Kennedy's, 434  
 Political leaders and Frenchmen, 471  
 Port Phillip, Murray's Summer at, 21  
 Prairies, Farnham's Travels in the Great Western, 26  
 Press, trammels of the French, 236  
 Primogeniture, remarks on the Laws of, 535  
 Principles and Performances of the Whigs, 249  
 Principles of the Edinburgh Review, 7  
 Priory of Lewes, notice of ancient manners at the, 515  
 Prize Essay, Davies's, on Evils of Late Hours of Business, 161  
 Purgatory, St. Patrick's, remarks on, 413

# INDEX.

## R.

Rage, Irish, peculiarity of, 35  
 Repeal and O'Connell, 37  
 Replies of Sir Charles Shaw to Lord Ashley, 73  
 Republican Poetry, remarks on, 555  
 Revelation of St. John, Govett's Exposition of, 280  
 Review, Jeffrey's Contributions to the Edinburgh, 1  
 Revolutionary period of 1789, French, notices of the literature of the, 556  
 Rhymes of England, the Nursery, 202  
 Robberd's Life of William Taylor of Norwich, 425  
 Robber's Cave, a drama, review of, 54  
 Robert's History of Letter-writing, 340  
 Roderic the Last of the Goths, criticism of, 428  
 Romantic literary art, remarks on, 545  
 Schiller and the German Stage, 408  
 Schmidt's examination of the Hamiltonian System of Education, 451  
 Schonberg's Chain-Rule, 310  
 School-rooms and education, remarks on, 570  
 Schools, Belgian, notices of, 277  
 Scriptural Interpretation, remarks on, 280  
 Selwyn and his Contemporaries, 39  
 Seneca and letter-writing, 351  
 Servius Sulpicius, his letter on the death of Tullia, 350  
 Sepulture and speculation, 335  
 Shakspeare and Voltaire, 553  
 Simon de Montfort, notice of, 500  
 Simpson's Traditions of the Covenanters, 121  
 Sloth, Owen's Description of the Gigantic, 381  
 Social Organization of France, 226  
 Sonnambullum, remarks on simulative, 528  
 Somnolence, notice of a case of, 526  
 Southey and William Taylor of Norwich, 426  
 Spain, state of Journalism in, 483  
 Spanish Student, Professor Longfellow's, 54  
 St. Vincent, Memoirs of the Earl of, 67  
 Stael, Madame de, the genius of, 557  
 Stage, remarks on the Modern English, 406  
 State trials, consideration of Irish, 262  
 Strife and Peace, review of Miss Bremer, 198  
 Study of the Holy Scriptures, Coghlan's popular Companion to the, 137  
 Summer at Port Phillip, Murray's, 21  
 Symbolism of Churches, 309

Systematic education, and extravagant expectations, 573

## T.

Tafel, Dr., on Hamiltonian System of Tuition, 452  
 Talfourd and Munden, 20  
 Taylor of Norwich, Life of William, 425  
 Teaching Languages, Jacotot's method of, 456  
 Terza Rima, notices of Dante's, 45  
 Theatrical Amusements, remarks on modern, 408  
 Theories of education, remarks on, 573  
 Theory of Gravitation, Denison's New, 355  
 Thomas's Theresa, a drama, 171  
 Thornton's British Empire in India, 309  
 Tory, Principles of the, 250  
 Towns, Chadwick on Interment in, 324  
 Traditions of the Covenanters, Simpson's, 121  
 Travels in the Great Western Prairies, Farnham's, 26  
 Tucker's Memoirs of the Earl of St. Vincent, 67  
 Tynte, origin of the name, 214  
 Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. ix. 583

## U.

Union of 1800, Jeffery on the, 10  
 United States of America, Education in the, 570

## V.

Ventilation of School-rooms, Alcott on the, 471  
 Voltaire and Marmontel, Literary opinions of, 550

## W.

Wagemann, Professor, and political economy, 275  
 Walter Scott, Southey's judgment of Sir, 432  
 Waste of life in large towns, 334  
 Water-holes, Australian, 24  
 Wealth of Nations, M'Culloch's edition of the, 368  
 Welsh Fiction, notices of, 64  
 Westwood's Beads from a Rosary, 586  
 What is to be done? a Pamphlet, 248  
 Whig Pamphlet, notices of a, 248  
 William the Conqueror divides the land of England amongst his chiefs, 537  
 Woman's Worth, or Hints to raise the Female character, 444  
 Wordsworth on ancient funeral customs, 336  
 Works on the Currency, 585  
 Wold, music explained to the, 313  
 Wrights' St. Patrick's Purgatory, 413

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

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57

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78

79

80

81

82

83

84

85

86

87

88

89

90

91

92

93

94

95

96

97

98

99

100









